

E

467

.1

.J15 R59

"STONEWALL JACKSON"

WITH NOTES ON ANECDOTES AND RECORDS
IN THE FIELD OF THE GENERAL
JONATHAN JACKSON, C.S.A.

BY JAMES H. H. H.



"STONEWALL JACKSON"

A THESAURUS OF ANECDOTES OF AND INCIDENTS
IN THE LIFE OF LIEUT-GENERAL THOMAS
JONATHAN JACKSON, C. S. A.

BY ELIHU S. RILEY, I. H. D.

AUTHOR OF

"THE NATIONAL DEBT THAT AMERICAN PROTESTANTS OWE TO
THEIR BRETHREN OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH;" "AN
AMERICAN SATYR—THE MORBID MISCONSTRUCTION AND MALE-
VOLENT MISREPRESENTATION OF AMERICAN CATHOLICS A MENACE
TO THE REPUBLIC;" "MARYLAND—THE PIONEER OF RELIGIOUS
LIBERTY;" "THE ANCIENT CITY—A HISTORY OF ANNAPOLIS IN
MARYLAND;" "FIRST CITIZEN AND ANTILOH;" "A HISTORY OF
THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND;" "YE ANTIEN CAPITAL
OF MARYLAND;" "RILEY'S HISTORIC MAP OF ANNAPOLIS;"
"YORKTOWN;" A HISTORIC DRAMA; CO-EDITOR OF "THE BENCH
AND BAR OF MARYLAND;" AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF ANNE
ARUNDEL COUNTY, MARYLAND."

COPYRIGHTED BY ELIHU S. RILEY, 1920.

In Paper, \$1.00; Postage to be added. In Cloth, \$2.00; Postage
to be added.

Address Riley's Historic Series, P. O. Box 34, Annapolis, Md.

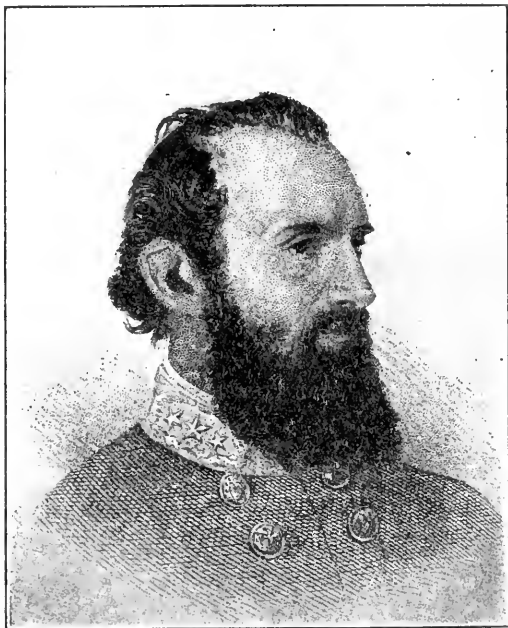
1920.

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

5
- R 57

OCT 26 1957

©CLAG01058



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON

Confederate States Army

P R E F A C E .

What a man says and what a man does are the indices of his worth, character and accomplishments. Hence, biography is the most interesting and instructive of literary work. It informs us of men—the highest type of creation on earth and the companions of our daily life—the custodians, in an exalted degree, of our happiness, and the friends or foes, as our intercourse makes them, of our progress, our success and our liberties.

These anecdotes of, and incidents in the life of, General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, of the Confederate States Army, present the reflex of his life. He is the vital force in them, and his real character is displayed by them in the strongest and yet the simplest language possible. They are living words. They show him acting in the moving drama of life. They are what he was.

Numbers of these anecdotes and incidents about him have never before seen the light of print. They were gathered by the author from the lips of men who belonged to the invincible band of that immortal Corps that he in life commanded—the Stonewall Brigade.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was a product of the American people. His fadeless renown is the legacy of all America. The family quarrel is over. It has strengthened the bonds of Union. All martial deeds and prowess exhibited in that mighty contest, belong to every patriotic citizen. The preservation of the wonderful annals of Stonewall Jackson's brilliant achievements is a sacred duty to the South, the Union and to all mankind.

It is the hope of the author of this volume that the facts and incidents in the splendid life and lustrous career of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, related in this book, may prompt the youth who read them to emulate the glowing virtues and to imitate the noble example of the Christian warrior of whom they are written.

ELIHU S. RILEY.

Annapolis, Md. May 17, 1920.

"STONEWALL JACKSON"

CHAPTER ONE.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S MAXIMS OF MILITARY STRATEGY.

Description of Jackson's Maxims of Military Strategy, by Gen. John M. Imboden, C. S. A.—Statement of Jackson's View of War by Dr. Hunter McGuire—Jackson's Knowledge of the Operations of the Enemy—Jackson Made Himself the Master of the Topography of the Country in Which He Was Operating—Jackson's Tactics—Account of in Lecture by One of His Staff, Capt. James Power Smith.

Stonewall Jackson's Maxims of Military Strategy.—"Jackson's military operations were always unexpected and mysterious. In my personal intercourse with him in the early part of the war, before he had become famous, he often said there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander—'Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy, if possible; and, when you strike and overcome him, never let up in the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can thus be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if, by any possible manoeuvring, you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible.' His celerity of movement was a simple matter. He never broke down his men by too-long-continued marching. He rested his whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time. I remember that he liked to see the men lie down flat on the ground to rest, and would say, 'A man rests all over when he lies down'."—*General John M. Imboden, in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, pp. 297-8.

"His (Jackson's) view of war and its necessities was of the sternest. 'War means fighting; to fight is the duty of a soldier; march swiftly, strike the foe with all your strength and take away from him everything you can. Injure him in every possible way, and do it quickly'." Jackson's words as recorded by his Surgeon-General, Dr. Hunter McGuire.

Jackson's Knowledge of the Operations of the Enemy.—"Jackson's knowledge of what the enemy were doing or about to do was sometimes very wonderful. I have already stated what he said to President Davis at the first Manassas, 'Give me twenty thousand fresh troops tomorrow, and I'll capture Washington', and it turned out afterward that he was right and that with the number he asked he could easily have captured Washington."—*Dr. Hunter McGuire.*

Jackson Made Himself the Master of the Topography of the Country in Which He was Operating.—"He (Jackson) kept the most minute knowledge of the topography of the country in which he was campaigning, and the roads over which he might move, and often when his men were asleep in their bivouac, he was riding to and fro inspecting the country and the roads. * * *

"But when he began to ask me which side of certain creeks were the highest, and whether there was not a 'blind road,' turning off at this point or that, and showed the most perfect familiarity with the country, and the roads, I had to interrupt him by saying: 'Excuse me, General, I thought I knew not only every road, but every footpath in that region, but I find that you really know more about them than I do, and I can give you no information that would be valuable to you'."—*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South. Hist. Mag., Vol. 35, p. 91.*

Jackson's Tactics.—"He mystified and deceived his enemy by concealment from his own generals and his own staff. We were led to believe things very far from his purpose. Major Hotchkiss, his topographical engineer, told me that the General would for hours study the map in one direction, and would at daylight move in the opposite direction."—*James Potter Smith, a member of his staff, in a lecture.*

It has been handed down orally that General Jackson also said, "You must do something that the other fellow thinks nobody but a fool would do."

CHAPTER TWO.

JACKSON'S APPOINTMENT TO WEST POINT.

A Village Blacksmith Opened the Way to Stonewall Jackson's Great Military Career—A Leading Lawyer in His Family Gave Jackson a Special Letter—Jackson Resolved to Go to Washington Immediately—The Secretary of War Gives Jackson the Appointment—Jackson Illy Prepared, But Passed the Examination—Jackson Stood Low in His Studies in the First Term—Studies Gunfire by the Light of the Grate—He Rose Steadily in His Class—None of the Classes Possessed More Than Jackson the Respect and Confidence of All—Jackson Was Surprised That He Passed the First Exam.—Jackson Had a Ready Word in Answer, and Presented a Fine Soldiery Appearance—Graduated in 1846, at the Age of 22.

Jackson's Appointment to West Point.—It was the village blacksmith who opened the way to Stonewall Jackson's great military career. A youth, from the same Congressional district in which Jackson lived, had resigned from West Point because he found the demands of its curriculum too severe for him. It was the talk of the neighborhood. One day while shoeing the horse of young Jackson's uncle, the thoughtful smithy said to him: "Now here is a good chance for Tom Jackson, as he is so anxious to get an education." His Uncle Cummins was pleased at the suggestion, and, on reaching home, informed Thomas of the opportunity to obtain an appointment to West Point. Thomas received the proposition with enthusiasm, and immediately commenced to secure the open cadetship. Legion were the friends of this manly and independent young man, and all were ready to aid him. They joined in a letter to the Hon. Samuel Hays, the member of the House of Representatives from the district, petitioning him to have Thomas appointed.

A leading lawyer, connected with his own family, Thomas asked to give him a special letter. This friend, for he proved his friendship in the end, asked him "if he did not fear that his education was not sufficient to enable him to enter and sustain himself at West Point?" Jackson's countenance momentarily fell; but quickly recovering himself, he answered: "I know that I shall have the application necessary to succeed; I hope that I have the capacity; at least, I am determined to try, and I want you to help me." His friend gave him a strong

letter of endorsement, in which he particularly dwelt upon the applicant's boldness of spirit and determination.

Mr. Hays promised to do all that he could to secure the appointment for him, on which Jackson resolved to go to Washington immediately. Packing his wardrobe into a pair of saddle-bags, Jackson started off to Clarksburg to meet the stage. Missing it, he pushed on until he came up with it. Arriving at Washington, Jackson went at once to Mr. Hays, who took him immediately to the Secretary of War. "The Secretary plied him with questions," and the parley was described as "gruff and heroic; but, with the grit of Old Hickory, this young Jackson was neither to be bluffed nor driven from his purpose," and such a favorable impression did the ambitious young man make on the Secretary that he gave him the appointment, and added: "Sir, you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first man who insults you, knock him down and have it charged to my account!"

Denying himself the invitation to be the guest of the secretary for a few days, Jackson gave himself the one pleasure of ascending the dome of the Capitol, and left with a letter of introduction from Mr. Hays to the Faculty of West Point, giving him a good character, and an endorsement of his brave spirit, and requesting that due allowance might be made for his defects of education. The examination was lenient and Thomas Jonathan Jackson became a cadet at West Point, in 1842.

Jackson was illy prepared theoretically to proceed with his studies; but mentally, morally and physically he was well equipped for the arduous task before him. "We were," says an old classmate, "studying algebra, and maybe analytical geometry, that winter, and Jackson was very low in his class standing. All lights were put out at 'taps,' and just before the signal he would pile up his grate with anthracite coal, and, lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, till a late hour of the night." By determination he rose steadily in his class, and it was said of him by his fellow-cadets, "If we had to stay here another year, 'Old Jack' would be at the head of his class."

Jackson was surprised that he passed his first examination safely, for he had so fully anticipated failing that he had prepared his answer to the gibes of his associates at home: "If *they* had been there, and found it as hard as he did, they would have failed, too." His name

was the last on the safe side when the pen was drawn between the successful and unsuccessful cadets of his class.

Jackson, in the last year of his cadetship, wore a moustache, and had as his chief friend Cadet Thompson, with whom he was constantly to be found.

The classmate above quoted said of Jackson: "I believe he went through the very trying ordeal of the four years at West Point without ever having a hard word or a bad feeling from cadet or professor; and while there were many who seemed to surpass him in graces of intellect, in geniality and in good fellowship, there was no one of our class who more absolutely possessed the respect and confidence of all."

Jackson's sense of humor was touched later in life when he considered how much importance he then gave to the opinions and companions of his youth.

Jackson became erect under the discipline of West Point and presented a "fine, soldierly appearance."

He graduated from West Point June 30th, 1846, at the age of twenty-two years, and received the brevet rank of second lieutenant in the artillery.



CHAPTER THREE.

THE SERVICES OF STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

Jackson Applied for the Position of Second Lieutenant in Captain John Bankhead Magruder's Battery—Jackson Complimented by Captain Magruder in His Official Report in the Action of Cherubusco—In the Battle of Chapultepec, General Wirth Referred to Jackson as "The Gallant Jackson"—Of the First Number of Double Brevets Jackson Was Among the Number and Was Brevetted Major—Jackson Elected Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military Institute—Jackson Was Afraid the Fire of Battle Would Not be Hot Enough for Him to Distinguish Himself—Lieutenant Jackson's Zeal in Battle Makes Him Compromise the Truth—A Strange Intruder in Lieutenant Jackson's Room—Jackson Second in a Duel.

Jackson in the Mexican War.—When Lieutenant Jackson graduated from West Point, the Mexican War was in progress. He was ordered immediately to report for duty with the First Regiment of Artillery. On the 9th day of March, 1874, he saw the disembarkation of 13,500 American soldiers near Vera Cruz. Their enthusiasm and the splendor of the military pageant impressed the young officer greatly. The city was taken in a few days. In the attack Captain John Bankhead Magruder, as commander of a battery of light field artillery, notably distinguished himself. He was a very strict disciplinarian, and when the post of second lieutenant in his battery became vacant, few wanted to serve under him. Lieutenant Jackson applied for the position, for he saw its advantages, and was accepted. With such a daring officer, Jackson had the opportunity of displaying his gallantry. In the action of Cherubusco, Capt. Magruder lost his first lieutenant early in the fight, and Jackson was advanced to his place. In his official report, Captain Magruder stated:—"In a few moments, Lieutenant Jackson, commanding the second section of the battery, who had opened fire upon the enemy's works from a position on the right, hearing our fire still further in front, advanced in handsome style, and being assigned by me to the post so gallantly filled by Lieut. Johnstone, kept up the fire with great briskness and effect. His conduct was equally conspicuous during the whole day, and I cannot too highly commend

him to the Major-General's favorable consideration." For his gallantry in this engagement, Lieut. Jackson received the brevet of captain.

Of Jackson in the assault on the Castle of Chapultepec, Captain Magruder said:—"I beg leave to call the attention of the major-general commanding to the conduct of Lieutenant Jackson of the First Artillery. If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry are the highest qualities of the soldier, then is he entitled to the distinction which their possession confers. I have been ably seconded in all operations of the battery by him; and upon this occasion, when circumstances placed him in command for a short time of an independent section, he proved himself eminently worthy of it." Of Jackson in this battle, General Pillow reported:—"The advanced section of the battery, under the command of brave Lieutenant Jackson, was dreadfully cut up, and almost disabled—Captain Magruder's battery, one section of which was served with great gallantry by himself and the other by his brave lieutenant, Jackson, in face of a galling fire from the enemy's position, did invaluable service."

General Worth referred to him as "the gallant Jackson, who, although he had lost most of his horses and many of his men, continued chivalrously at his post, combatting with noble courage."

After the castle of Chapultepec had been captured by assault and the Mexicans were retreating, Jackson came up with two pieces of artillery and joined Lieutenant D. H. Hill and Bernard Bee. They pressed on rapidly. Captain Magruder now reached them and said that he feared losing Jackson's two guns, as the division of Gen. Worth was far behind; but his enthusiastic young officer's pleadings allowed the artillerymen to continue to march. General Anpuia, with two thousand cavalrymen, made as if he would charge the Americans. The guns were unlimbered, and a heavy fire was opened upon the Mexicans, who immediately retreated. It was not prudent to proceed further without support. The work the Battery executed later in the day at the Garita of San Cosme became a part of the official reports. At the storming of Chapultepec Jackson received the brevet of Major. Of the first number of double brevets, five or six, Jackson was amongst the number, and there were no others distributed in his class.

The United States forces left Mexico in the summer of 1848 and Major Jackson's command was stationed at Fort Hamilton, on Long Island.

At the close of his two years of service at Fort Hamilton Major Jackson was ordered to Fort Meade, near Tampa Bay, in Florida. Here he remained six months.

On March 27th, 1851, Major Jackson was elected Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va.

This election came about in a very singular manner. There were both difficulty and differences in filling the vacancy that had occurred in this chair. Colonel F. H. Smith, the President of the Institute, and the Faculty were not in accord. After several efforts to fill the seat, Colonel Smith asked his friend, Major Hill, to help him. Major Hill recalled that, during the Mexican War, Captain Taylor, of the Artillery, had said to him while making a call upon him:—"Here comes Lieutenant Jackson. He was constantly rising in his class at West Point, and if the course had been a year longer, he would have graduated at the head of his class. He will make his mark in this war." Major Hill proposed Jackson's name, and as it was agreeable to the President of the institute, Jackson was elected to the vacant Professorship.

Jackson resigned from the service, and so ended Major Jackson's career in the United States Army.

General Jackson's Zeal in Battle Makes Him Compromise the Truth.—It was at the battle of Chapultepec in Mexico, in 1847, when he commanded with bravery and brilliancy a battery of artillery, that Jackson made the only compromise with truth in his life. The fight was bitter and the odds in numbers against the Americans. At the moment when a cannon ball passed between Jackson's legs, he stepped out and assured his men, "*there was no danger.*"

A Strange Intruder.—During the Mexican campaign, Lieut. Jackson was asked by some one to take care of a treasure. He took it to his room and placed it under his bed. In the night he felt his bed rise up and the Lieutenant arose and looked under his bed; but could see no one. He went back to his couch. Then he felt it lifted up again. This time he took his sword and poked it under the bed, and still could discover no intruder. At that moment he had the mystery unravelled by hearing people in the street talking about an earthquake in progress.

Jackson was Afraid that the First Battle He Was in Would Not be Hot Enough for Him to Distinguish Himself in it.—General

Jackson was a man of intense temporal ambitions. When asked what were his feelings when first under fire in Mexico, he said:—"Afraid the fire would not be hot enough for me to distinguish myself," and yet to the same one who had put this question, his warm friend, Dr. Hunter McGuire, he said, in talking one dreary winter night in the doctor's tent, that "he would not exchange one moment of his life hereafter, for all the earthly glory he could win."

Stonewall Jackson Second in a Duel.—"While serving in the Valley of Mexico, he (Jackson), acted as second in a duel between two officers of the new infantry regiments--the 10th I believe. General Birkett Fry told me the incident as follows:

"Lieutenant Lee, of Virginia, was the Adjutant of the Regiment, who, feeling himself aggrieved by Captain ———, of Philadelphia, sent him a challenge. The Captain was an avowed duelist, and an expert rifle shot, and accepted Lee's challenge. They were to fight rifles at forty paces. Jackson and Fry were seconds to Lee. Jackson won the word, which he delivered, standing in the position of a soldier, in stentorian tones, audible over a forty-acre lot. The rifles cracked together, and Jackson, astounded that his man was still standing, said to Fry: 'What shall we do now? They will demand another shot.' 'We will grant it with pistols at ten paces,' said Fry, and, as he said, the second of the Captain came forward and demanded another shot. 'We agree,' said Jackson, 'and we will fight with pistols at ten paces.' The Captain declined the terms. The men were never reconciled. The Captain died many years afterward, regretting that he had not killed Lee.—*General Darney H. Maury, in S. H. Mag., Vol. 25, pp. 312-3.*

CHAPTER FOUR.

**THE FIRST STAGES OF THE CIVIL WAR WITH
STONEWALL JACKSON.**

Jackson Would Only Engage in Military Services at the Approval of His Conscience—Jackson Calm Under the Rising Cloud of War—Jackson Studying Problems of War—Jackson a Debater—How General Jackson Met the Approaching Storm of War.

General Jackson Would Only Engage in Military Service With the Approval of His Conscience.—"When General Jackson mentioned the project (that of securing a Professorship in the University of Virginia) to his friend Colonel Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, then Superintendent at West Point, Lee said to him:—"Have you not departed here from what you told me, upon coming to this military school, was the purpose of your life?" (He referred to Jackson's belief that war was his proper vocation.) Jackson, who seemed never to forget his own most casual remarks, or to overlook the obligation to maintain consistency with what he had once said, replied:—"I avow that my views have changed." He then proceeded to explain, while he should ever retain the same conviction concerning his own adaptation to the soldier's life, his convictions concerning war as a pathway to distinction were greatly modified, and that he would now by no means accept a commission in any war which the United States might wage, irrespective of its morality. He had never, he said, while an ungodly man, been inclined to tempt Providence by going in advance of his duty; he had never seen the day when he would have been likely to volunteer for a forlorn hope, although indifferent to the danger of a service to which he was legitimately ordered. But now that he was endeavoring to live the life of faith, he would engage in no task in which he did not believe he should enjoy the Divine approbation; because, with this, he should feel perfectly secure under the disposal of the Divine Providence; without it, he would have no right to be courageous. If, then, his country were assailed in such a way as to justify an appeal to defensive war in God's sight, he should desire to return to military life, but, unless this happened, he should continue a simple citizen. But as such he regarded it as every man's duty to seek the highest cultivation of his powers, and the widest sphere of activity within his reach; and,

therefore, he desired to be transferred to the State University."—*Dabney's Life of Jackson*, p. 69-70.

Jackson Calm Under the Rising Cloud of War.—"A Christian friend, in whose society he greatly delighted, passed a night with him (just before the beginning of the Civil war), and, as they discussed the startling news which every day brought with it, they were impelled to the conclusion that the madness of the Federal Government had made a great and disastrous war inevitable. The guest retired to his bed, depressed with this thought, and, in the morning, arose harassed and melancholy, but, to his surprise, Jackson met him at the morning worship, as calm and cheerful as ever, and when he expressed his anxiety, replied, 'Why should the peace of a true Christian be disturbed by anything which man can do unto him? Has not God promised to make all things work together for good to those who love Him?'"—*Dabney's Life*, p. 210.

Studying Problems of War.—General Jackson, when it became apparent that there would be war between the States, would sit for hours before a blank wall, and gaze at it intently. It is believed he was then mapping out problems of war, and was preparing for those campaigns that confused his foes and added immortal lustre to his name.

General Jackson a Debater.—"It was currently reported that just before the beginning of the struggle Major Jackson sat up all night in the hopeless endeavor to convert his father-in-law (Dr. Junkin), to the doctrine of States' rights."—*Shepherd's Life of Robt. E. Lee*, p. 69.

How General Jackson Met the Approaching Storm of War.—On the eve of the Civil War, Major Jackson proposed that the Christian people of the land should agree to pray to avert hostilities, saying:—"It seems to me, that if they would unite thus in prayer, war might be prevented and peace restored." To this his pastor promptly assented, and promised to do what he could to bring about the concert of prayer that he proposed. In the meantime, he said, 'Let us agree thus to pray.' And henceforward, when he was called on to lead the devotions of others one petition, prominently presented and fervently pressed, was that God would preserve the whole land from the evils of war."—*Dabney*, Page 179-180.

"The bursting of the storm which Jackson had so long foreseen found him calm, but resolved."

CHAPTER FIVE.

**HOW STONEWALL JACKSON MARCHED OFF TO
THE CIVIL WAR.**

How Jackson Started Out With His Command at the Commencement of the Civil War.—"He (General Jackson), sent a message to his pastor, Dr. White, requesting him to come to the barracks and offer a prayer with the command before its departure. All the morning he was engaged at the Institute (The Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.), allowing himself only a short time to return to his home, about eleven o'clock, when he took a hurried breakfast, and completed a few necessary preparations for his journey. Then, in the privacy of our chamber, he took his Bible and read that beautiful chapter in Corinthians beginning with the sublime hope of the resurrection—"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and then, kneeling down, he committed himself and her whom he loved to the protecting care of his Father in Heaven. Never was a prayer more fervent, tender and touching. His voice was so choked with emotion that he could scarcely utter the words, and one of his most earnest petitions was that 'if consistent with His will, God would still avert the threatened danger and grant us peace!' So great was his desire for peace that he cherished the hope that the political difficulties might be adjusted without bloodshed, until he was convinced by stern reality that this hope was vain. * * * When Dr. White went to the Institute to hold the short religious service which Major Jackson had requested, the latter told him the command would march precisely at one o'clock, and the minister, knowing his punctuality, made it a point to close the service at a quarter before one. Everything was then in readiness, and after waiting a few moments an officer approached Major Jackson, and said: 'Major, everything is now ready. May we not set out?' The only reply he made was to point the dial-plate of the barrack's clock, and not until the hand pointed to the hour of one (April 21st, 1861) was his voice heard to ring out the order, 'Forward, march!' "—*Mrs. Jackson's Life of Jackson*, pp. 145-6.

CHAPTER SIX.

JACKSON AS A DISCIPLINARIAN.

Jackson Prompt in Discipline—Stonewall Jackson Ready for The Unexpected—Jackson Required Promptness From His Subordinates—Jackson's Vigor in Enforcing an Order—Jackson Unmovable by Reasons Given for Impromptitude—Jackson Suspends an Officer for Giving His Own Fence Rails to be Burned—Jackson Has an Officer Arrested for not Fighting—No Military Order Impossible With Jackson of Execution—Jackson Dealing With Mutineers—With Jackson Difficulties Were Merely Discipline.

Jackson Prompt in Discipline.—The following, by request of the author, was furnished by Col. D. G. McIntosh, of Baltimore County, Maryland, Captain of McIntosh's Battery, Confederate Army:

"I have seen Gen. Jackson a number of times, but never had any conversation with him. He put me under arrest once," said the Colonel with a cheerful smile illuminating his face. "We had come out under an alarm of battle, which proved false. We had to pass over a very rough turnpike, near Rapidan. While we were returning on this road, one of the shells in its cassion, by reason of this roughness, exploded, singed the wheel-horse, and nearly scared the driver out of his wits. Fortunately it did no other damage. In twenty minutes an officer, sent by Gen. Jackson, rode and said:—'The captain of this battery is placed under arrest.' I remained so until the next battle, a few days later. The arrest was right. The gunners, the sergeants, and other officers up to the Captain should see that their ammunition is properly packed so that they will not prematurely explode. If we had had more discipline like that which General Jackson gave me, it would have been better for the army. I never heard anything more of the arrest after the battle."

Stonewall Jackson Ready for the Unexpected.—On one occasion General Jackson was marching his army, under his orders, twenty minutes at a time, with a rest of ten at the expiration of each marching period. When one of the twenty-minute marches had expired, General A. P. Hill, with himself and staff ahead, evidently seeking a shady place for themselves, kept his division marching. General Jackson rode to the rear of the division, and asked "Who is in command here?" General Gregg replied:—"I am." "Then," said General Jackson, "halt

this division." It was done. General A. P. Hill, observing that his command had halted without his order, came thundering down the road to learn why his division had been stopped without his authority. "I did it," answered General Gregg "but General Jackson told me to do it." General A. P. Hill drew his sword, and exclaimed:—"General Jackson, accept my resignation." Stonewall Jackson said:—"General Hill, consider yourself under arrest!" General Hill sheathed his sword and marched to the rear of his division. There he remained until ten days before the battle of Chancellorsville, when the matter was settled, and A. P. Hill took command of his division. General Robert E. Lee was the mediator between the two generals. (*It has been many years since this incident was related to me. My best recollection is that my informant was Major Jedidiah Hotchkiss, C. S. A.*)

Jackson Required Promptness from His Subordinates.—"I never had but one conversation with General Jackson. We were on the Rappahannock and I was sent down from the artillery to obtain from him an order for ammunition. After he had given me the order, I said to the General, it now being near night, "I suppose to-morrow will do to get this?" "No, sir," he replied, "go now." As the ammunition was down on the Rapidan, I had to ride thirty miles that night. General Jackson did everything promptly himself, and he expected his men to do the same."—*C. A. Fonerden, of Carpenter's Battery, Stonewall Brigade.*

Jackson's Vigor in Enforcing an Order.—Having issued an order on February 25, 1862, to prevent liquor coming into Camp, which had been done by means of boxes sent to soldiers by their friends, he further directed that "every wagon that came into Camp should be searched, and, if any liquor were found, it was to be spilled out, and the wagon and horses to be turned over to the Quartermaster."—*Hotchkiss's Diary*

Jackson Immovable by Reasons Given for Impromptitude.—Colonel Munford, the capable commander who succeeded Ashby at his death, states that he parted with General Jackson on the evening of June 30th, 1862, in the Peninsula Campaign. He told Colonel Munford to report the next morning at sunrise, ready to precede the troops. A most violent thunderstorm came up that night, and Colonel Munford's company was scattered by the blasts of the night. When the first grey streak appeared, Colonel Munford sent out his Adjutant and Officers to gather up his broken regiment; but, at sunrise, only fifty had re-

ported. They were a half mile from the cross-road. To Colonel Munford's horror he found General Jackson sitting there and waiting for him. In Colonel Munford's own words—Jackson "was in a bad humor," and said to him:—"Colonel, my orders to you were to be here at sunrise." Colonel Munford said in reply that the command had no provisions, and the storm and the night had joined against him. Jackson's reply was:—"Yes, sir; but Colonel, I ordered you to be here by sunrise. Move on with your regiment. If you meet the enemy drive in his pickets, and, if you want artillery, Colonel Crutchfield will furnish you."

Colonel Munford started with his half hundred. As other cavalrymen came straggling on to join in the marching body, Jackson observed it, and sent two couriers to tell their commander that his men were straggling badly. Colonel Munford rode back and repeated his former story. Jackson listened, but answered, "Yes, sir; but I ordered you to be here at sunrise, and I have been waiting for you for a quarter of an hour." Colonel Munford then made the best of the situation, re-formed his men, drove in the Federal pickets, captured a number of wounded and secured a large amount of stores, and did it all so rapidly that the Federal battery, on the other side of the White Oak Swamp, could not fire on the Confederate Cavalrymen without endangering their own friends.

Jackson rode up smiling. In about an hour he ordered Colonel Munford to move his regiment over the creek to capture some Federal cannon. He rode with Colonel Munford to the Swamp, where they saw the bridge torn up and the timbers lying in a tangled mass. Colonel Munford said he did not think they could pass; but Jackson looked at him, waved his hand, and said:—"Yes, Colonel, try it." He went in and struggled and floundered over, even before Colonel Munford could form his men. Jackson called on him to move on the guns. Colonel Breckinridge went forward with what men had already crossed, and Colonel Munford, followed with another squadron. An infantry supported to the battery was encountered and a hitherto unseen battery on the right flank of the Confederates opened on them, and the little band of horsemen had to retreat along the bank of the swamp for a quarter of a mile, and then, with great difficulty, recross by a cowpath.

Jackson Suspends an Officer for Giving His Own Fence Rails to be Burned.—While on the march to Romney, during the winter of 1861-2, General Jackson gave an order to burn no fence rails. During

the bitter nights of January, 1862, the captain of a certain command camped on his own lands, and gave permission to his troops to burn the fence rails. General Jackson suspended the officer from his command because he had not asked permission first to give away his own goods and chattels to his suffering men.

Jackson Arrests an Officer for not Fighting.—"It is said that when the (Confederate) officer in command (at Front Royal, May 30th, 1862, when the town was re-captured by the Federals), reported to General Jackson, in the evening, and gave an account of the re-capture of Front Royal, and the repulse of his own Regiment, General Jackson looked up, and, in his quick, nervous way, asked :—"Colonel, how many men had you killed?" "None, I am glad to say, General." "How many wounded?" "Few, or none, sir." "Do you call that fighting, sir?" asked Jackson, and a few minutes afterward the Colonel was put under arrest."—*Allen's Campaign, Note on page 131.*

Jackson Dealing With Mutineers.—In the Valley Campaign, on the way to Mt. Solon, several companies of the 27th Virginia Regiment, who had volunteered for a year, asked their discharge because their term of service had expired. This was denied them. They thereupon threw to the ground their guns, and refused to serve. Colonel Grigsby sent to General Jackson for directions. Jackson received the explanations with the grim countenance of the warrior. "Why," he asked, "does Colonel Grigsby refer to me to learn how to deal with mutineers? He should shoot them where they stand." The remainder of the Regiment was commanded to march with weapons loaded. The rebellious companies were tendered the alternatives of immediate death or immediate surrender. The insurgents surrendered. This was the last effort at organized disobedience in the Valley Army."

No Military Orders Impossible With Jackson of Execution.—On February 11th, 1862, General Jackson wrote to Colonel Sincindiver :—"I regret to hear from an officer that it is *impossible* to execute an order. If your cavalry will not obey your orders, you must make them do it, and, if necessary, go out with them yourself. I desire you to go out and post your cavalry where you want them to stay, and arrest any man who leaves his post, and prefer charges and specifications against him that he may be court-martialed. It will not do to say your men cannot be induced to perform their duty. *They must be made to do it.* When you hear of marauding parties, send out and bring them in as prisoners of war."—*Allen's Campaigns, pages 34-35.*

Difficulties to Jackson Were Merely Discipline for Him.—"His (Jackson's), domestic tastes led him, whenever his duties confined him to the town (Romney), to take his meals with the family of a congenial friend. To them there appeared, during these trials (those consequent upon the interference at Richmond with his plan of campaign), the most beautiful display of Christian temper. His dearest relaxations from the harrassing cares of his command were the caresses of the children, and the prayers of the domestic altar. When he led in the latter, as he was often invited to do, it was with increasing humility and tenderness. A prevalent petition was that they 'would grow in gentleness;' and he never spoke of his difficulties except as a kind discipline, intended for his good by his Heavenly Father."—*Danbey's Life*, Vol. I p. 329.



CHAPTER SEVEN.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN CAMP AND IN THE FIELD.

How and Where General Jackson Received His Soubriquet of "Stonewall" Jackson on the Field—Jackson Orders One of His Commanders to Hold His Ground With Wet Ammunition—Jackson's Confidence in His Corps—Jackson's Horsemanship and Jackson in a New Uniform—Jackson as a Rider—Jackson Was Not Much for Looks—Jackson Shares the Deprivations of War With His Men—Stonewall Jackson Teaches Old Sorrel Tricks—Jackson's Coolness in Commanding—Jackson on the March to Hooker's Rear at Chancellorsville—Jackson's Orders in Battle—Jackson at the Battle of Kernstown—Jackson's Personal Efforts Saves the Day at Cedar Run—For the First Time Jackson Showed Symptoms of Uneasiness—Stonewall Jackson Excited—Jackson's Enthusiasm at the Battle of Winchester—General Jackson Stands Sentry—A Tableware Campaign that Captured Jackson but did not Materialize in Battle.

How and Where General Jackson Received His Soubriquet of "Stonewall."—It was at the first battle of Bull Run, fought on July 21, 1861, that Thomas Jonathan Jackson received the name of "Stonewall." General Bee's Brigade, consisting of the 7th and 8th Georgia, the 4th Alabama, and the 2nd Mississippi, flanked by superior numbers, had broken and was retreating in disorder. Their general had attempted, in vain, to stem the stampede and to retire in military alignment. At this moment General Jackson, commanding the First Brigade, appeared on the field of battle. As he moved quickly to the front, the disorganized troops of Bee dashed past him towards the rear. At this moment Bee approached General Jackson at a full gallop. In bitterness, Bee exclaimed to Jackson:—"General, they are beating us back!" Jackson replied:—"Sir, we will give them the bayonet."

"These words," says John Esten Cooke, "seemed to act upon Bee like the ring of a clarion." He galloped back to his men, and, pointing with his sword to Jackson, shouted, "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stonewall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Rally behind the Virginians!" Bee's command partially responded to his appeal, and took their position on the right, and Jackson's line pressed steadily forward. In a twinkling the condition of the field changed.

The Federal troops that were rushing on in pursuit of the fleeing Confederates of Bee's command, found themselves suddenly in front of 2,600 bayonets. Their advance was at once stopped.

In the afternoon the decisive turn of battle came, when General Beauregard ordered an advance of his whole line, and Jackson commanded that the bayonet be used by his Brigade, by which he pierced and broke the Federal centre, and the retreat of the Federal Army began.

Jackson on the Field.—"Outwardly, Jackson was not a Stonewall, for it was not in his nature to be stable and defensive, but vigorously active. He was an avalanche from an unexpected quarter. He was a thunderbolt from a clear sky. And yet he was in character and will more like a stonewall than any man I have known.

"On the field his judgment seemed instinctive. No one of his staff ever knew him to change his mind. There was a short, quick utterance like a flash of the will from an inspired intelligence, and the command was imperative and final. He was remarkable as a commander for the care of his troops, and had daily knowledge about the work of all staff departments—supply, medicine, ordnance. He knew well the art of marching and its importance. His ten minutes' rest in the hour was like the law of the Medes and Persians, and some of his generals were in direst trouble from the neglect of it. Of such things he was careful, until there came the hour for action, and then, no matter how many were left behind, he must reach the point of attack with as large a force as possible. He must push the battle to the bitter end until he had reaped the fruits of victory. Over and over again he rode among his advancing troops, with his hand uplifted, crying 'Forward, men, forward, press forward'."—*James Power Smith, Lecture in Boston*, pp 14-15.

Jackson Ordered One of His Commanders to Hold His Ground With Wet Ammunition.—"At Chantilly, our division commander sent word to him (Jackson), that he was not sure that he could hold his position, as his ammunition was wet. 'My compliments to General Hill and say that the enemy's ammunition is as wet as his, and to hold his ground,' was Jackson's reply."—*Allen C. Redwood, Vol. 10*, p. 112, Photogh. History.

Jackson's Confidence in His Corps.—"General Jackson would order some other General to hold some position at all hazards, and the General would reply that he was afraid he could not hold it if the enemy

should press him. Jackson would say, 'You must hold it; my men sometimes fail to drive the enemy, but the enemy always fail to drive my men'."—*Casler's History*, p. 232.

Jackson's Horsemanship and Jackson in a New Uniform.—Charles E. Owens, captain in the Confederate Army, and a member of Ashby's Cavalry, furnished the author with the following data:—"I have seen Jackson a thousand times. He was neither a graceful nor an ungraceful rider; but one day I did see him riding elegantly. I had often greeted General Jackson with 'Good morning,' and passed the usual friendly amenities on the weather, but this day I did not know him. I saw some one coming galloping through camp at a furious rate, mounted on a brown horse, not 'Old Sorrel,' and at first, I could not make him out, for this officer was dressed in a new uniform of gray, and wore a felt hat with a black feather in it. Then I recognized General Jackson. He had discarded his old faded cap and uniform." This new uniform was, probably, the one presented to him by General J. E. B. Stuart.

Jackson as a Rider.—Mr. George G. Higgins, who was a member of Captain Snowden Andrews' Battery, Confederate Army, informed the author:—"Stonewall Jackson was a superb rider, in or out of action. In battle the very spirit of battle shone in his face and animated his whole body. *His men loved him.* They would go anywhere he ordered them, for they believed, as I have often heard them say, that when he took them in he could take them out. They not only were willing to do what he said, but *loved* to carry out his orders. *No man ever had the love of his soldiers like Stonewall Jackson.* I have seen him many a time. When the cheering began that indicated that General Jackson was about, the soldiers along the whole line, whether they saw him, or not, in battle as well, would cheer for him as they fought."

Jackson "Not Much for Looks."—When General Jackson was in Maryland, in 1862, "a crowd gathered near his headquarters to see him. They expected epaulettes, gold lace, feathers, ornamented cords, cap, and numerous items of display. Presently General Jackson stepped out of his tent alone, and told a sentinel to keep the crowd at a distance. 'What shabby looking chap is that?' inquired several. 'That's old Stonewall,' answered one of his men. 'That Stonewall Jackson! Well, I guess he's no great shakes after all,' said some of the bystanders, 'he's not much for looks anyhow'."—*John W. Daniels*.

Stonewall Jackson Teaches "Old Sorrel" a Trick.—The author is indebted to Mr. Harry M. Tongue, of Annapolis, Md., who was a courier for Jackson, from February to May 2, 1863, for the following incidents and observations:

"The Confederate soldiers would always cheer when either General Lee or General Jackson appeared. The Federals, finding this out, would immediately shell that part of the line where the cheering was going. This made no difference to the Confederate soldiers, such was their enthusiasm for Lee and Jackson, and come what would, nothing could stop them. They could not help cheering. Stonewall Jackson, observing that the enemy shelled where the cheering was, taught Old Sorrel as soon as she heard cheering to run as fast as she could, and I have seen Jackson, as the cheering went on, take his hat off, and put it under his arm, while Old Sorrel dashed down the line.

"Jackson was awkward in this way—he shuffled along on foot, like a Professor, but, on horseback, he was a fine rider.

"The whole time that I was with him I never saw him laugh, or engage in conversation with any one except General Lee. I have seen him talk a half hour with him. His mind was on the business of war.

"I was with him when he turned Pope's flank. I rode a few yards behind him the whole night. He never said a word, except he may have spoken to his engineer."

"At the second battle of Fredericksburg, General Jackson rode out on the field with a few couriers. He would not take a crowd with him because it attracted fire from the enemy. He took his glass and looked at the Federals. Then, because I was the nearest courier, he asked me to look and tell him what I saw. I took the glasses and said:—'I see two batteries, three lines of battle, and a party of officers.' General Jackson observed: 'That's what I see'."

"Just before he was wounded (May 2, 1863), he said:—'If I had three more hours of daylight, I would drown half of them (the Federals) in the Rappahannock.'"

Jackson Shares the Deprivations of War With His Men.—General Jackson shared the hardships and deprivations of war with his men. When his troops had orders to march at four in the morning, at that hour, mounted on his horse, General Jackson would turn out of the side road where they had encamped for the night, to lead them. Private

Richard G. Killman, of the First Maryland, C. S. A., says that once only he himself had mutinous thoughts. It was after days and miles of marching and deprivation, the privates were apportioned one small cake of corn bread and one piece of salt pork, each about two inches square. Incensed at such rations, and convinced that the officers were faring better than the privates, he determined to make a survey for himself. He made his way to the rear of General Jackson's tent, in which there was an opening large enough for him to see through into the tent, and, at that moment, the cook of the general came in and placed his supper on the table. Private Killman declared, if he had not known better, he would have made an affidavit that it was the identical rations themselves that had been dealt out to him and which lay uneaten in his quarters. Filled with indignation at himself, Private Killman confessed that with anathemas upon his own head and calling upon Heaven to visit the direst punishment upon him if ever he had another rebellious thought, he went back to his tent.

Related by private Killman to Mr. P. Elwood Porter, who informed the author of the incident.

Jackson's Coolness in Commanding.—On August 25th, 1862, Jackson was in the rear of Pope's Army at Manassas. He was awaiting the arrival of Longstreet through Thoroughfare Gap. His own position, with the whole of Pope's Army in front of him in overwhelming numbers, was perilous. Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, commanding a Brigade composed of Virginia Regiments, had sent forward an unarmed vidette to watch the movements of the Federal Army, and to report any manoeuvring to him at once. The vidette hid himself in the woods. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, "the vidette was started by a long line of skirmishers stepping out of the wood in his front and advancing. Jumping to his feet, he made for Colonel Johnson. He had only got a short distance when he saw their line of battle following. Now, that fellow just dusted (evidently he and the writer were one), and made his report to Colonel Johnson, who at once called the line to attention; the command was given, "Right face; double quick, march," and away we went through the woods. All of us were wondering what had become of old Jack. (He had not been seen for a long time.) When we got through the woods, he was the first man we saw, and, looking beyond, we could see his command was massed in a large field; arms stacked, batteries parked, and everything resting.

"Colonel Johnson rode up to General Jackson, and made his report, when General Jackson turned to his staff, gave each an order, and in a moment the field was a perfect hubbub—men riding in all directions, infantry getting to arms, caannoniers to their guns and the drivers mounting. But you could see the master-hand now; even while I am telling this you could hear the sharp command of an officer, 'Right face; forward, march,' and a body of skirmishers marched out of that confused mass right up to old Jack, when the officer gave the command to 'file right,' and the next instant to deploy, and the movement was done in a twinkle, and forward they went to meet the enemy. General Jackson had waited to see this. He then turned to Colonel Johnson, and told him to let his men stack arms and rest, as they had been on duty since the day before; he would not call them if he could do without them, and off he went with the advance skirmishers."—*One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry*, in Vol. 32, p. 82. South Hist. Mag.

Jackson on the March to Hooker's Rear at Chancellorsville.—

"During the winter preceding Chancellorsville, in the course of a conversation at Moss Neck, he (Jackson), said:—'We must do more than defeat their armies; we must destroy them.' He went into this campaign filled with this stern purpose; ready to stretch to the utmost every energy of his genius, and push to the limit also his faith in his men in order to destroy a great army of the enemy. I know that was his purpose, for, after the battle, when still well enough to talk he told me that he had intended, after breaking into Hooker's rear, to take and fortify a suitable position, cutting him off from the river and so hold him, until between himself and General Lee, the great Federal host should be broken to pieces. He had no fear. It was then that I heard him say:—'We sometimes fail to drive them from positions; they always fail to drive us'."

"Never can I forget the eagerness and intensity of Jackson on that march to Hooker's rear. His face was pale, his eyes flashing. Out from his thin, compressed lips, came the terse command:—'Press forward, press forward.' In his eagerness, as he rode, he leaned over the neck of his horse, as if in that way the march might be hurried. 'See that the column is kept closed and that there is no straggling,' he more than once ordered, and 'Press on, press on,' he repeated again and again. Every man in the ranks knew we were engaged in some great flank movement, and they eagerly responded and pressed on at a rapid gait. Fitz Lee met us and told Jackson he could show him the

whole of Hooker's army if he went with him to the top of a hill near by. They went together and Jackson carefully inspected through his glasses the Federal command. He was so wrapped up in his plans, that on his return he passed Fitz Lee without saluting or even thanking him, and when he reached the column, he ordered one aide to go forward and tell General Rodes, who was in the lead, to cross the Plank Road and go on straight to the Turnpike, and another aide to go to the rear of the column and see that it was kept closed up, and all along the line he repeatedly said :—'Press on, press on.'

"The fiercest energy possessed the man, and the fire of battle fell strong upon him. When he arrived at the Plank Road, he sent this, his last message, to Lee :

" 'The enemy has made a stand at Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success.'

"And as this message went to Lee, there was flashing along the wires, giving brief joy to the Federal Capital, Hooker's Message :—'The enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him.'

"Contrast the two, Jackson's modest, confident, hopeful relying on his cause and his God, Hooker's frightened, boastful, arrogant, vain-glorious. The two messages are characteristic of the two men—*Dr. Hunter McGuire, South Hist. Mag., Vol. 25 pp 109-10-11.*

Jackson's Orders in Battle.—"Jackson was noted for the quickness of his decisions, and his short orders on the battle field."

"At Winchester in the Valley Campaign he said to Colonel Patton, who commanded a brigade :—'The enemy will presently plant a battery on that hill ; when they do, you seize it at once ; clamp it immediately, sir !'

"During one of the battles around Richmond a staff officer galloped up to him and reported :—'General Ewell says, sir, that he cannot well advance until that battery over there is silenced.' Turning to one of his staff he said :—'Gallop as hard as you can, and tell Major Andrews to bring sixteen guns to bear on that battery, and silence it immediately.'

"Soon Andrews was in position; his guns opened, and before long the battery was silenced. When this was reported to Jackson, he said, with a quiet smile:—'Now, tell General Ewell to drive them!'"

"In the afternoon at Gaines' Mail, June 27, 1862, the progress seemed to have been as rapid as he expected, and gallant Fitz John Porter made a heroic defense, and Jackson exclaimed to one of his staff:—'This thing has hung fire too long; go rapidly to every brigade commander in my corps and tell him if the enemy stands at sundown, he must advance his brigade regardless of others, and sweep the field with the bayonet!'"

Jackson received coolly Chaplain Jones' statement, on one occasion that he had seen the enemy.

"'Are you certain they are the enemy?' asked Jackson.

"'Yes, sir, I am.'

"'How close did you get to them?'

"'I suppose about 1,000 yards. I could plainly see their blue uniforms and the United States flag which they carried. They shot at me, and cut the ear of my horse bringing me.' I expected that he would now send staff officers in every direction with orders to meet this new movement, but Jackson coolly replied:—'I am very much obliged to you, sir, for the information you have given me, but General Trimble will attend to them. I expected this movement, and ordered Trimble posted there to meet it!'"

"He rode off, seemingly as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. Trimble did 'attend to them,' and after a severe fight drove them back." —*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 35, p. 91-2.

Jackson at the Battle of Kernstown.—This was the sole engagement in which General Jackson, during the war between the States, suffered a decided check to his aims, lost the battle, had more casualties and left the enemy in possession of the field of battle. He attributed his misfortune to the order of Gen. Garnett, who, without Jackson's knowledge, gave the order for the Stonewall Brigade to fall back from the line from which they were, to a place of greater protection, as their ammunition had failed them. Five distinct times Jackson led his troops in charges upon his gallant foes, who with double Jackson's numbers, fought with American heroism and determination. Night was now about to fall and would end the fierce terrific engagement at Kernstown, March 2nd, 1862.

General Jackson was watching the battle from a position close to the Brigade of his delight and confidence. Without warning, he observed to his horror the Stonewall Brigade give way. He turned Old Sorrel towards the command, angered, inflexible, threatening,—and ordered, with imperious spirit, General Garnett to hold his ground, and then pressed on and commanded his men to stop and rally.

Observing a drummer in the retreat with the soldiers, he grasped him by the shoulders, pulled him to a rise in the ground, and commanded him, in his short, rapid speech to "*Beat the rally!*" the drummer obeyed, and, with his hands on the scarred drummer's body, amidst the tempest of bullets about him, Jackson saw the broken lines were newly aligned, and thus by his presence and orders brought the command into some military shape.

The re-adjustment, however, was too late. The die of defeat had been cast. The alert and aggressive Federal officers had perceived immediately their opportunity. They did not delay to take advantage of the break in the Confederate ranks. With victorious cheers the foe rushed onward. They entered the breach flanked Fulkerson's right wing, and he was thrown backward in confusion. At that disastrous instant, the sounds from the artillery of Ashby announced that here, too, the Federals were on the vantage ground, and were thundering down on the Confederate right. The Confederates were entrapped.

General Jackson would not retreat. His sternness was immovable. With the overwhelming numbers pushing him on both sides, he would not give up the fight. Under the fiercest orders and the most ardent appeals to his devoted men, the 5th Virginia, though with almost empty cartridge-boxes, re-aligned itself under the severe volleys of the Federals, stood directly in front of the advancing foemen, and held them in check, without any help whatever, until the 42nd Virginia, under Colonel Langhorne, came up. This command had hurried up and had taken position on the right of the 5th. Nothing, now, not the almost superhuman courage of the outnumbered and valiant Confederates, could redeem the day. Jackson saw his troops being surrounded, his centre broken, his left encompassed and his cavalry retreating. He was helpless to continue the struggle, but he gave no command to retreat. He merely permitted the sullen withdrawal of his forces from the field of battle.

Jackson did not forgive General Garnett. He preferred charges against him. Garnett finally left Jackson's command, though the

charges were never pressed. Jackson's remedy for the lack of ammunition for the Stonewall Brigade was, "*They should have given them the bayonet.*" With the rebel yell, and the Southern charge, the Federal line was still in jeopardy.

Jackson's Personal Efforts Saves the Day at Cedar Run.—On August 9th, 1862, the battle of Cedar Run was fought. Turning the Confederate left flank, the Federals poured a heavy and effective volley into Jackson's rear. The movement was so sudden that finding themselves almost surrounded, the Confederates fell back to a new position. The Federals pressed forward with victorious yells, and delivering a deadly fire as they rushed onward. The battle seemed lost. In vain the Confederate officers endeavored to keep their lines solid.

The artillery to escape capture was rushed to the rear, and as it passed out of sight, the Federals increased their efforts, and doubled their fire, pushing the fleeing Confederates with all the animation of certain success.

"At this moment," says John Esten Cooke, "of disaster and impending ruin, Jackson appeared, amid the clouds of smoke, and his voice was heard rising above the uproar and the thunder of the guns. The man, ordinarily so cool, silent and deliberate, was now mastered by the genius of battle. In feature, voice, and bearing, burned the *gaudium certaminis*—the resolve to conquer or die. Galloping to the front, amid the heavy fire directed upon his disordered lines, now rapidly giving away—with his eyes flashing, his face flushed, his voice rising and ringing like a clarion on every ear, he rallied the confused troops and brought them into line. At the same moment the old Stonewall Brigade and Branch's Brigade advanced at a double-quick, and shouting, 'Stonewall Jackson! Stonewall Jackson!' the men poured a galling fire into the Federal lines. The presence of Jackson, leading them in person, seemed to produce an indescribable influence on the troops, and, as he rode to and fro, amid the smoke, encouraging the troops, they greeted him with resounding cheers. This was one of the few occasions when he is reported to have been mastered by excitement. He had forgotten apparently that he commanded the whole field, and imagined himself a simple colonel leading a regiment. Everywhere in the thickest of the fire, his form was seen and his voice heard, and his exertions to rally the men were crowned with success. The Federal advance was checked, the repulsed troops re-formed, and led once

more into action, and with Jackson in front the troops swept forward and re-established their lines upon the ground upon which they had been driven.

"Those who saw Jackson when he thus galloped to the front, and thus rallied his men in the very jaws of destruction, declare that he resembled the genius of battle incarnate.

"The advance of the Federal forces were thus checked. They were forced to retire still more rapidly, and the Stonewall Brigade closed in on their right, and drove them with terrible slaughter through the woods."—*Jackson's report*.

For the First Time Jackson Showed Symptoms of Uneasiness.—

It was on the morning of June 27, 1862, when General Jackson was in the rear of General McClellan's Army, that Major Goldsborough, of the First Maryland Regiment, Confederate, who was there, says that the general "appeared for the first time to fear that the gods of battle had forsaken him."

Major Goldsborough says: "As we neared the field the artillery and infantry fire increased in volume, and it was evident that the advanced troops of Jackson were hotly engaged, as were those of Hill on our right. Steadily the rattle of musketry swelled as Jackson forwarded reinforcements, until it became almost deafening. But as hour after hour passed, and that awful fire did not recede, he began to show symptoms of uneasiness. Upon his success on the left depended everything. Should he fail the splendidly conceived plans of General Lee would fail also, and Richmond would be at the mercy of the invader. Was it a wonder then, that he rode nervously to and fro, and appeared for the first time to fear that the gods of battle **had forsaken him?** Every eye was upon the great chieftain as he galloped along the lines of the troops held in reserve, and the anxious expression upon that heretofore immovable countenance was observable to all."

The right of General McClellan's Army was finally turned and the Federal troops were put to flight.

Stonewall Jackson Excited.—"I saw General Jackson excited, I may say, but once. This was at the second battle of Manassas, when we were in the rear of the Federal forces, and Pope had turned on us his whole army. Our lines, step by step, were giving way. In the distance, we could tell by the dust and movement of trains that Longstreet

was coming through Thoroughfare Gap. General Jackson rode out in front of our lines, and I saw him draw, as I never witnessed him do before, his sword, and, waving it in the air, he drew himself to his feet in the stirrups and said something that I was not able to hear, but what seemed to be from the circumstances:—"Men, if ever you held your lines, *hold them now*." Longstreet finally came up and struck the Federal Army a heavy blow.—*C. A. Fonerden, of Carpenter's Battery, Stonewall Brigade.*

Jackson's Enthusiasm at the Battle of Winchester.—General Jackson loved the people of Winchester. It was with agony of soul that he left it, vowing that he would never hold another council of war, since the attitude of his subordinates, whom he consulted, prevented him from making the night attack on the Federals by which he had hoped to roll back the advance of the Federal Army upon the imperilled town. This was in March, 1862; scarce two months had passed and the enemy that he had been prevented by the lack of ardor of his friends from attacking, were now fleeing for their lives before his victorious troops, and the town of Winchester was delivered for the time from the hands of the invader. Jackson had swept down upon the advance of Banks's Army at Front Royal, two days before, and defeated it, when his enemies did not dream that he was within fifty miles of them; he had captured the entire vanguard of his foes; he had chased Banks' fugitive army a day and a night, and now with the people of Winchester about him wild with joy at their deliverance, Jackson on the early morning of May 25, Sunday, 1862, saw from the hill-top on which he stood the 27th and 29th Pennsylvania of his foes break into disorder and retreat before his victorious soldiers. Then the Second Wisconsin turned, and, finally, the heroic 2nd Massachusetts, that had given valiant fight during the night against his army as it advanced upon Winchester, began to retire. The whole Federal Army was flying before his soldiers. Seeing this, Jackson, for the first time in the war, in the enthusiasm and expectations of the moment, rose to his feet in his stirrups, and drawing his sword, waved it around his head and shouted:—"ON TO THE POTOMAC!"

There was, however, no force to make the order effective. The infantry were worn out by excessive marching and long fighting, Ashby's men had not yet come upon the field of battle, and Stuart, with his cavalry, was still three miles in the rear.

General Jackson Stands Sentry.—On the way to the first Bull Run battle the troops, under Jackson, marched twenty miles on the 18th of July, 1861, and fell exhausted on the ground and were soon all asleep. An officer came to the general and told him there were no pickets out. Jackson replied:—"Let the poor fellows sleep. I will guard the camp myself." So through the long, silent watches of the night, General Jackson stood guard over his slumbering soldiers.

A Tableware Campaign That Captured Jackson But Did Not Materialize in Battle.—When General Winder was holding Fremont back on the morning of Sunday, June 1, 1862, near Strasburg, that Jackson's rear guard might pass through that town and join the main army, the sounds of battle were heard at Front Royal, twelve miles away. There were then seated around the breakfast table of Mr. Ashby in that place, his family, Colonel Carroll and wife, and General Duryea and staff, of the Federal Army, and Dr. Mercer, an uncle of Mrs. Carroll. During the meal conversation was lively. The steady firing of artillery at Cedar Creek was heard in the distance. The parties at the breakfast table soon rightly located the place of battle, and decided correctly that the forces of Jackson and Fremont were engaged in battle. As Colonel Carroll had orders to join his own forces, at nine that day, and to march to Strasburg, he explained the military conditions.

He said that General Shields would go to Strasburg and locate himself behind Jackson, who, with his advance, at this time was at Winchester. As a matter of fact, Jackson with his main army was already through Strasburg, having arrived there the night before on a wonderful forced march in which some of his troops on that day covered, on foot, 36 miles. Shields, continued Colonel Carroll, had only 12 miles to march, while Jackson had 19, and with an army greatly divided. The artillery firing, he vouches a Fed to say, with confidence born of faith in, and lack of information of, the true situation, was between the cavalry of Jackson and the advance of Fremont, whom the Confederates were trying to prevent reaching the Valley turnpike. He observed with harshness and pomposity, that Fremont and Shields would combine by noon, and thus the Confederates would be cut off. His words were explained by a diagram of the tableware before him. Facing Mrs. Ashby, he said:

"This means, Mrs. Ashby, that before midday we will have Jackson bagged, and the backbone of the Confederacy will be broken."

This was too much for the Southern heart to stand. The idea of Jackson being captured was unbearable. Mrs. Ashby's eyes filled with tears and she desired to be excused and left the table. General Carroll, on the suggestion of General Duryea that he had hurt Mrs. Ashby's feelings, offered an apology to her husband.

Soon after Colonel Carroll, afterward General Carroll, and General Duryea mounted their horses and left for their respective commands.

A few days after the Battle of Port Royal, General Carroll, the brave, brusque and boastful, but good-hearted seer, who had prophesied to Mrs. Ashby the overthrow of Jackson, returned from the front and passed near that lady's house. He was worn out. His clothes were tattered and soiled, and his high spirit had fallen. In his distressed state he had not the heart to come into the home of the woman he had aggrieved nor to face his sorrowful wife, though less than a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Ashby's house. He had, however, the splendid manliness and gallant courtesy in all his discomfiture to make amends for his boastful remark that had wounded Mrs. Ashby's feelings while he was at her table. He sent this generous dual message to the two ladies—his wife and the mistress of the house: "Tell Mrs. Carroll to join me in Washington. Tell Mrs. Ashby that old Jackson gave us hell."



CHAPTER EIGHT.

**JACKSON WAS ALWAYS IN FAVOR OF THE SOUTH
STRIKING VIGOROUS BLOWS.**

General Jackson Wanted to Strike at Once After the Battles of the Peninsula—Jackson Groaned Aloud When Lee Determined to Postpone an Attack—Jackson's Opinion of What the Campaign of the Winter of 1862 Should Be—General Jackson Was Always of Aggressive Purpose—Jackson's Only Council of War.

General Jackson Wanted to Strike at Once After the Battles of the Peninsula.—After the battles of the Peninsula General Jackson wanted the Confederate Army to strike a decisive return blow. He argued that McClellan's Army was disorganized and incapable of active operations until it had had a reorganization. It was the only way, he argued, to bring the North to its senses. Before even the Confederate forces had returned to Richmond, General Jackson laid his views before Mr. Boteler, the member of Congress from the Richmond district. Mr. Boteler asked: "Why do you not urge your views on General Lee?" "I have done so," replied Jackson. "And what does he say to them?" "He says nothing," was the reply; "but do not understand me to complain of this silence; it is proper that General Lee should observe it. He is wise and prudent. He feels that he bears a fearful responsibility, and he is right in declining a hasty expression of his purpose to a subordinate like me."—*Dabney*, Vol. ii, pp. 230-1.

The Gettysburg Campaign was Jackson's proposition in the abstract; but it was executed a year late, when there was no Jackson there to act his part in making the movement a success. In the memorable quarrel between the Confederate officers on the night of July 3rd, about taking possession of Cemetery Ridge, Major Henry Kyd Douglas, formerly of Jackson's staff, in his indignation at General Ewell's refusal to hold the hill, exclaimed that "General Lee had forgotten that General Jackson is dead!"

The decision of the Confederate authorities not to undertake a campaign immediately after the battles of the Peninsula gave General Jackson great pain.

Jackson Groaned Aloud.—On August 17, 1862, near Clark's Mountain, Va., not far from Brandy Station, where there was a large magazine of Federal supplies, when there was every prospect of making a successful attack on Pope, General Lee determined to postpone what seemed to him, at that time, a hazardous undertaking. Jackson, it has transpired, groaned outright at the decision, and with such emphasis of meaning that Longstreet called the attention of the Confederate Commander-in-Chief to Jackson's open disrespect.

Jackson's Opinion of What the Campaign of the Winter of 1862

Should Be.—When General Jackson had been given the command of the Shenandoah Valley, in the fall of 1861, he sought an interview with General G. W. Smith, stating that he desired to confer with him on an important subject. General Smith was ill, but received General Jackson with great courtesy and listened to his statement. General Jackson, seated on the ground near the cot of the sick officer, then gave in detail his views, saying that McClellan with his new recruits would not attack the Confederates, and if the South did not make an aggressive movement at once, the Federal Army, with its greatly superior forces, would be in better condition than the Confederate. He urged an invasion of the North, to take possession of Baltimore, cut off travel to the Federal capital, defeat McClellan in the open field, destroy railroad lines, shut up manufactories, hinder commerce, and strike at the lines of communication as far as Lake Erie and Pittsburg, and prosecute unrelenting warfare on the industries of the North, and thus show the Northern people what it would cost to keep the South under Federal authority.

General Jackson desired General Smith to urge upon Generals Beauregard and Johnston to take this step. General Smith assured General Jackson that his opinion would have no weight. Jackson was urgent and said he believed that General Smith agreed with him. Then General Smith told Jackson that this plan had already been discussed by President Davis and Generals Johnston and Beauregard, and General Smith told him to what opinion they had come.

Jackson rose, shook hands, and said, "I am sorry, very sorry," and left.

General Jackson Was Always of Aggressive Purpose.—In the Spring of 1862, when the affairs of the South were very forlorn, when their Atlantic ports were beginning to drop, one by one, into the meshes of the Federal net cast about them, and when their Western armies were retreating before the victorious foe, General Jackson, on March 7th, wrote to General Johnston:

"And now, General, that Hill has fallen back, can you not send him over here? (Jackson was then in the Shenandoah Valley.) I greatly need such an officer; one who can be sent off, as occasion may offer against an exposed detachment of the enemy for the purpose of capturing it. I believe that if you can spare Hill and let him move here at once, you will never have occasion to regret it. The very idea of reinforcements coming to Winchester would, I think, be a damper to the enemy, in addition to the fine effect it would produce on our own troops, already in fine spirits. But if you cannot spare Hill, can you not send me some other troops? If we cannot be successful in defeating the enemy should he advance, a kind Providence may enable us to inflict a terrible wound and effect a safe retreat in the event of having to fall back. I will keep myself on the alert with respect to communications between us, so as to be able to join you at the earliest possible moment, if such a movement becomes necessary."—1 *O. R.*, Vol. 5, p. 1094.

The military sense of the Confederate authorities, always too dull to comprehend Jackson's greatness while he lived, failed also to take full advantage of his phenomenal talents while he could use them, and did not send him reinforcements until he had won the field at McDowell.

Jackson's Only Council of War.—There has been left to us a most graphic account of the effect of the abandonment of Winchester, Va., in the Spring of 1862 by Stonewall Jackson. It was forced upon him, not so much by General Banks, of the Union Army, as it was by the opposition of his own official family to the plans their resourceful commander had conceived to defend the town. On March 11th, the night of the retreat, General Jackson unbosomed himself to his friend, the Rev. James P. Graham, at whose house he had been a guest. This gentleman states that:

"At dinner we thought it doubtful if we would see the General (Jackson) again; but he came to supper, and, to our surprise, all

aglow with pleasant excitement, because of the splendid behavior of his troops and their eagerness to meet the enemy, who had been seen; but, without offering battle, had gone into camp at Washington Springs. Some ladies had come in and were in the depths of gloom, because, as they understood, the army was to leave us that night. To this view the General gave no assent; but, as if to dispel it, showed an unusual cheerfulness. After our evening worship, which he conducted in his usual impressive and delightful way, he still sat with us, manifesting no hurry to leave, and by the tone of his conversation trying to direct the minds of all from the gloom they were in. When he did go, in answer to some tears which he probably saw, he said to us, who thought we were bidding him 'Good-bye,' 'Oh, I'll see you again,' and then suddenly, as if not meaning to say so much, he added: 'I don't expect to leave.' Returning, however, within an hour, and finding us out, he despatched a servant after us with a message that he wanted to see me at once at his office. Hurrying there, I found him walking the floor under more excitement than I had ever seen him exhibit before. He had undergone in the brief space of time a surprising change. His countenance betrayed deep dejection, and his spirit was burdened with an inexpressible weight of sadness. At first he did not seem to know what to say, but, collecting himself at length, he said he did not mean to deceive us by giving a wrong impression, but that he had been made to change his plans. He constantly expressed the grief that he had experienced in giving up Winchester without striking a blow for its liberty. With a slow and desperate earnestness he said: 'Let me think—can I yet carry my plan into execution?' As he spoke this question to himself, he seized the hilt of his sword, and a strange, fierce light lit his wonderful eyes. The next instant his head fell and his hand relaxed its grasp on his sword, and he exclaimed: 'No, I may not do it; it may cost the lives of too many of my brave men. I must retreat and wait for a better time.'"

The Council of War that Jackson had called with his officers was the cause of his change of plans. He had proposed a night attack on the foe and they had all disagreed with his plans. He did not feel at liberty to act without their full concurrence and in the face of their open objections.

Later in the night the Confederate forces retreated from Winchester. Hunter McGuire, his friend and medical director, rode off with General Jackson, and says, "as they reached a point overlooking Winchester, they both turned back to look at the town left to the mercy of the Federals. I think," continued Dr. McGuire, "that a man may sometimes yield to overwhelming emotions. I was utterly overcome by the fact that I was leaving all that I held dear on earth; but my emotion was arrested by one look at Jackson. His face was fairly blazing with the fire of wrath that was burning in him. Presently he cried out in a tone almost savage: 'That is the last council of war I will ever hold.' And it was."

.

CHAPTER NINE.

FIRST SIGHTS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The First Time Colonel George H. Moffatt Met Jackson—Dr. McGuire's First Sight of Jackson—General Dick Taylor's First Sight of Jackson—Private Higgins' First Glimpse of Jackson—First Impressions of General Jackson Formed by His Second Wife, Miss Anna Morrison—The Appearance of Stonewall Jackson to Privates Robert H. Welch, Daniel Duvall and James S. Owens—First Contact With Jackson by Lieutenant A. D. Warwick—Jackson Seen First at Coal Harbor by John Esten Cooke—First View of Jackson by an English Captain—First Sight of Jackson at Fredericksburg by a Confederate Artillerist—General Bradley T. Johnson's First Interview With Jackson—An Arrival at West Point—Orderly John F. Hiskey's Only Meeting With Jackson—Captain McHenry Howard's First Sight of Jackson.

"The First Time I Met Him."—"I shall never forget the first time I met him (Jackson). At V. M. I. as a boy I had heard of his struggles as a cadet at West Point and his services with General Scott in Mexico. In imagination I had created an ideal which made my first meeting with him a keen disappointment. Instead of the handsome, polished gentleman I had pictured, I found him awkward in appearance, severely plain in dress, and stiff and constrained in bearing, but when he began to talk my disappointment passed away. His voice was soft, musical and singularly expressive, while in conversation his eyes of gray would light up in a way that showed through the man's nature ran a vein of sentiment tender as that of a woman's. Listening to his terse, well-rounded sentences, always instructive and full of meaning, boy that I was, I felt that he possessed power, which, in stirring times, would make him a leader among his fellows. When in later years I have seen his appearance on the battle-field give courage to veterans who had faced death in a dozen forms, I knew that my conviction was not a mistaken one."—*Colonel George H. Moffatt, South. Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 22, p. 161.

Dr. McGuire's First Sight of Jackson.—Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's surgeon-general, gave a correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch*

an account of the first time he saw General Jackson, which description was published in that journal on July 19, 1891. Dr. McGuire said:

"I went to Harper's Ferry as a member of Co —, Second Virginia Regiment, and soon after, for the first time in my life, saw Jackson. At that time he was a colonel. He was then commanding the army at Harper's Ferry, which was known as the Army of the Shenandoah. Soon after reaching Harper's Ferry I was commissioned by Governor Letcher, who then commanded the Virginia forces, as medical director of that army. When I reported to General Jackson for duty he looked at me a long time without speaking a word, and presently said: 'Go back to your quarters and wait there until you hear from me.'

"I went back to my quarters and didn't hear from him for a week, when one evening I was announced at dress parade as medical director of the army.

"Some months afterwards, when I asked the General the cause of the delay, he said that I looked so young that he had sent to Richmond to see if there wasn't some mistake."

General Dick Taylor's First Sight of Jackson.—General Jackson's meagre Army now received a splendid addition—both in numbers and morale. On the 21st of May, 1862, there arrived in the Valley four regiments and one battalion, from Louisiana, under General Dick Taylor, to join Jackson. The battalion was Wheat's Louisiana Tigers. His force was 3,000 strong, "neat in fresh clothing of grey with white gaiters, bands playing at the head of their regiment—not a straggler, but every man in his place, stepping jauntily as if in parade, though it had marched twenty miles or more—in open column, with the rays of the declining sun flaming on polished bayonets, the brigade moved down the hard pike, and wheeled on to their camping ground. Jackson's men, by thousands, had gathered on either side of the road to see us pass.

"After attending to necessary camp details, I sought Jackson, whom I had never met. The mounted officer who had been sent on in advance pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response. Before this came I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, a heavy, dark beard of weary eyes, eyes that I afterwards saw filled with intense.

but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the road and distance marched that day. 'Keezleton road, six and twenty miles.' 'You seem to have no stragglers.' 'Never allow straggling.' 'You must teach my people, they straggle badly.' A bow in reply. Just then my Creoles started their band for a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, 'Thoughtless fellows for serious work,' came forth. I expressed the hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gaiety. A return to the lemon gave me the opportunity to retire."—*General Taylor*.

First Glimpse of Jackson on the Peninsula.—Mr. George G. Higgins, private in the Confederate Artillery, told the author that he saw Jackson for the first time on the Peninsula, on horseback, leading his forces into battle. "He looked elegant."

First Impression of General Jackson Formed by His Second Wife, Miss Anna Morrison.—General Jackson met his second wife, Miss Anna Morrison, before he had been first married. This meeting was in Lexington, Va., where Miss Morrison was on a visit. She gives this description of him:

"My first impression was that he was more soldierly-looking than anyone else, his erectness and military dress being quite striking; but, upon engaging in conversation, his open, animated countenance, and his complexion, tinged with the ruddy glow of health, were still more pleasing. * * * His head was a splendid one, large and finely formed, and covered with soft dark brown hair, which, if allowed to grow to any length, curled; but he had a horror of long hair for a man, and clung to the conventional style, *a la militaire*, of wearing very close-cut hair and short side-whiskers. After he was persuaded to turn out a full beard it was much more becoming to him, his beard being a heavy and handsome brown, a shade lighter than his hair. His forehead was noble and expansive, and always fair from its protection by a military cap. His eyes were blue-gray in color, large and well-formed, capable of wonderful changes in varying emotions. His nose was straight and finely chiseled, his mouth small and his face oval. His profile was very fine. All his features were regular and symmetrical, and he was at all times manly and noble-looking, and, when in robust health, he was a handsome man.

"His manners were rather stiff, but they had a certain dignity which showed that he was not an ordinary man."—*Mrs. Jackson's Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson*, p. 96.

Stonewall Jackson's Appearance.—"I never saw Jackson but once. He was on horseback. He was neither striking nor awkward in his appearance."—*Private Robert H. Welch, First Md. Regt., C. S. Army.*

"I was at Winchester, Virginia, one day, at the railroad station, where great numbers of cattle were constantly brought. The day was a cool October one and it was raining. I saw a man on horseback, covered with a great coat, and trying to protect himself by this coat from the rain. A number of soldiers were around him. I took him to be a cattle dealer. Presently this man with the overcoat on rode off and all the soldiers followed after him. I was then told that the one leading the soldiers was Stonewall Jackson."—*Private Daniel Duvall, C. S. Army.*

"I have seen General Jackson bowing to the soldiers who were cheering him. You could hear, as he came along, away down the line the cheering, and it gradually approached you with a great swell as Jackson rode by. I have heard the soldiers say as they heard the cheers: 'Here comes Jackson, or they have started a rabbit.' He would take off his hat and acknowledge the cheers with a salute, though he did not like to be cheered. Sometimes he would hold his cap in his hand while the cheering was in progress as he rode by. He was most graceful in this movement, and gracious in his manner."—*Private James W. Owens, Confederate Artillery.*

First Glimpse of Jackson.—"I had never seen General Jackson, though we had come down the Valley with him. I at once turned my picket (a Federal that had been recently captured) to the next command and hurried to my first sight of the general commanding, T. J. Jackson. I had not very far to go, as Jackson always kept well up to the front. I found the different commands all awake, having been aroused by my first courier sent back. John T. Smith, with the prisoner, had no difficulty in finding the General's headquarters, under a tree on top of a high hill. I rode up, saluted, and asked was this General Jackson. On receiving an affirmative reply, I told him I was the officer-in-charge of the picket at Halltown; had received orders from him to report at once. His first question was: 'What is your rank?' (I had no marks on me, in fact, had no coat on.) My reply was: 'First Lieutenant, Company B, 2nd Virginia Cavalry.' 'How many men have you in picket with you?' 'Thirty,' I replied. 'Are you acquainted with the country?' 'Never was here until last night,' was my reply. He expressed no surprise at there being no one on

duty that night on picket before I came. After a moment or two he told me to go back to Halltown, to take a man with me, and make a reconnoissance to the left of the Federal picket, going through a farm road up a rather steep hill, (this hill was out of the view of the Federal picket at the railroad crossing), not to threaten the picket, but watch closely, and to return to him and report what I saw." * * *

"We were almost in the rear of the Federal picket. * * * I hurried to General Jackson to report, found him in the same place. The infantry troops were called to attention, and forming in column on the pike, the artillery all hitched up and the men at the guns ready to move at a moment's notice; I saw we were on the eve of something very important. I hastened on to General Jackson and made my report of the situation as I saw it. He listened very attentively. The first question he asked in regard to the farm road was, 'Could you get artillery up it?' 'Oh, yes,' I answered, 'easily.' 'Could you get it back?' was the next question. 'Certainly,' I replied, 'easy enough.' 'But if you were in a great hurry, could you do it so easily?' I told him I did not know so well about that. He then asked me how many guns I saw in the fortifications. On my reply to him—for I had counted them—he asked me how did I know they were real cannon or 'shams.' I told him I could not be sure of that, but they looked exactly like real ones. It struck me that he was examining me as much to see if I had really been where he sent me, as to determine how far he could use me in the future, for General Jackson knew all that country thoroughly. After I was through with my report, almost immediately, he said, 'We will not go that way,' meaning, of course, up the hill road.

"He then told me to go back to my picket, form my men in columns of fours, and drive the Federal picket in. 'I will support you.' I returned immediately to Halltown, finding the troops all on the pike in the same direction. I moved my reserve up to where my one man was on duty facing the Federal picket, he joining up, and without more ado charged the picket. He fired his carbine and fled for his reserves. We followed him so closely that we did not give the reserves time to form, and scattered them in all directions in the woods, some leaving their horses and arms in and around the stone schoolhouse. We gathered up the arms and accoutrements, etc. I halted to consider what next. I had done what General Jackson ordered, driven

the picket to reserve, and also driven off and scattered the 'reserve,' breaking up the station, capturing horses and arms.

"I wanted to hear of our support, when I caught the welcome sound of tramp, tramp, tramp, which I knew was infantry, and soon old Stonewall, at the head of his old brigade, came up on quick time. I reported to the General what I had done and showed the result to him. His only reply was, 'I wish you and your men to stay with me as couriers, and assigned me with four men to go with Colonel Baylor, commanding the Stonewall Brigade, who was to make the advance on the works.

"We advanced through the woods to the top of the same ridge I had been on in the morning, but further to our right, and came in full view of the heights, threw our troops in line of battle, with skirmishers out well to the front, and reported to Stonewall (who was back hurrying up our troops) that we were ready to advance. The order came, 'Advance.' Colonel Baylor gave the order, 'Forward!' The skirmishers moved across the field, the line of battle following. The enemy were not yet seen, but we expected to meet them in the next field. Not a shot was fired. Just as our skirmishers got over the fence, and, as we with the line of battle got to the fence, here came a courier to Colonel Baylor to halt. There we stood, possibly fifteen minutes, when another courier came from Jackson ordering the line of battle to fall back to the ridge on which we had first formed, and the skirmishers fell back over the fence. We remained during most of the day and built fires as if we were going into camp. That night the Army was in full motion up the Valley."—*A. D. Warwick, 1st Lieut., 2nd Va. Regt., S. Hist. Mag., Vol. 25, pp. 344-5-6-7.*

Lieutenant Warwick had been stationed near Halltown by Colonel Munford of the cavalry, during the night of May 29th, close to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to establish a picket. It was the next day, May 30th, that he had the interview with Jackson and received orders from him. Lieutenant Warwick rejoined his regiment at Strasburg, which Jackson passed through between Shields and Fremont on Saturday, May 31st.

A First Sight of Jackson.—"The present writer (John Esten Cooke) first saw General Jackson on the field of Cold Harbor, and it seemed hard to realize that the plainly dressed, awkward-looking person on the giant sorrel horse, with the faded cap, and the abstracted air was

the soldier who had foiled every adversary, and won at Port Republic those laurels which time cannot wither."—*Cooke*, pp. 197-8.

First View of Jackson by an English Captain.—An English captain visited General Jackson while he was at Moss Neck. The officer says that the General rose when he appeared and greeted him cordially. He found Jackson to be tall, handsome and thin, but strongly built. His hair and beard were brown. His mouth expressed great determination. His lips were thin and close together. His eyes were dark blue and had a strong glance. At the dinner Jackson said grace in a pious and unostentatious manner that made no little impression on the guest. When the Englishman went to the General's tent to give him "Good-bye," he found Jackson trying to dry out his guest's overcoat.

First Sight of Jackson at Fredericksburg, October 11, 1862.—A Confederate artillerist describes General Jackson as he first caught sight of him at Fredericksburg, October 11, 1862:

"A general officer, mounted upon a superb bay horse, and followed by a single courier, rode up through our guns. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he rode straight to the front, halted, and seemed gazing intently on the enemy's line of battle. The outfit before me, from top to toe, cap, coat, top-boots, horse and furniture, were all of the new order of things. But there was something about the man that did not look so new after all. He appeared to be an old-time friend of all the turmoil around him. As he had done us the honor to make an afternoon call on the artillery, I thought it becoming in someone to say something on the occasion. No one did, however, so, although a somewhat bashful and weak-kneed youngster, I plucked up courage enough to venture to remark that those big guns had been knocking us about pretty considerably during the day. He quickly turned his head, and I knew in an instant who it was before me. The clear-cut, chiselled features; the thin, compressed and determined lips; the calm, steadfast eye; the countenance to command respect, and, in time of war, to give the soldier that confidence he so much craves from a superior officer, were all there. He turned his head quickly, and looking me all over, rode up the line, and was away as quickly and silently as he came, his little courier hard upon his heels; and this was my first sight of Stonewall Jackson."

General Bradley T. Johnson's First Interview With Jackson.—General Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland, tells of his first interview

with Jackson in May, 1861, at Harper's Ferry. He had come down from Frederick, Md., to offer his services and a company of soldiers that he had to join the Confederacy. He met first Colonel Agnus McDonald, who took him to see the Colonel Jackson. After a close examination as to the movements of the Federal Forces at Chambersburg, Pa., about forty miles distant, he questioned him as to the availability of establishing a-farmhouse-to-farmhouse chain of communication, from Chambersburg to Frederick, and, from thence word could be passed to the Confederates as to the movements of the Union forces. The conversation lasted about an hour. Colonel Jackson listened but never broke the silence he maintained throughout the conversation.

An Arrival at West Point.—In the year 1842, a youth at the age of eighteen years arrived at West Point. There was the air of a man from the rural districts about him that attracted the attention of two of the cadets. The newcomer was dressed in home-spun and carried on his arm a pair of saddle-bags. One asked the other:—"Who is that gawk?" The second cadet replied:—"I'll wager that that *gawk* makes a success of it here." The first speaker was A. P. Hill and the second J. E. B. Stewart. The country lad was Stonewall Jackson.—*This anecdote was handed down from West Point through the well-known ministerial Kinsolving family, and was given to the author by a member of it.*

Orderly John F. Hiskey's First Sight of General Jackson.—This incident was given to the author of this volume by John F. Hiskey, of Hyattsville, Md., on November 30, 1919—

"About the first of November, 1862, Company B, Captain George M. Emack, commanding, of the First Maryland Regiment, C. S. Cavalry, was picketing on the 'North West Grade,' a macadamized pike connecting Winchester and the Shenandoah Valley with Moorefield, Romney, and probably Cumberland. About 20 members of Company B, under Lieutenant Edward McKnew, had returned from an unsuccessful attempt to capture a notorious spy and deserter from a Virginia Regiment. Our orders were not to injure him, otherwise he would have been shot, for he passed on the opposite side of a fence from me and not five feet distant. His escape and our location was communicated to General Averill in command at Romney, who sent a large body of Cavalry in our pursuit and with an effort to cut us off from our picket post; but our sagacious Lieutenant foiled the intent,

and extricated our little band of 20, and we reached our post without exchanging a shot.

"The next night our picket post was changed and five or six of our company were taken prisoners, just about daylight. Captain Emack, feeling that his company was in imminent danger of being annihilated, ordered me to go to Winchester, about 15 miles away, and report occurrences and conditions to General Jackson, who was holding Winchester after the return of the Confederate Army to the West bank after the Antietam Campaign.

"When about two miles from Winchester, after a very rapid ride, I met an officer, riding a sorrel horse, and also riding fast. I saluted him, and was passing, when he asked me where I was going. Upon telling him I was seeking General Jackson, at Winchester, he informed me that Jackson's Army had crossed the Ridge at Snicker's Gap, and would join General Lee's Army, and, further, that the Federal forces had entered Winchester, and that I should turn back, and ride with him. I narrated the episode of the night previous. He listened very attentively, and asked me many questions as to Captain Emack's experience as an officer, the number of men in the company. He asked my name, where I was from. He said he had heard of my father, and had used his book, 'Hiskey's Constitution of the United States.' This officer took a decided fancy for my mount, requested me to gallop ahead. He complimented me on my riding, and then suggested that we speed on, as the enemy would send out scouting parties in all directions. I expressed apprehension for Captain Emack's safety, and bade him good day. But he said:—'I think it best that we both gallop along. I will give you orders for Captain Emack, when we separate a little further up the road.' We galloped along for about thirty minutes, when he reined up and said:—'Tell Captain Emack to proceed immediately to Strasburg, and join Major Ridgely Brown and look out for the road at the foot of the mountain leading from Capon Springs, as by that road the Captain could be intercepted.' He also said:—'I will give Major Brown commanding the Maryland Cavalry, at Strasburg, more definite instructions.' I said, 'Sir, from whom shall I tell Captain Emack, I've received these orders?' 'Tell him your orders are from General Jackson: good day,' he spurred his horse into a lively gallop, on a road leading towards Strasburg, and I following the North West grade to join my company.

"During my journey with this officer, I saw no insignia of rank or any indication of rank, save an officer's high crown cap, fastened down to the visor in front. As soon as he said he was General Jackson, I immediately recognized him from pictures I had seen of him in Richmond.

"I narrated the above meeting to his widow, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, at a reception tendered her by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in Washington, some few years ago. 'Oh,' she said, 'that surely was my husband. That was just his way!'"

Captain McHenry Howard's First Sight of Jackson.—McHenry Howard, of Jackson's staff, saw General Jackson for the first time on April 3, 1862, and gives a description of his unique compared to others that have been made of him. He states that Jackson was above the usual height. His beard was thick and very brown. He was strongly and compactly knit. His eyes were steel blue. His hair was dark brown. His hair and beard were wavy. His whiskers were thick over the lower part of his face. The forehead was broad and white. His speech was brief, his manners courteous, and a deafness in one ear muffled sounds to him. His tones were generally distinct, but sometimes his words muffled. He seemed generally to be absorbed in his own thoughts, and seldom spoke to others unless he was himself addressed. His mouth was firm, his nose well-shapen, but not unpleasantly large. He had an unusual fullness of temples. Jackson had on at this time a blue uniform, understood to have been the one he wore when Major at the Virginia Military Institute when he was a Professor there. He wore high boots and had on a small, round top cap, that fell over the front and quite covered his eyes. The cap was high.

Senator John T. Bond's First Meeting With Stonewall Jackson.—In Annapolis, in Maryland, on March 31, 1920, Ex-Senator John T. Bond, of the Maryland Senate, gave the author of this volume the main facts of this statement. He said:

"I saw Stonewall Jackson first in Richmond, in April, 1861. Several citizens of Calvert County, Maryland, one of them being myself, had gone to Richmond, Virginia, to join the Confederate Army. Stonewall Jackson was then a Professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and he would come down to Richmond to drill us. We were then not

armed, and drilled with wooden guns. Jackson did not make a favorable impression upon me by his appearance.

"The next time I saw General Jackson was at Winchester in the fall of 1861, when Colonel Bradley T. Johnson was organizing the First Maryland Confederate Regiment. Colonel Herbert's Company, and ours, Captain Billy Murray's, were among the companies that joined this regiment there.

"I served all through the Shenandoah Valley Campaign under Jackson. As we approached Front Royal, Virginia, on May 23, 1862, Jackson made a speech to the regiment, the First Maryland Confederate. He said:

"Gentlemen, I have halted the whole army that you might come to the front. The First Maryland Federal Regiment is below— (that is at Front Royal). I want you to give them a hearty reception."

"The men cheered."

In the battle that followed, the Marylanders and Louisianians, Poague and Carpenter's batteries, and the Maryland and Virginia Cavalry, in spite of four stubborn and gallant stands, and a brave and determined fight made by Colonel John R. Kenly and his First Maryland Federal Regiment, which lasted four hours, captured, killed or wounded nearly every man in the command.

"Mounted on horseback, and in military dress," continued the Confederate veteran, "General Jackson's appearance was not improved."

So the great hero was many-sided in his looks to the eyes of his devoted soldiery.

CHAPTER TEN.

**NARROW ESCAPE OF STONEWALL JACKSON
FROM CAPTURE.**

A Narrow Escape of General Jackson at Port Republic—A Close Avoidance by General Jackson from Capture near Boonsboro, Md.

Jackson's Narrow Escape from Capture at Port Republic.—When the Confederate army realized the situation on the morning of June the 8th, 1862, at Port Republic, Jackson with his 15,000, between Fremont with his 20,000 and Shields with his 8,000 troops, their hearts sank within them, and, for once, they lost faith in their leader. "Jackson is surrounded," went round and round the camp, and he alone, says Major Dabney, his chief of staff, "was cheerful. He knew what he was going to do." That was done the next day, in holding Fremont on a feint, while he defeated Shields and then burned the bridge so that Fremont could neither unite with Shields nor pursue Jackson.

Early on the morning of the 8th an incident occurred that came near ending the Shenandoah Valley Campaign in overwhelming disaster for the Confederates. A small body of Confederates had been sent out on the night of the 7th to ascertain the position of the Federal army under General Alger, who was with the vanguard of Shields' forces. On the morning of the 8th, this cavalry force came galloping into Port Republic with discreditable haste. Ashby was dead, and his spirit was no longer amongst these horsemen. They declared that the Federals were advancing upon Port Republic and were almost in sight. It was more than true. General Jackson, who with his staff was on the south side of the river, saw that not a moment was to be lost. The design of the enemy was evident. It was to make a sudden attack upon the town, burn the bridge, and thus cut off Jackson's army and get in its rear.

Jackson to defeat this well-conceived strategy, sent rapidly to Taliaferro and Winder to get their men under arms for the defense of the bridge, and to take position on the north bank of the river dominating the south side and the road leading along it to the bridge, and immediately opposite, and to command it with their batteries. Before these orders could be executed, the Federal advance, under Colonel Carroll,

dashed into Port Republic and took possession of the south end of the bridge with one part of his detachment and sent the others forward towards Jackson's ammunition trains. The Confederates saw with horror their ammunition, without which success was impossible, at the mercy of the foes.

While these stirring events were in progress about him, General Jackson, knowing that the act pre-eminent for him to do, was to rejoin his command on the north bank of the river, dashed ahead toward the bridge already in the hands of the enemy. As the Federal cavalry held the southern end of the bridge, the only means for Jackson to reach his army was through the guards of the foe. The danger and the necessity of the situation gave another opportunity for General Jackson to display his daring and sagacity. He galloped forward into the squad of Federals holding the bridge, followed by his staff, and he and part of his staff safely passed the ordeal, but two of his official family being captured.

Rushing up to the heights, Jackson found one of Colonel Poague's guns ready to move. He directed him to hasten toward Port Republic, he himself going along and posting it in a field overlooking and commanding the bridge. Colonel Poague said:—"I was surprised to see a gun posted on the farther end of the bridge; for I had just come from army headquarters, and, although I had met a cavalryman who told me the enemy were advancing up the river, still I did not think it possible they could have gotten any guns in place in so short a time. It, therefore, occurred to me that the gun at the bridge might be one of Carrington's (Confederate), who was on that side and whose men had new uniforms—something like those we saw at the bridge. Upon my suggesting this to the General, he reflected a moment, and then riding a few paces to the left and in front of our piece, he called out in a tone loud enough to be heard by them:—"Bring that gun up here!" But getting no reply, he raised himself in his stirrups and in a most authoritative and angry tone, he shouted:—"Bring that gun up here, *I say.*" Major Dabney, who was present, said that the last order was given in a voice of the profoundest authority and command that could be possible. The Federal gunners were in mood to obey, and says Captain Poague, "they began to move the trail of the gun so as to bring it to bear on us, which, when the General perceived, he quickly turned to the officer-in-charge of my gun, and said in his sharp, quick way:—"Let 'em have it." The word had scarcely left his lips, when Lieutenant Brown, who

had charge of the piece, charged and aimed. sent a shot right amongst them, that so disconcerted theirs in reply that it went far above us."

While these pivotal events were transpiring at the bridge the other section of the Federal forces that was dashing towards the ammunition trains, was nearing their goal. The heart of the chief ordnance officer of Jackson sank within him as he saw their wagons and ammunition trains on the eve of certain destruction by their daring and courageous enemies. All was lost if the ammunition was captured. Here, however, that initiative that is inherent in the breast of the American soldier, came to the rescue of the alarming situation and the safety of the possession of wagons and the ammunition. Some unnamed and capable hero gathered together a few sick and invalid soldiers and stragglers in camp, formed them into a platoon of infantry, posted them at a turn in the street where the Federal cavalry would have to pass on their way to the ammunition trains, and, as the galloping horsemen circled the corner, the improvised riflemen poured a leaden volley into their ranks. At the same decisive moment, a detachment of Confederate cannoniers, who belonged to a battery whose old-fashioned guns had been declared unfit for use, by the Chief Ordnance Inspector of Jackson's army, unlimbered their cannon, loaded them and delivered a round of solid shot into the halted Federals. At that they turned and fled. Jackson's trains and army were saved.

As the Confederate infantry on the north side of the Shanandoah reached the bridge, General Jackson placed himself at the head of the leading regiment—the 37th Virginia, Colonel Fulkerson commanding—and rushed it at a double-quick toward the all-important causeway still in the enemy's possession. When Jackson approached the bridge, he saw the village of Port Republic crowded with Federal cavalry, but now checked in the pursuit of his trains, and while one of their two-field pieces was yet replying to the Confederate artillery, the other was still at the mouth of the bridge, prepared to sweep it with a murderous discharge of grape. One lightning glance was enough to decide him. "Ordering Captain Poague to engage with one of his pieces, the gun at the southern end of the bridge, he led the 37th aside from the high road so that they descended to the declivity obliquely against the upper part of the structure, marching by flank. Without pausing to wheel them into line, as they came within effective distance, he commanded them in a tone and one of inexpressible authority, to deliver one round upon the enemy's artillery, and then rush through the bridge upon the

foe with the bayonet. They fired one strong volley, and then dashed with a yell through the narrow avenue. As soon as Jackson uttered his command, he drew up his horse, and, dropping the reins upon his neck, raised both hands towards the heavens, while the fire of battle in his face changed into a look of reverential awe. Even while he prayed, the God of Battles heard: or ever he had withdrawn his uplifted hands, the bridge was gained, and the enemy's gun was captured."—*Dabney's Life of Jackson*, Vol. 1, p. 417.

Narrow Escape of General Jackson from Capture.—General Jackson had many narrow escapes from capture during the war as well as from death before his mortal wounding came at Chancellorsville. During the Maryland Campaign of 1862, Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, of the General's Staff, went forward, with the escort of one cavalryman toward the town of Boonsboro, in Washington County, to secure information. In the village he encountered a squadron of Federal cavalry, "who without ceremony," stated the Colonel, "proceeded to make war" upon them. The two lone Confederates made a hasty retreat from the village, followed as rapidly by the Federal dragoons. Colonel Douglas turned and tried a couple of "Parthian shots" at their pursuers, to which they responded with a volley that sent a bullet through the flying Colonel's hat, and it and its beautiful plume—the gift of a lady in Frederick—rolled off into the dust, and the Colonel admitted that he did not take time to recover his chapeau and feathers. At the end of the burg the two Confederates saw General Jackson afoot slowly leading his horse. Realizing something daring had to be done to save their General, righting about, the two gave command as if they had received reinforcements, and charged the foe. Happily the chase had become less vigorous and the Federals—deceived by the ruse, fled before the brave seen and unseen, but suspected, foes. General Jackson was saved from capture and Colonel Douglas recovered his hat and plume.—*Leaders and Battles of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, pp. 22-3.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

**STONEWALL JACKSON'S PERSONAL CONTACT
WITH HIS COMMAND.**

General Jackson a Strict Disciplinarian—Jackson's Humanity to His Men—General Jackson does Manual Labor to Forward a Movement—Jackson Thanks an Officer for Performing a Delicate Duty in a Trying Situation—Jackson Was Silent and Reserved Under Complaints—How General Jackson Wrote His Dispatch About the Battle of McDowell—Generals Jackson and Johnson Drive Away a Federal Sentry—A Heroic Sign Proposed by General Jackson at Fredericksburg—What Gave Stonewall Jackson's Command Success—Jackson Called His Men by the Name of Their Regiments—Jackson Asked a Brave Officer to Come on His Staff—Treatment by Jackson of a Former Student—General Jackson Was a Great Stickler for Obedience to His Orders—Jackson at the Battle of Port Republic—Religious Services Held Under Fire—A Look from Jackson Silences a Burst of Profanity—Jackson Called the Battle of Port Republic Delightful Excitement—Winder and Jackson Not Always Harmonious.

General Jackson a Strict Disciplinarian.—Jackson's sentiments in regard to military discipline were made apparent early in the war. He issued an order that prohibited all officers from passing the pickets around the camps, except upon passes from headquarters, and it was required that those passes should specify whether the officer was upon public or private business. On this the following note was sent to General Jackson's Adjutant-General:

"Camp near Winchester, Va., November 16, 1861."

"Major:—The undersigned, having read General orders, No. 8, transmitted from the headquarters of the Army of the Valley, so far as it includes and relates to officers of their rank, respectfully submit: That it is an unwarranted assumption of authority and involves an improper inquiry into their private matters, of which, according to the official usage and courtesy of the Army, the Major-General commanding has no right to inquire information; it implies their abuse of their privileges accorded in every other department of the Army to officers of their rank, which there has been nothing in their conduct to justify;

it disparages the dignity of the offices which they have the honor to hold, and, in consequence, detracts from that respect of the force under their command which is necessary to maintain their authority and enforce obedience. Therefore, they complain of the order, and ask that it may be modified."

"Respectfully submitted."

(Signed by all the Regimental Commanders of the Brigade.) "Major A. H. Jackson, A. A. Genl."

To this General Jackson replied:

"Headquarters Valley District, November 17, 1861."

"The major-general commanding desires me to say that the within-combined protests are in violation of the Army Regulations and subversive of military discipline. He claims the right to give his pickets such instructions as, in his opinion, the interests of the public service require.

"Colonels _____, on the day that their Regiments arrived at their present encampments, either from incompetency to control their commands or from neglect of duty, so permitted their command to become disorganized and their officers and men to enter Winchester without permission, as to render several arrests of officers necessary.

"If officers desire to have control over their commands, they must remain habitually with them, and industriously attend their * * * and comfort, and in battle lead them well, and in such a manner as to command their admiration.

"Such officers need not apprehend loss of respect resulting from inserting in a written pass the words, 'On duty,' or 'on private business,' should they have occasion to pass the pickets."

By command of Major-General Jackson, A. A. Genl."

Jackson's Humanity to His Men.—General Winder, of General Jackson's command, "bucked" his men for straggling. This was a punishment that consisted of tying a soldier's hands together at the wrists and slipping them down over his knees and then running a stick between his arms and legs. "I told my captain that I did not intend to answer roll-call that evening, and, if I was bucked again for straggling, it would be the last time; that I would never shoulder my musket again for a cause that would treat soldiers in that manner. Some of our officers then went to General Jackson and made complaint about

Winder's order. He sent Winder word that he did not want 'to hear of any more bucking in that Brigade for straggling.'—That was the last of it."—*Casler's History*, pp. 142-3.

General Jackson Works at Manual Labor to Forward a Movement.—On the route to McDowell, in April, 1862, when Jackson began his Valley Campaign, and started to strike Generals Milroy and Schenck, near Franklin, West Virginia, the roads were so bad from recent rains, "that a whole day was spent helping trains through the mud." "Long details were made to mend the road to keep it in passable condition as train after train moved along. The General (Jackson) took part in the work. He urged on the laborers, encouraged the soldiers, and, having dismounted, assisted in carrying rails and stones."—*Allen's Campaigns*, p. 70.

Jackson Thanks an Officer for Performing a Delicate Duty in a Trying Situation.—Colonel John D. Imboden, afterward General Imboden, was the mustering officer at the beginning of the war. The question was, when he went to muster in the Staunton Artillerymen, whether their enlistment should be for one year or for the war. Colonel Imboden urged for the war. The men unanimously shouted, "For the war, for the war." "Before they were dismissed, the ceremony of mustering was completed, and I (Colonel Imboden), proudly took the roll down to Colonel Jackson (Stonewall), with the remark:—'There, Colonel, is the roll of your first company mustered in for the war.' He looked it over, and, rising, shook my hand, saying:—'Thank you, Captain—thank you; and please thank your men for me.' He had heard that there was dissatisfaction in camp, and asked me to act as mustering officer for two other artillery companies present."—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 1, p.121.

Jackson Was Silent and Reserved Under Complaints.—During the winter of 1861-2, Jackson, by a campaign of two weeks of suffering for his men in cold and snow, had, with trifling loss, placed the Federal "troops opposed to him on the defensive, had expelled them virtually from his district: had liberated three counties from their rule, and secured the supplies in them for the subsistence of his own troops." These sufferings caused great complaint amongst his soldiers, especially amongst the new recruits of General Loring's command. "They complained bitterly of the campaign which had been conducted at the expense of so much suffering, a campaign now suspended, they said, only

to leave them, in the midst of an inhospitable mountain region (in and near Romney, Va.), out of reach of adequate supplies and of timely succor. They declared their position untenable in case of an attack, and even attributed the removal of the 'Stonewall' (Garnett's) Brigade to Winchester, to favoritism. Jackson, silent and reserved in manner, never taking counsel even with his next in command as to his plans, most rigid and exacting as a commander, had not yet acquired that wonderful control over his soldiers which, a few months later, would have rendered such murmuring impossible. Indeed, it is difficult to realize the feeling of distrust then manifested, when we consider the unbounded enthusiasm and devotion with which many of these same men afterward followed Jackson to victory and to death."—*Allen's Valley Campaign*, p. 29.

This confidence was illustrated by the fact that his men would never falter even when flanked—a time when veterans know it is the rule to fall back to save themselves from capture. After the men, under Stonewall Jackson, had discovered his remarkable military ability, when bullets would begin to fly on their flank, doing what they would for no other general, they would hold their ground and say with perfect confidence in their commander:—"General Jackson knows all about that."

How General Jackson Wrote His Despatch About the Battle of McDowell.—"The morning after the battle of McDowell (the first of Jackson's victories in the celebrated Valley Campaign), I called very early on Jackson, at the residence of Colonel George W. Hull, of that village, where he had headquarters, to ask if I could be of any service to him, as I had to go to Staunton, forty miles distant, to look after some companies that were to join my command. He asked me to wait a few minutes, as he wished to prepare a telegram to be sent President Davis from Staunton, the nearest post-office to McDowell. He took a seat at a table and wrote nearly a half page of foolscap; he rose and stood before the fire-place pondering it for some minutes, then he tore it in pieces and wrote again, but much less, and again destroyed what he had written, and paced the room several times. He suddenly stopped, seated himself, and dashed off two or three lines, folded the paper, and said:—"Send that off as soon as you reach Staunton." As I bade him 'Goodbye,' he remarked, 'I may have other telegrams today or tomorrow, and I will send them to you for transmission. I wish you to have two or three well-mounted couriers to bring me the replies promptly.' I read the message he had given me. It was dated

'McDowell' and read about :—'Providence blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.' That was all. A few days after I got to Staunton, a courier arrived with a message to be telegraphed to the Secretary of War. I read it and sent it off, and ordered the messenger to be ready with his horse while I waited at the telegraph office for the reply. The message was to this effect :—'Think I ought to attack Banks, but under my orders do not feel at liberty to do so.' In less than an hour a reply came, but not from the Secretary of War. It was from General Joseph E. Johnson, to whom I suppose the Secretary had referred General Jackson's message. I have a distinct recollection of its substance, as follows :—'If you think you can beat Banks, attack him. I only intended my orders to caution you against attacking fortifications.' Banks was understood to have fortified himself strongly at Strasburg and Cedar Creek and he had fallen back there. I started the courier with this reply, as I suppose to McDowell; but, lo, it met Jackson only twelve miles from Staunton, to which he had marched his little army, except Ashby's cavalry, which, under an intrepid leader, Captain Sheetz, he had sent from McDowell to menace Fremont, who was concentrating at Franklin in Pendleton County, where he remained in blissful ignorance that Jackson had left McDowell, till he learned by telegraph nine days later that Jackson had fallen upon Banks at Front Royal and driven him through Winchester and across the Potomac."—*General John D. Imboden, C. S. A. In Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, pp. 287-8.

Generals Jackson and Johnson Drive Away a Federal Sentry.—In making his move at McDowell against Generals Milroy and Schenck, Generals Jackson and Johnson, in order to obtain a good view of the enemy, ascended the mountain, and coming up with a Federal sentry drove him away, as they advanced. They then proceeded to the western ridge of the pasture lands on the left, and passed the morning in examining the position of their foes.—*Dabney's Life of Jackson*, p. 342.

A Heroic Sign.—The defeat of General Burnside, on the 11th of December, 1862, at Fredericksburg, had been so easily accomplished that the Confederates could not realize that the repulse of the gallant and vigorous assault that the Federal Army had made, had been so readily accomplished and General Lee, in this state of uncertainty, called a council of his officers for advice. It was night when the council was in session. After General Lee had heard from a number of his

officers, he turned to General Jackson, who had, for an hour, in the midst of the council, been pacing silently up and down the floor, and asked, "General Jackson, what do you think of it?" To this Jackson immediately replied, "Strip our men to the waist, and kill every man that has a shirt on!"

The significance of this advice is enhanced by calling to mind that the great danger in night-assaults is that friend and foe cannot be told apart, and this was Jackson's means of furnishing proof as to which side a soldier belonged. The wintry weather appeared not to deter this masterful spirit from suggesting so heroic a sign to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.

This anecdote was given the author by Caleb Alston, of the Virginia Military Institute, who received it from General W. E. Stevens, who was present at the council.

What Gave Stonewall Jackson's Command Success.—"When Stonewall Jackson's command received the order to move, the men, as well as General Jackson, expected a victory over the enemy. That's what gave it its success."—*C. A. Fonerden, of Carpenter's Battery, Stonewall Brigade.*

Jackson Called His Men by the Name of Their Regiments.—It was General Jackson's habit, when having occasion to speak to one of his command in the private ranks, to call him by the name of his regiment. During a battle, Private Fleming, of Company K, 13th Virginia, was observed by General Jackson to have one of the Pennsylvania Buck Tails as his prisoner. The General said:—"Hello, 13th! You've got him?" "What shall I do with him?" asked the captor. "Put him in that pen," answered Jackson. This was a temporary enclosure made by brush.—*Related to the author by Private Fleming.*

Stonewall Jackson Asked a Brave Officer to Come on His Staff.—At the battle of Fredericksburg, General Jackson rode up in front of Captain William F. Dement's Battery and said:—"I want an officer to carry a message for me. All my orderlies are gone. General Gregg's lines have been broken, and I want to send to General Doles for reinforcements." Captain Dement volunteered and was given a verbal message to deliver. He rode down the line of battle, the bullets flying thickly about him and piercing his clothes, but both horse and rider escaped. When he had delivered the message, and had returned, General Jackson said to him:—"Captain Dement, I would like to have you on my staff."

"What position have you to offer?"

"I will make you inspector of my army, with the rank of captain."

"General Jackson," replied Captain Dement, "I will have to decline that. My men will give me promotion quicker."

The authority for this incident were Messrs. James W. Owens and Eugene W. Worthington, who were in Captain Dement's Battery and heard the conversation.

Treatment by Jackson of a Former Scholar.— When in the fall of 1862, the Confederate Army was retreating from the disastrous Maryland Campaign into Virginia and crossing the Potomac at Shepherdstown, the Richmond Artillery was encamped near where Jackson was superintending the repair of the road so that his trains might pass over it. Two former pupils of Jackson when at the Virginia Military Institute were in the battery, and one of them proposed that they would go over to see their distinguished teacher and general, the suggestor of the visit thinking to have with Jackson a sociable friendly talk about old times. The one who had received the invitation, said that he knew old Jack and declined to go. Several hours afterward the cadet who had gone to see Jackson returned, looking most woe-begone and filled with mud from head to foot. "Did you see Jackson?" asked the stay-in-camp. "Yes," replied Jackson's visitor, "and he put me to carrying stones to mend the road!" The author of the History of the Richmond Artillery, from which this incident is taken, who was the cadet who declined to visit Jackson with his comrade, observed that when Jackson saw his old pupil the only thought he had for him was, "Here's another man to help me."

Jackson Called the Battle of Port Republic a Delightful Excitement.—"Jackson," says General Richard Taylor, "was in the road (Monday, June 9th, at Port Republic)," a little in advance of his line, where the fire was hottest, with reins on his horse's neck, seemingly in prayer. Attracted by my approach, he said in his usual voice, "Delightful excitement." I replied that it was pleasant to learn he was enjoying himself, but thought that he might have indigestion from such fun if the 6-inch gun was not silenced. He summoned a young officer from his staff, and pointed up the mountain. The head of my approaching column was turned short up the slope, and speedily came to a path running parallel with the river. We took the path, the guide leading the way."

A Look from General Jackson Silences a Burst of Profanity.—

The author of this was told this incident on September 4, 1919, at a Confederate Veteran Reunion, near Burlington, in West Virginia, by Private William H. Parrill, a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.:

"One stormy night I wrapped myself in my gum blanket, and took refuge under a wagon. There I slept until morning. There was a depression in the ground where I slept and the water trickled into it little by little, and in such small quantities that my body kept it warm and I was not awakened by it. When I arose, I found that I was wet from my thighs down. I made the air blue imprecating the misery of a man living such a life as that. A man on the other side of a rail fence, two or three yards from me, arose from two rails on which he had been sleeping, and looked at me. It was General Jackson. My swearing ceased at once."

Religious Services Held Under Fire.—While the religious service, near Franklin, the Sunday after the battle of McDowell, was in progress, an incessant skirmish fire was kept up. Captain Harry Gilmor, in his "Four Years in the Saddle," says:

"Every shot could be heard distinctly, and, occasionally, a stray bullet would come whizzing by. Major Dabney (who preached), stood on the ground unawed; General Jackson a few paces in front, resting on one foot, with his hat off, shading his face from the sun. I watched him closely and saw not a muscle change during the whole service. The sturdy soldiers, browned in many a hard fought field, were lying around in bundles of hay, that had been taken from the stacks near by, and, although an incessant fire was going on, all listened attentively, with every eye fastened on the great chief. Few have ever seen such unflinching nerve, and it was this will that won for us many a stubborn fight. While I was sitting near him the day previous, with my company in the rear to act as couriers, a shell came crashing through the trees and cut under a large white oak within a few feet of the general. It fell, and fortunately, it fell *from* him; otherwise, he would have been crushed to death.

"My gracious, General!" I exclaimed. "You have made a narrow escape!"

"He was then a little hard of hearing; and, thinking he had not heard me, I repeated:—'You had a narrow escape, sir'."

"Ah, you think so, sir. You think so?" And, turning to my men, he said, 'You had better shelter them in a ravine near by,' but he did not move himself until he was called to another part of the field."

Jackson at the Battle of Port Republic.—The sounds of battle receded in the hearing of General Taylor and his troops, and a Federal cheer showed that Jackson was being hard pressed, and, although not ready, because his command was not yet all up with him on the mountain, General Taylor charged from the rear upon the Federal battery that was doing so much damage to the Confederates below them on the plain and contributing so greatly to the Federal success that was fast turning the action into a rout for their foes.

"The fighting," says General Taylor, "in and around the battery was hand to hand, and many fell from bayonet wounds. Even the artillery used their rammers in a way not laid down in the manual, and died at their gund. As Calvin said to the devil:—' 'Twas claw for claw.' I called for Hays, but he, the promptest of men, and his splendid regiment could not be found. Something unexpected had happened; but there was no time for speculating. With a desperate rally, in which I believe the drummer boys shared, we carried the battery for the third time and held it."

The battery was turned on the fleeing Federals, and Ewell, who had come up with his staff, served as one of the gunners.

Jackson now arrived, and, with an intense light in his eyes, grasped General Taylor's hand, and said that his brigade should have the captured cannon. "I thought," said General Taylor, "the men would go mad with cheering, especially the Irishmen. A large fellow with one eye closed, and half his whiskers burned by powder, was riding cock-horse on a gun, and, catching my attention, yelled out:—'We told you to bet on your boys.' Their success against their brother Irishmen in Shields' army seemed doubly welcome to them."

Jackson had been so hard pressed that he had stopped Colonel Hays' regiment to help him. Hays and others were severely wounded, and numbers of the regiment were killed. Lieutenant English, of Harper's Ferry, who had guided General Taylor to his place on the mountain, was one of the first to reach the Federal battery in a charge, and the gallant young officer was killed.

General Jackson a Great Stickler for Obedience to His Orders.—General Jackson was a very great stickler for strict obedience to his

orders. On the pursuit of the Federals from McDowell to Franklin, on the morning of the 10th of May, General Charles Winder with his Brigade came to a fork in the road and having no instructions as to which road to take, he stopped his command, and sent back to General Jackson to know which fork of the road to pursue. Arms were stacked along the narrow road. A battery soon appeared from the rear, and the musket stacks had to be broken for the cannon to pass on. Soon after General Jackson arrived. General Winder mounted with flushed face, and when Jackson reached him, he said that he (Winder) had heard a report that General Jackson had put him under arrest for not having his troops up at the battle of McDowell, and Winder asked if Jackson had said anything to warrant it. General Jackson replied that he had not. General Winder then declared that he had always obeyed the orders he had from him. Jackson immediately said:—"But General Winder, you are not obeying orders now. My order is that 'Whenever there is a halt, the men shall stack arms.' To this General Winder replied:—"I did obey your order, but had to break the stacks to let a battery pass," and added that he intended to have his rank as second in the command respected by everybody. Captain McHenry Howard, who was close by and heard the whole colloquy, expected General Jackson to put Winder under immediate arrest. Just then a courier arrived from Richmond and gave General Jackson a despatch, who, after reading it, handed it to General Winder, which greatly suppressed the fears of Captain Howard, who took Jackson's act as one of friendship for General Winder.

Winder and Jackson not Always Harmonious.—On June 12th, while the army was still encamped near Port Republic, General Charles Winder came to General Richard Taylor saying that he had asked leave to go to Richmond, and having been refused his request, had resigned. "He," says General Taylor, "commanded Jackson's old brigade, and was aggrieved by some interference. Holding Winder in high esteem, I hoped to save him to the army, and went to Jackson, to whose magnanimity I appealed, and to drive this home dwelt on the rich harvest of glory he had reaped in his brilliant (the Shenandoah) campaign. Observing him closely, I caught a glimpse of his inner ration. (?) It was but a glimpse. The curtain closed and he was absorbed in prayer. Yet in that moment, I saw an ambition as boundless as Cromwell's, and as merciless. The latter character was exhibited in his treatment of Garnett. * * * I have never met an

officer or soldier, present at Kernstown, who failed to condemn the harsh treatment of General Garnett after that action. * * *

"No reply was made to my effort for Winder, and I rose to take my leave, when Jackson said he would ride with me. We passed silently along the way to camp, where he left me. That night a few lines came from Winder to inform me that Jackson had called on him, and his resignation was withdrawn."

*If General Taylor's opinion of the mercilessness of General Jackson rests on his treatment of General Garnett, it stands on unstable ground. Jackson was a soldier learned in the arts of war far above his fellows; he knew the necessity of winning Kernstown; he knew there was in the midst of the terrible ordeal in which Garnett and his brigade was placed, one military remedy. Until that was tried Jackson believed the last piece on the board had not been played that could have brought him victory—the rebel yell, the bayonet charge, and the death grip of battle between man and man. General Garnett gave the order to fall back while yet his hand held the winning card, Jackson knew.



CHAPTER TWELVE.

**STONEWALL JACKSON'S MILITARY SAGACITY.
AND STRATEGY.**

Jackson's Military Strategy at the Rappahannock—Jackson and Ewell Delay to Obey an Order to Secure a Victory—Jackson's Ability to Anticipate the Movements of the Enemy—With Stonewall Jackson it Was:—"This One Thing I Do"—Jackson Proposes a Night Attack at Fredericksburg—Jackson and Lee Planned the Detour to the Rear of Pope's Army—A Summary of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign.

Jackson's Military Strategy.—Shortly before General Jackson made his flank movement at Manassas around General Pope's Army, he undertook a manoeuvre that required him to cross the Rappahannock, at Warrenton Springs, on August 22, 1862, which was bridgeless and swollen to a degree almost impassible. Six pieces of artillery, with the water almost over their caissons, belonging to the Maryland and Chesapeake batteries, forded the river, followed by about fifteen hundred troops under the command of General Early. At that point, the river, rising all the time, became unfordable. A large body of Federal troops was directly before this isolated command. Calling to Early to cross the river, Jackson told him to plant his guns on the highest hill he could find, and to fire at anything he saw, and to march his infantry around the lowlands, in sight of the enemy, so as to make it appear that a large force was present.

The infantry was then placed in line along the edge of a wood, hidden in the grass near it, and General Jackson directed General Early, the next day, to form his line of battle ahead of the skirmish line, and, if obliged to retreat, to follow the course of the river until he could find a place where his army could ford it. That evening a Federal soldier who came into the woods near the Confederates to discover something about them, was captured and questioned as to the strength of the Federal troops. He told the Confederates that the woods were full of Union troops, and that a hundred thousand were encamped beyond in the open. The next day, Early did as Jackson had directed him, reversed the order of battle, by putting the line of battle in front of the skirmishers, but hidden in the grass. As the Federals came through the wood in an attack, the Confederate skirmishers retreated before

them. Unsuspecting an ambush, the Federals advanced to within fifty feet of the Confederate lines, when they rose up and fired. The astonished Federals gave way and retreated. The Confederates charged and their batteries opened on the flying Federals with canister. By the night of the second day, Jackson had succeeded in having a pontoon bridge thrown across the river, and the isolated segment of his command, under the cover of darkness, rejoined the main army. The cannon had to be dragged over by hand on the improvised structure, while the horses waded the river, as the bridge was too slight in its construction to bear the weight of both horses and great guns.

The Confederates felt themselves in such peril during the two days they were cut off from the rest of their forces that not a harness was taken off a horse and the horses were only led to water two at a time, so that the artillerymen might lose no time in getting away in case of necessity. The morning after the escape, by dawn, a hundred pieces of Federal artillery opened on the hill that had been occupied by the Confederates the evening previous, and tore it to pieces.—*The authority for this incident was Mr. George G. Higgins, who was in the Maryland Battery and who heard General Jackson call his orders over the Rapahannock to General Early.*

Jackson and Ewell Delay to Obey an Order to Secure a Victory.—Any occurrences, if they carried good in the happening, were blessings from on high to General Jackson. Soon after the Reverend Dr. Dabney joined his staff: General Jackson wrote:—"Dr. Dabney is here, and I am very thankful to God for it. He comes up to my highest expectations as a staff officer."

When he had driven back Milroy and Schenck from Franklin, he wrote to Mrs. Jackson:—"My precious darling, I telegraphed you on the ——— that God had blessed us with a victory at McDowell. * * * We have divine service at ten o'clock today (Monday), to render thanks to Almighty God for having crowned our arms with success, and to implore his continued favor." On May 19th, he wrote Mrs. Jackson:—"Yesterday Dr. Dabney preached an excellent sermon from the text:—'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' It is a great privilege to have him with me."

When General Jackson was about to make his second great movement in the famous Valley Campaign, and to attack Banks, and had received orders from General Johnston calling him with his forces back to Gordonsville, he concluded that this, too, was an act of Providence. He

said regretfully to General Ewell:—"Then Providence denies me the privilege of striking a decisive blow for my country, and I must be satisfied with the humble task of hiding my little army among these mountains to watch a superior force." Yet in Jackson's last analysis is another proof how narrow is man's vision in determining what are the final acts of Providence in any unfinished event. Jackson and Ewell, at Ewell's proposal, delayed to obey the order until Jackson had heard from General Johnston again, and had secured permission to strike the final blow he had intended that routed Banks's army. He called then the conclusion of the whole matter, "the hand of Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days."

Jackson's Ability to Anticipate the Movements of the Enemy.—

"Many incidents of Jackson's career prove that he possessed the intuitive power to know the plight, and to foretell the purposes of the Federal army and its commanders. To describe the first that I recall, while dressing his wounded hand at the First Manassas at the field hospital of the brigade at Young's Branch, near the Lewis House, I saw President Davis ride up from Manassas. He had been told by stragglers that our army had been defeated. He stopped his horse in the middle of the little stream, stood up in his stirrups (the palest, sternest face I ever saw), and cried to the great crowd of soldiers:—"I am President Davis. Follow me back to the field." General Jackson did not hear distinctly; I told him who he was and what he said. He stood up, took off his hat and cried:—"We have whipped them—they ran like sheep. Give me ten thousand men, and I will take Washington City to-morrow." Who doubts now that he could have done so?"—*Dr. Hunter McGuire, in The Confederate Cause, p. 196-7.*

Jackson Divines McClellan's Movements at Marvel Hill.—

"Dr. B. L. Dabney, one of the best known members of the Presbyterian Church, in the South, and, at the time referred to, associated with Jackson's staff, in the capacity of chaplain, narrates an incident which illustrates how vividly Jackson realized what modern writers term the 'psychological moment' in the progress of an engagement. During the fury of the struggle at Malvern Hill, Jackson was roused with great difficulty from a heavy slumber, and informed of the situation. Those around him were apprehensive of the result, for attack after attack on our part had been repulsed with severe loss. Jackson, upon recovering his consciousness, merely said, 'McClellan is only fighting to get away. In the morning, he will be gone.' He immediately resumed his nap, and

Dr. Dabney adds that, upon hearing his opinion, he at once followed his example. When the morning light dawned upon this scene of blood, every trace of the enemy had disappeared."—*Shepherd's Life of Lee*, p. 71.

With Stonewall Jackson it Was:—"This One Thing I Do."—When General Jackson entered the military service of the Confederate States it was with him: "This One Thing I Do." An officer relates that on one occasion during the war he had to ride with General Jackson, each on horseback, a distance of twenty miles. The companion of Jackson had felicitated himself upon the anticipated pleasures of a day's conversation with a great man. As they set out the officer commenced to talk to General Jackson, but he soon found out that the General was in no mood for conversation and he at once desisted, and so they rode together almost all day without a word passing between them. Suddenly as the evening began to close and their journey was near its end, General Jackson, with dramatic expression and gesture to suit, cried out as if he were clinching an argument, which no doubt he had carried on mentally to its conclusion:—"It can be done!" Then collecting himself, he appeared to see the awkwardness of the situation, and, pointing to a farm house they were passing, observed that it was "a very fine dwelling." This was the extent of the day's talk. Jackson's mind was evidently deep in the martial problems that he was endeavoring to solve.

Jackson Proposed a Night Attack at Fredericksburg.—General Jackson asked his Surgeon-General, Dr. Hunter McGuire, on the evening of December 13, 1862, how many yards of bandages he had. The Surgeon-General said that he did not know, but that he had enough for another fight. At this General Jackson appeared a little worried at this want of exact information. Dr. McGuire repeated that he had enough for another battle, and then asked the General:—"Why do you want to know how much bandaging I have?" Jackson replied:—"I want a yard of bandaging to put on the arm of every soldier in this night attack, so that our men may know each other from the enemy."

This plan of attack was never executed. General Lee thought the stratagem too uncertain of success.

Jackson and Lee Planned Jackson's Detour to the Rear of Pope's Army.—General Lee said that in the council of war between himself and Jackson on the question of the attack on Pope, a plan was deter-

mined upon. Who proposed the strategem that culminated in Jackson's making thirty-two miles in a single night with his whole corps to the rear of Pope's army, and thus placing himself between the Federal forces and Washington, is not known. Jackson and Lee were seen together with Jackson quite excited and making a diagram in the sand with the toe of his boot. General Lee listened and now and then moved his head in assent, apparently.

It was on this detour was heard the frequent ejaculation of Jackson to "Press on! Press on!" as he rode up and down alongside his moving columns. His presence was a signal for enthusiastic cheers always, but this day Jackson wished no greetings, lest the enemy should know he was near. So the word was passed down the line, "No cheering for Jackson," but as he rode by the enthusiastic troops could not entirely repress their feelings, so lifting their war-grimed hats, the soldiers held their caps aloft in token of their love, admiration and confidence in their unconquerable leader. Jackson was greatly moved by this exhibition of respect and affection, and turning to his staff he said:—"Who could fail to win battles with such men as these?"

Summary of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign.—It was on Sunday morning, June 1, 1862, that General Shields had started from Front Royal, twelve miles distant, to intercept General Jackson at Strasburg; but the game was already lost. Jackson was through Strasburg. Winder was coming on about five miles behind with the rear-guard, and checking, as he passed the gates, Fremont and his belated command. This was the firing that McDowell and Shields had heard. The two Federal commanders were capable men. Fremont was an old explorer of the west. It was a battle royal between American skill and valor on one side and American valor and skill on the other. The twelve miles that Shields was behind Jackson was made longer by the difficulties of the way—the road lay through a hilly country—the same impediment that prevented Ewell from being up with Jackson at Front Royal when he had come up the Valley. Beside, Shields had a river to cross. The day and its possible success in checking Jackson's retreat had been lost practically when General Shields, under wrong information given him by one of his aides, that Jackson had returned toward Winchester, had turned off the Strasburg road to the Winchester pike.

General Shields finally took his chosen road, south of the Shenandoah, to follow Jackson, believing that he could cut him off before he reached

Port Republic. Thus the race, after Jackson and for the possession of three bridges across the Shenandoah, began. Shields had a longer and rougher road than Jackson, but Jackson was impeded in his progress by his numerous prisoners, and his long train of wagons with the stores that he had captured at Winchester, which he was trying to save to the Confederate army.

Meanwhile, after General Winder had held back Fremont until Jackson's rear-guard had passed through Strasburg, Winder then, at the close of this action and at the proper moment, passed on and joined Jackson's main body. Fremont fell in the rear of the Confederate army, to nag and fight them at every step in their retreat towards Port Republic. Shields, having a longer route than Fremont, made a slower but a most determined march to catch up with Jackson and to defeat his plans.

The movements of Jackson had been most extraordinary, considering his impedimenta. On Friday morning, May 30th, Jackson was in front of Harper's Ferry, 50 miles from Strasburg. Fremont was encamped at Moorefield, 38 miles from the same place, with his advance miles farther on the way to Strasburg. Shields was 20 miles from the town of Strasburg, with his vanguard by the noon of Friday at Front Royal, only 12 miles from Strasburg. General McDowell followed with two divisions, General Shields and was within supporting distance of him. By Sunday night, encumbered with twelve miles of captured trains and three thousand prisoners, Jackson had marched, since Friday, 60 miles, run safely the gauntlet at Strasburg, and was far in front of his enemies, and was enabled to take the time he needed to deliver his booty and his prisoners to places of safety, and at the same moment ward off the blows at his heels and, finally, face about and defeat his pursuers.

Every point was apparently noted and covered by Jackson. In retreating towards Port Republic, Jackson secured the shortest route to the Virginia Central Railroad, in case it was necessary to leave the Valley, while the terrain in which his movement lay, through Brown's Gap, gave him an almost unassailable position, if he desired to make a stand and give battle to his enemies. Two spurs of the mountain, one on the left and the other on the right of the road nearly met here. There was no opportunity afforded to use either the cavalry or the artillery against him, but it was a position in which a regiment could hold an army at bay.

The Rapidity of Jackson's Movements Had Been a Marvel.—On the 30th of April, in the midst of a rainstorm, and over roads that became quagmires under travel, Jackson had begun his march toward McDowell, a hundred miles from Elk Run Valley from which he had started. On the 7th of May, he was at McDowell. Winning a battle there on the 8th, and resting and refreshing his men, on the 14th he left Franklin, General Banks in whose front he had been at Elk Run, only learning that Jackson had left his neighborhood by hearing by telegraph that he had fallen upon Milroy and Schenck at McDowell, and had chased them twenty miles to Franklin. On the 23rd of May, after having travelled all by foot, one hundred and ten miles, when his enemies did not know that he was within fifty miles of them, he appeared like an avalanche upon Colonel Kenly at Front Royal, with the advance of Banks's army, and captured the whole command, pursued Banks's fleeing army from Strasburg to Winchester, and on the morning of the 25th of May, after 18 miles of running battle, defeated Banks at Winchester, and captured two millions' worth of military stores and trains twelve miles in length. Following Banks' army another twenty-five miles, he then gave his troops their needed rest, deceived by his bold feints the enemy as to what he intended to do, and kept them in dread that he would descend upon Washington, and on the 31st of May began his wonderful retrograde movement of forty-five miles with a day's time to accomplish it in, successfully passed with his main army the narrow gap that was open between himself and his foes converging upon him, and delivered a right-hand blow upon one of them and drove him back until his rear guard had passed safely the guantlet at Strasburg and had joined him, leaving his pursuers hoplessly in the rear.

Encumbered with 3,000 prisoners and twelve miles of wagons, filled with precious military stores, he marched rapidly but methodically along with his foes at his side and at his heels, fought and won two battles, sent his captures and prisoners to points of safety, and marching another hundred miles, appeared on the 26th of June in the rear of McClellan's army, turned his right wing, and materially assisted in the defeat of the finest aggregation of troops that, up to that time, had been seen in America. All done in less than two months. To do this, the army had been marched five hundred miles—the most of it on foot.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

EXCEPTIONS THAT STONEWALL JACKSON MADE AS TO HIS RULE OF SECRECY AS TO HIS INTENDED MOVEMENTS.

General Jackson Explained to General Jeb Stuart and General Taliaferro the Movement the Night Before of His Proposed Attack on Pope's Flank, August 29th, 1862—General Jackson Explained to His Chief of Staff His Intention to Join Lee's Army on the Peninsula, and Left Him in Charge of the Marching Body While He Proceeded on Horseback to Have an Interview With General Lee—General Jackson Tells General D. H. Hill What to Do in Case of a Casualty to Him—General Jackson Sent for and Informed General Imboden Early on the Morning of June 9, 1862, of the Plan of His Battle of Port Republic.

General Jackson Made Exceptions to the Rule Not to Tell His Plans.—While it was a rigid rule, in the abstract, with General Jackson, not to disclose his plans of battle to any, yet there are a number of noted exceptions, when, from necessity, to formulate his strategy and give it success, he confided to his inferior officers what his object was in the movement he was about to make, or was executing. There is, also, a noted case when under the excitement and disappointment over his officers not measuring up to his designs, when he had called them into his counsel at Winchester, Va., he unbosomed himself to a close and true friend of what had been his intentions had his officers supported his views of the situation and his plan of operations.

The day that General Jackson turned Pope's flank, August 29, 1862, at the second battle of Manassas, and was between the Federal Army and Washington City, the General explained to General Jeb Stuart and General Taliaferro the movement he proposed to make that night and the next day, and the plan by which he would reunite his corps with that of General Longstreet, in case the latter could not push his way through Thoroughfare Gap. General Jackson was to retire to a point west of the Warrenton Pike, nearer than was his present position to the Bull Run Mountains and on the flank of the Federal Army, in the vicinity of Aldie Gap, and thus open a means of retreat in the case of failure on the part of General Longstreet to

combine with him. Longstreet, however, pressed his way through the Gap, and, after a stubborn resistance by the Union forces, dealt a crushing blow upon the enemy, and rendered the plan of retreat outlined by Jackson to his subordinates unnecessary.

General Jackson had received a message after his Valley Campaign had ended to join General Lee to aid him in his operations against General McClellan on the Peninsula, and it was necessary for General Jackson to meet General Lee in person before this juncture of forces could be made. Selecting one companion, he proceeded to ride the fifty miles that lay between him and Richmond. It was incumbent upon for him to tell his chief of staff, Captain Dabney, what his movement was, since he left him in charge of the army then advancing toward Richmond. He was the only officer to whom General Jackson confided this important military secret, for while the whole army was guessing this was the intention of their leader, no one knew, and there was no little indignation displayed by one of his leading generals, General Ewell, because he was kept in ignorance of what every soldier knew, or rather, what every soldier surmised. It might be almost needless to say that General Jackson traveled incognito, and this led to a very interesting incident. General Jackson informed his chief of staff what were his intentions, in order that his chief of staff might press the movement with all haste in his General's absence.

Captain Dabney gives the particulars of this operation and the confidence given him by General Jackson. Captain Dabney says: "General Jackson's forced march from Mt. Meridian, in the neighborhood of the Port Republic battlefield, began in earnest on Wednesday, June 18th (1862), the General and a few of his troops having left the day before. About midday, on Thursday, the 19th, we were at Mechum's River Station, about 10 miles west of Chancellorsville, with the head of the column. The General called me into a room, locked the door, and told me he was about to go in advance of his corps by rail to Richmond to see the Commander-in-chief; that the corps was going to Richmond to join in the general attack upon McClellan; but that he would return to his command before we got there; that I was to march the corps toward Richmond, following the line of the railroad, as near as the country roads would permit, by Charlottesville and Gordonsville, General Ewell's division to form the head of the column, with which I was personally to proceed; that strict precautions of secrecy were to be observed--which he then dictated to me.

He then got on an express train and left us. I dined that day with General Ewell, and I remember that he complained to me with some bitterness of General J.'s reserve, saying: 'Here, now, the General has gone off on the railroad without intrusting me, his senior major-general, any order; but (Major) J. A. Haman, his quartermaster, enjoys his full confidence, I suppose, for I hear he is telling the troops that we are going to Richmond to fight McClellan.' 'You may be certain, General Ewell,' I replied, 'that you stand higher in General Jackson's confidence than anyone else, as your rank and services entitle you. As for Major Haman, he has not heard a word more than others. If he thinks we are going to Richmond, it is only his surmise, which I suppose every intelligent private is now making.'—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 348.

At a certain point on the way to Richmond General Jackson left the railroad, and, with a single companion, started on a fifty-three mile horseback ride, which he made in one day. At one farmhouse the two horsemen stopped and asked the planter for fresh mounts and to saddle them for him. The irate farmer declared he was not exchanging horses with every stray cavalryman that came along, and that he (in contradistinction to saddling horses for people), "had others to saddle horses for him." He was finally persuaded to make an exchange. When the farmer found out later what a distinguished petitioner he had had, he exclaimed: "If I had known it was General Jackson, he could have had any horse in my stable."

In the Maryland Campaign of 1862, General Jackson confided to one of his staff, Major H. Kyd Douglas, a plan he had been ordered to execute. In Vol. 2, at page 622, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Major Douglas gives the incident: "Early on the 10th (September, 1862), Jackson was off. In Frederick (Maryland) he asked for a map of Chambersburg and its vicinity, and made many irrelevant inquiries about roads and localities in the direction of Pennsylvania. To his staff, who knew what little value these inquiries had, his questions only illustrated his well-known motto: 'Mystify; mystery is the secret of success.' I was then assistant inspector-general on his staff, and also acting aide-de-camp. It was my turn this day to be intrusted with the knowledge of his purpose. Having finished his public inquiry, he took me aside, and, after asking me (Major Douglas was raised in this section) about the different fords of the Potomac, between Williamsport and Harper's Ferry, told me that he was ordered

to capture the garrison at Harper's Ferry, and would cross at either Williamsport or Shepherdstown, as the enemy might or might not withdraw from Martinsburg. I did not know then of General Lee's order."

Jackson then captured 11,000 men and a great quantity of stores.

General Jackson Tells General D. H. Hill What to Do in Case of a Casualty to Him.—"When Jackson's corps was so strangely left at Winchester after the battle at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and General Lee had gone to the Rappahannock, and we were making a feint every day of holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge, with strict orders not to bring on an engagement, I said to Jackson one day: 'I am the next in rank, and should you be killed or captured in your many scouts around, I would not know what the corps was left for, or what it was expected to do.' He then told me that he had suggested to General Lee, who had to move back to protect Richmond, that he could remain and remove our wounded and stores, and that his presence on McClellan's flank and rear would keep him from attacking Lee. In case of any casualty to himself, the removal was to go on till completed."—*Note by Gen. D. H. Hill, in Vol. 2, p. 348, in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

General Jackson Explained to General Imboden His Plan of the Battle of Port Republic.—The day before the battle of Port Republic, which occurred on the 9th of June, 1862, General Jackson sent for General John B. Imboden. In the interview between the two, General Jackson, "for the first time, in all my intercourse with him," says General Imboden, "outlined the day's proposed operations. He said, 'Charley Winder (Brigadier-General Winder, commanding the old Stonewall Brigade), will cross the river at daylight and attack Shields on the Lewis Farm (two miles below). I shall support him with the other troops as fast as they can be put in line. General "Dick" Taylor will move through the wood at the side of the mountain, with his Louisiana Brigade, and rush above their left flank by the time the action becomes general. By 10 o'clock we shall get them on the run, and I'll now tell you what I want with you. Send the big new rifle-gun you have (a 12-pounder Parrott), to Poague (Commander of the Rockbridge Artillery), and let your mounted men report to the cavalry. I want you in person to take your howitzers to the field, in some safe position in rear of line, keeping everything packed on mules, ready at any moment to take to the mountainside. Three

miles below Lewis's house there is a defile on the Luray Road. Shields may rally and make a stand there. If he does, I can't reach him with the field artillery on account of the woods. You can carry your 12-pounder howitzers on the mules up the mountainside, and at some good place unpack and shell the enemy out of defile, and the cavalry will do the rest.' " General Imboden adds: "This plan of battle was carried out to the letter."—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 293.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

A CHAPLET OF MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES OF
STONEWALL JACKSON.

Jackson Thought to Be a Fool at the Initiative of His Career—
 Jackson's Name Calms an Irate Farmer—A Royal Reception to
 General Jackson—Jackson Did Not Want to Survive the Loss of
 His Country's Independence—Jackson's Photograph—Jackson De-
 clines to Wear a New Cap at the Bidding of His Staff—How Jack-
 son Obtained His Lemons—Jackson Presses an Important Question
 Home—Jackson Gives His Personal Services—Stonewall Jackson
 Meets With an Accident—His One Difficulty at West Point—The
 Last Day Jackson Spent Under His Own Roof—What It Cost to
 Be in Stonewall Jackson's Brigade—A Sentry Makes Stonewall
 Halt and Dismount—Jackson Promised to Give His Attention to
 Pope—An Old North Carolinian Makes a Verbal Onslaught on
 Jackson—"Press Them, Hill"—Jackson Was Bitter and Loyal—
 Once a Friend of Jackson—Jackson at Cedar Mountain—Jackson
 Disconcerted by the Admiration of the Beauties of Frederick, Md.—
 "Somewhere in France" Not New—Jackson's Lost Military Or-
 der—Jackson's Words to His Successor—Unavoidable Accidents
 Prevented Jackson From Winning Three Victories in One Day—
 Jackson Had a Premonition of Victory at Port Republic—Jackson
 Asked Captain Harry Gilmor for Trustworthy Couriers.

Even a Fool at the Initiative of His Career to His Generals.—
 When General Jackson made his dash up to McDowell, in the Spring
 of 1862, and defeated Milroy and Schenck, he had given orders for
 Ewell to follow him. Above Staunton, Ewell found, at Jackson's
 empty camp, a courier awaiting him with orders from Jackson. The
 day after the battle at McDowell, Ewell, from a mountain top, saw,
 several miles away, Jackson with his army train, for he always would
 take his wagons with him, going toward Winchester. At this Ewell
 exclaimed: "That old fool Jackson is going to present his wagon
 train to the Yankees!" How little he knew of the resources of this
 genius. In a few days his corps had won the battle of Front Royal
 and had put to sorry flight General Banks's whole army.

Jackson's Name Calms an Irate Farmer.—During the operations around Richmond, General Jackson and his staff rode through the growing crop of a farmer of that section. The owner of the field came out in great indignation and wanted to know who was in command of the party to report the matter. "I am," answered General Jackson. "What is your name?" asked the farmer. "Jackson." "Stonewall Jackson?" continued the planter. "That's what they call me," replied the General. "General Jackson," exclaimed the mollified farmer, "ride over any part of my farm you please."

A Royal Reception to General Jackson.—"The next morning (September, 1862), the Confederates entered Martinsburg (W. Va.). Here General Jackson was welcomed with great enthusiasm and a large crowd hastened to the hotel to greet him. At first he shut himself up in a room to write despatches, but the demonstration became so persistent that he ordered the door to be opened. The crowd, chiefly ladies, rushed in and embarrassed the General with every possible outburst of affection, to which he could only reply: 'Thank you; you're very kind.' He gave them his autograph in books, on scraps of paper, cut a button from his coat for a little girl, and then submitted patiently to an attack by the others, who soon stripped the coat of nearly all the remaining buttons. But when they looked persecutingly at his hair, which was thin, he drew the line there, and managed to close the interview. These blandishments did not delay his movements, however, for in the afternoon he was off again."—*Col. H. K. Douglas, Vol. 2, p. 223, Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

General Jackson Did Not Want to Survive the Loss of His Country's Independence.—General Jackson was not a fatalist. He believed in Divine dispensations, but men had their places and their free wills in the accomplishment of the purposes of Omnipotence. So far from believing himself an instrument to secure the independence of the South, fixed and unalterable in the Divine plans, Jackson was so affected once in an argument with his chief-of-staff, Rev. Dr. Dabney, about the meagre prospects of the South being victorious in the contest, that he said:

"Stop, Major Dabney; you will make me low-spirited!" He then rode on, as the two were on horseback, in silence for some moments, and said, as though to himself: "I don't profess any romantic indifference to life; and, certainly, in my own private relations, I have as

much that is dear to any to wish to live for as any man. But I do not desire to survive the independence of my country." "The words were uttered with a profound, pensive earnestness, which effectually ended the debate."—*S. H. Mag.*

Stonewall Jackson's Photograph.—"It is the great good fortune of American hero-lovers that they can gaze upon the features of Thomas Jonathan Jackson precisely as that brilliant Lieutenant-General of the Confederate States Army appeared during his masterly 'Valley Campaign' of 1862. Few photographers dared to approach this man, whose silence and modesty were as deep as his mastery of warfare. Jackson lived much to himself. Indeed, his plans were rarely known to his immediate subordinates, and herein lay the secret of those swift and deadly surprises that raised him to first rank among the world's military figures. Jackson's nobility and efficiency won the utter confidence of his ragged troops, and their marvellous forced marches, and their contempt for privations, if under his guidance, supplied the realization of his daring conceptions."—*Pictorial History of the Civil War.*

Jackson Declines to Wear a Cap at the Bidding of His Staff.—After General Jackson's brilliant campaign in West Virginia and his *coup* upon McClellan on the Peninsula, everyone in Richmond wanted to see the great commander. His cap was so shabby that his staff officers were mortified to see him appear in it. So they set about themselves to get a new one. Jackson was placable to the point of trying it on, and even to passing a favorable judgment on it, but there the efforts of his friends failed. Standing on the steps of the State Hotel, in Richmond, he tried the new cap on and said: "Yes, that cap fits. I will wear it when I get ready."

Private Louis Green, of the First Maryland, C. S. A., who was present when the incident occurred, related this anecdote to the writer.

How Jackson Obtained His Lemons.—A very great effort, in which every characteristic of his is strained to its utmost, is made, from time to time, to prove that General Jackson was odd in ways and manners. His custom of sucking a lemon has been called in play as *one of the proofs of his singularity.* These industrious critics fail to consider that if the roll-call of all who happen to enjoy the juice of a lemon for its spice, acidity, or healthfulness was made, they would find, if this be a proof of lunacy, or even of oddity, that a very great number of individuals would come under the judicial fait of *non compos mentis.*

How he obtained his lemons during the Civil War has even been spoken of with an air of mystery about a very natural occurrence. Mr. J. S. Bragonier, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., comes to the great General's rescue and relieves him of a part of the cloud of wonder that hangs about his reputation on the issue of how he obtained his lemons. This incident was related to him by his brother, D.H. Bragonier, who fought through the Civil War, in the Tenth Va. Regiment, of Infantry. After the second battle of Manassas, he thinks, Mr. Bragonier says he was in a captured car, handling eatables, much needed by the soldiers, who were away from their quartermaster's supplies, when General Jackson rode up. Mr. Bragonier asked him if he could help him to something to eat. The General thanked him and said: "No; but I would be pleased to have one of the lemons," whereupon Mr. Bragonier asked him for his haversack and filled it with lemons. After thanking him, General Jackson rode away.

Stonewall Jackson Presses an Important Question Home.—On the morning of September 18, 1862, after the battle of Antietam, General Lee sent for Colonel Stephen and told him to report to General Jackson. They rode to the top of a hill on which were lying some caissons, broken wheels and dead men and horses. The outlook showed the Federal right. "Can you take fifty pieces of artillery and crush that force?" demanded General Jackson.

"Colonel Stephen looked carefully at the Union ranks, marshalled with cannon, unlimbered for battle. He could not find himself capable of saying 'No'."

"Yes, General," he answered finally. Then asked: "Where will I get the fifty cannon?"

"I can furnish you some," replied General Jackson, "and General Lee can furnish you some."

"Shall I go for the guns?" asked Colonel Stephen.

"Not yet," replied General Jackson, and charging home the important question once more, General Jackson asked:

"Colonel Stephen, can you crush the Federal right with fifty guns?"

Over and over again Colonel Stephen avoided a direct reply, and again and again General Jackson pressed him for a positive answer.

At the conclusion of the parley of questions and evasions, Colonel Stephen reluctantly replied:

"General, it cannot be done with fifty guns and the troops you have near here."

"Let us ride back, Colonel," said General Jackson.

Colonel Stephen repeated the conversation to General Lee, and during the night, the Confederate Army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia."—*Photographic History of Civil War*, Vol. 5, p. 67.

Jackson Gives His Personal Services.—That day (January 3, 1862) I saw General Jackson get off his horse and put his shoulder to the wheel of a wagon to keep it from sliding back.—*Casler's History of the Stonewall Brigade*, p. 74.

Stonewall Jackson Meets With an Accident.—"However, before we had been in Maryland many hours, one enthusiastic citizen presented General Jackson with a gigantic gray mare. She was a little heavy and awkward for a war-horse; but, as the General's 'Little Sorrel' had, a few days before, been temporarily stolen, the present was a timely one, and he was not disposed to look a gift horse in the mouth. Yet the present proved almost a Trojan to him, for the next morning when he mounted his new steed and touched her with his spur, the loyal and undisciplined beast reared straight into the air, and, standing erect for a moment, threw herself backward, horse and rider rolling upon the ground. The General was stunned and severely bruised, and lay upon the ground for some time before he could be removed. He was then placed in an ambulance, where he rode during the day, having turned over his command to his brother-in-law, General D. H. Hill, the officer next in rank."—*Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 620.

Jackson's High Sense of Honor—His One Difficulty at West Point.—"During these four years at the Military Academy he had but one personal difficulty. This was caused by another cadet changing his uncleaned musket for Jackson's, which was always kept in perfect order. The trick was very soon discovered by the latter, whose suspicion fell at once upon the real culprit; but as his gun fortunately had a private mark upon it, he knew it could be identified; so, after telling the captain of the circumstances, he quietly bided his time until that evening at the inspection of arms, when his clean, shining musket was found in the hands of the man whom he had suspected, who, when he was accused of the dishonorable deed, attempted to shield himself by telling a falsehood. Jackson, who was disgusted with the indolence and meanness of the cadet, declared he was a disgrace to the Academy, and that he would have him court-martialled and dismissed. It was only

by the urgent remonstrance of cadets and professors that he could be induced to give up his determination. The disgrace of the young man overtook him, however, in a short time after, when he was expelled from the Academy for violating his parole of honor."—*Mrs. Jackson's Life of Jackson*, p. 38.

The Last Day Jackson Spent Under His Own Roof.—"He (General Jackson) was accustomed to prepare himself, for the exercises of this school (the colored Sunday school at Lexington, Va.) by the most careful study of the lessons. The day before he left his home for the war was Saturday, and he was very busy all day long making every preparation to leave at a moment's warning. He paid all outstanding accounts, and settled up, as far as possible, his worldly affairs, while his devoted wife was busily plying the needle to prepare him for the field. At the supper table Mrs. Jackson made some remark about the preparations for his expected departure, when he said, with a bright smile: 'My dear, to-morrow is the blessed Sabbath day, it is also the regular communion session at our church. I hope I shall not be called to leave until Monday. Let us then dismiss from our conversation and our thoughts everything pertaining to war, and have together one more quiet evening of preparation for our loved Sabbath duties.'"

"Accordingly the dark cloud of war was pushed aside. He read aloud to her for a while from religious magazines and newspapers, and then they went to their accustomed studies of the Bible lessons which were to be taught on the morrow to the colored Sunday School. It was such a happy, bright Saturday evening, as is only known in a well-regulated Christian home. Alas! It has proved the last that he ever spent under his own roof-tree. Early the next morning a telegram from the Governor of the Commonwealth ordered him to march the corps of cadets for Richmond at 12.30 o'clock that day."—*Chaplain Wm. Jones, S. H. Mag.*, Vol. 19, p. 359.

What It Cost to Be in the Stonewall Brigade.—"I reached my command the next day (May, 1864) I found them in camp on Cedar Creek, a few miles south of Strasburg; but found no Company 'A.' Captain Powell had gone home, as he could not stand the service on account of his wound. Joseph Carder was in the hospital at Lynchburg, and William Sivells had gone home to Hampshire. Elisha Carder, with his drum, and I, with my musket, were all that were left of Company A, fit for duty (after three years of service), and I felt

considerably discouraged. I was put in Company 'F'."—*Casler's Stonewall Brigade*, pp. 350-1.

A Sentry Makes Stonewall Halt and Dismount.—Private Racey, of a Virginia Regiment, was standing guard one night, alongside a road where the mud was ankle deep. A horseman rode up and the sentry challenged him. The mounted soldier, in an effort to pass without giving the counter-sign, said: "I am Stonewall Jackson." "Stonewall Jackson, or not," replied the determined sentinel, "dismount and give the countersign." The horseman did as he was bidden, and then said to the sentry, "Young man, always do this." This incident was related to me by the Rev. Mr. Lacey, of the United Brethren ministry, who was the son of Private Lacey.

General Jackson Promised to Give His Attention to Pope.—When General Pope had taken command of the Federal Army, it was observed to General Jackson that "this new general claims your attention." "And, please God," replied Jackson, "he shall have it." A prediction he most amply fulfilled at the second Bull Run.

When General Jackson had learned that General Banks, in August, 1862, his old foe in the Valley Campaign, was in command of the advance of Pope's Army, he said to me (Dr. Hunter McGuire, his Surgeon-General): "Banks is in front of me. He is always ready to fight," and with a laugh he concluded, as though talking to himself, "and he generally gets whipped."

Banks made a splendid fight then and there—at Slaughter Mountain. The tides of victory were with his troops at the first, and the flying Confederates were only halted to stop and fight by Jackson's personal presence. He threw himself into the midst of the rout and by his own individual efforts and example stayed the flight, rallied his men, and won the day.

An Old North Carolinian Makes a Verbal Onslaught on Jackson.—During a march a Confederate command came to a small stream across the road. The run was bridged by a one-log structure, over which the soldiers were proceeding one at a time. At this moment an officer on horseback rode up and told the soldiers that they should not lose time that way, but ford the creek. Now at this period, a cavalryman was called a "buttermilk ranger," because, when a tired, hungry and thirsty infantryman would step out of ranks and betake himself to a neighboring farmhouse, and ask for buttermilk, and was

informed that "they had just given the last to a man on horseback," the disappointed footman would vent his wrath on the "buttermilk ranger." An old North Carolina soldier hearing the command of the officer, looked up and exclaimed with indignation: "Oh, yes, you old buttermilk ranger. It's well enough for you on horseback to talk that way; but I'm going to cross over the log, 'cept I die." At that explosion the Tarheel was told that he was talking to Stonewall Jackson. He vanished immediately into the crowd of soldiers awaiting around the bridge their turn to cross. It soon became a saying amongst the soldiers when they were going to execute some daring event pendant in futuro, that they would do it " 'cept I die." —*Related to the author by Private Razelings, of Washington, a Confederate soldier who was present when the incident occurred.*

"Press them, Hill!"—As the darkness of night fell on the field of Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, there was a long pause in the Confederate advance as disorganized brigades were withdrawn to re-organize. General Jackson immediately overlooked the work, and urged the movements forward. In his anxiety to reap the fruits of his brilliant execution of the strategy entrusted to him, he explained to General Hill: "Press them, Hill! Press them! Cut them off from the United States ford!" Could that have been done, Hooker's Army, between Lee in its front and Jackson in its rear, would have been crushed.

Jackson Was Bitter and Loyal.—Jackson had just closed a tender interview with the wounded and dying Gregg, one of his generals. As he and Dr. McGuire reached the Confederate headquarters, and were closing a conversation in which General Jackson was lamenting the death of such a man as his dying general and the frightful sacrifices the South was making, the doctor asked him what was the best mode of meeting the overwhelming numbers of the Federals. General Jackson replied: "Kill them, sir! kill every man!"

Once a Friend of Jackson.—Major Dwight, of the Federal Army, who had been captured in the battle of Winchester, remained a prisoner in that town. Finding that some of the Federal wounded needed some "required conveniences," says General Cooper of the Federal Army, the Major appealed to General Jackson, and in his appeal the Major told him there was an officer in the 2nd Massachusetts, "who is, I believe," said the Major, "an old friend of yours." "Friend of mine, sir?" replied old Jack, "*he was, sir, once a friend of mine.*"

Jackson at Cedar Mountain.—It was August 9, 1862. The battle of Cedar Mountain was on. Taliaferro's brigade had given way before the assaults of the Federals. Garey's strokes on the right and left of Early's line were now telling, and his command commenced to give way, affecting the whole Confederate right half way down the line under Early. The Federals were driving the Confederates. Then says Major Dalney, Jackson's Chief-of-staff:

"It was at this fearful moment that the genius of the storm reared his hand amidst the tumultuous billows, and in an instant the threatening tide was turned. Jackson appeared in the mad torrent of the highway, his figure instinct with majesty, and his face flaming with the inspiration of battle. He ordered Winder's batteries to be instantly withdrawn, to protect them from capture, issued his summons for his reserves, drew his own sabre for the first time in the war, and shouted to his broken troops with a voice that pealed higher than the roar of battle, 'Rally, brave men, and press forward! Your general will lead you. Jackson will lead you! Follow me!'" Fugitives, with a general shame, gathered around their adored general, who, rushing with a few score of them to the front, placed them behind the fence which bordered the roadside, and received the pursuers with a deadly volley. They recoiled in surprise, while officers of every grade, catching the general fervor of their commander, flew among their men, and in a moment restored the failing battle."

Jackson Disconcerted by the Admiration of the Beauties of Frederick, Md.—Jackson, when in Frederick, Md., Sept. 7, 1862, was suffering from hurts sustained by a fall from a new horse that became fractious as he was mounting it at the start of the band playing. He kept to his tent to nurse his injuries. The crowds came to see him, especially the ladies. Jackson, with his official affairs and his bruises, declined to see visitors. When, however, he had gone to see General Lee in his tent, two young girls besieged him, rained on him their smiles, and attacked him with an array of interrogations, and then leaped into their carriage and rode quickly away, leaving Jackson, hat in hand, bowing, blushing and voiceless.

"Somewhere in France" Is Not New.—"Somewhere in France" is not a new military designation. It was used in Stonewall Jackson's campaigns. Jackson's letters from Richmond, in accordance with his own instructions, bore no more explicit address than "Somewhere."

On his way to Richmond to join Lee in his attack upon McClellan, Jackson ordered the utmost secrecy to cover the movement. Added to the ordinary precautions of an advance, the van and rear-guard and the side patrols and the pickets, was the command to the soldiers themselves that they must not ask the names of the villages that they passed, and were to all queries made to them, to give the single reply: "I do not know."

A Texan of General Hood's command left his company and was making up a cherry tree, when General Jackson came by.

"Where are you going?" asked General Jackson.

"I don't know," answered the Texan.

"To what command do you belong?"

"I don't know."

"Well, what State are you from?"

"I don't know."

"What is the meaning of all this?" inquired Jackson of some one else.

"Well," was the reply, "Old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything, until after the next fight."

General Jackson smiled and moved on.

Jackson's Last Military Order.—"Shortly after he was wounded, and when the enemy was rushing up fresh troops, General Pender told him (Jackson), that his men were in such confusion that he feared he would not be able to hold his ground.

" 'General Pender,' said Jackson, 'you must keep your men together, and hold your ground.'"

"This was the last military order ever given by Jackson."—*Casler's History*, pp. 232-3.

Jackson's Words to His Military Successor.—"Before General Stuart took command of the corps (after General Jackson had received his fatal wound), he saw Jackson and attempted to ascertain from him what his plans were."

" 'Form your own plans, general!' said Jackson."—*Casler's History*, p. 224.

Unavoidable Accidents Prevented Jackson From Winning Three Victories in One Day.—Jackson's hurry to begin the fight on Shields

on the south side of the south branch of the Shenandoah on the morning of the 9th of June was due to the fact that he had intended to defeat him and then re-cross the river and there to fall upon Fremont with his entire force. If he had been able to complete his plans, he would have won three battles in one day's time. The faults in the construction of his improvised bridge of wagons and planks over the South Fork of the river, and the refusal of the soldiers to march in files of four on account of the insecurity of the weak construction, caused a loss of time that prevented Jackson from executing his well-laid plans. It is but just to add to these unavoidable difficulties that Jackson encountered in the battle, the brave and determined resistance that the gallant Federals gave to this superior commander and his splendid soldiery.

Jackson Had a Premonition of Victory at Port Republic.—Capt. McHenry Howard, of Maryland, on General Winder's staff, says that at the time of the battle of Cross Keys, June 8, 1862, General Jackson said that he would like to have the Marylanders under him, and about the same moment he asked his chief of staff, Dr. Dabney, a Presbyterian minister, "Major, wouldn't it be a blessed thing if God would give us a glorious victory today?" and his face lit up with the delight of a child's happy countenance.

Most of the time, while the beginning of the battle of Port Republic was in progress, he stood with his cap over his eyes and his glance to the ground. During this brief period only two persons, says Captain Howard, came up to General Jackson, a courier and Chaplain Cameron. The only reply they made when asked was that the battle was going on without change. Then Captain Howard was astonished to hear General Jackson say to one of his staff, "Pendleton!" "Well, sir," "Write a note to General Ewell. Say that the enemy are defeated at all points, and to press them with cavalry, and, if necessary, with artillery, and Wheat's Battalion." Major Pendleton wrote the despatch on the shoulder of Captain Howard's horse. The Captain saw nothing that had given General Jackson information to the effect that the foe had been defeated. He could not have told it from the noise of battle, for it was stationary. Captain Howard heard the conclusion with great interest. About the time he could have reached General Ewell, the firing began to abate and soon the news practically came that the Federals had been defeated.

Jackson Asked Captain Harry Gilmor for Trustworthy Couriers.

—On the 11th of May, 1862, the Confederates were close on the enemy. General Winder stopped his command, ordered the 4th Va., Colonel Roland, to advance so as to clear the woods. The General then came up and found the regiment on a backward movement. Winder asked the meaning of it. The reply was that they had met the enemy. General Winder asked why he put the regiment where he had, except to meet the foe? He ordered the command to be faced about and to advance. This command was executed. General Winder then rode forward and past the Virginians. Small discharges from the Federals followed and two of General Winder's mounted couriers flew to cover. General Winder still advanced. He and his staff came upon a deserted camp of the foe, with fires still burning beneath the half-cooked food, the appearances all indicating that the camp had just been deserted. General Winder sent one of his staff to General Jackson to tell of his couriers who had failed him, and to request others. The aide rode off and found Jackson in the road where he had just left him. General Jackson, when he had had Winder's request delivered to him, asked: "General Winder's couriers have deserted him, have they?" He then asked Captain Harry Gilmor if he could send General Winder couriers that would not desert him. Captain Gilmor said he could, and when the staff officer was turning to go back to Winder, Jackson said to him: "Captain Howard, I will go with you," and they went off followed by the two couriers that gallant Harry Gilmor had sent as trustworthy soldiers. Soon shells began to burst around them. When one exploded near them, Jackson, to Captain Howard's surprise, asked where the shell came from. Seeing the look of astonishment on the captain's face, Jackson explained that he was deaf in one ear and could not tell the direction of sounds.

The party came to a steep ending of the mountain, and while the plan of sending a flanking force around it, was being discussed, night came on, and a shell from the enemy exploded near the squad of officers, and the officers retired and postponed the attempt. The next day General Jackson issued his order of congratulation to his troops for their victory and proclaimed a day of thanks to the Almighty for the triumph that He had accorded them at McDowell.

On the afternoon of the same day the army began its backward movement, keeping the enemy, by Captain Sheet's vigilance, totally in ignorance of it.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS INDICATIVE OF JACKSON'S CHARACTER.

Earthly Fame Versus Heavenly Happiness—Jackson Makes General Joseph Johnson Wait for Written Orders—How Jackson Was Wounded at the First Bull Run—Jackson's Propensity to Sleep—Stonewall Jackson Rebuffed the Cordiality of Jefferson Davis—Jackson Did Not Like Swearing and Profanity—Jackson's Habits—Jackson's Opinion of the Volunteer—Jackson Never Advocated the Black Flag—Jackson's Staff Knew Nothing of His Intended Movements—"I Want the Brave Officers of the Enemy Killed Off"—Jackson, the "Wagon Hunter"—Snowstorm Did Not Deter Jackson—Jackson at Molvern Hill—Jackson's Order to Ewell and Jackson's Personal Bravery Saves a Defeat—Jackson's Opinion of Napoleon—Jackson Consoles an Irritated Officer—Jackson's Admiration for Early—"I Was One of the Stonewall Brigade," Jackson—Jackson at the Battle of Winchester—Jackson Represses a Bon Mot While Pressing Banks to Winchester.

Earthly Fame Versus Heavenly Happiness.—"I remember one night he (General Jackson), was in my tent very near Charlestown, W. Va. It was a bitter cold, snowy night, and he was sitting by the fire that I had made. He said to me: 'I would not give one-thousandth part of my chances for Heaven for all the earthly reputation I have or can make'."—*Dr. Hunter McGuire.*

Jackson Makes General Joseph Johnson Wait.—When General Joseph Johnson came up into the Shenandoah in 1861 to supersede Jackson, he came without any written authority from the Confederate Government. Jackson declined to turn the army over to him, and made him wait until he could get the orders from Richmond before he permitted him to assume command.

How Jackson Was Wounded at the First Bull Run.—"When Jackson made his celebrated charge with his brigade, which turned the fortunes of the day, he raised his left hand above his head to encourage the troops, and while in this position the middle finger of his hand was struck just below the articulation between the first and second phalanges. The ball struck the finger a little to one side, broke it,

and carried off a small piece of the bone. He remained upon the field wounded as he was till the fight was over, and then wanted to take part in the pursuit, but was peremptorily ordered back to the hospital by the general commanding. On his way to the rear the wound pained him so much that he stopped at the first hospital he came to, and the surgeon there proposed to cut the finger off; but while the doctor looked for his instruments and for a moment turned his back, the General silently mounted his horse and rode off, and soon afterwards found me.

"I was busily engaged with the wounded, but when I saw him coming I left them and asked if he was seriously hurt. 'No,' he answered, 'not half as badly as many here, and I will wait.' And he forthwith sat down on the bank of a little stream near by and positively declined any assistance until 'his turn came.' We compromised, however, and he agreed to let me attend to him after I had finished the case I was dressing when he arrived. I determined to save the finger if possible, and placed a splint along the palmar surface to support the fragments, retained it in position by a strip or two of adhesive plaster, covered the wound with lint, and told him to keep it wet with cold water. He carefully followed this advice. I think he had a fancy for this kind of hydropathic treatment, and I have frequently seen him occupied for several hours pouring cup after cup of water over his hand with that patience and perseverance for which he was so remarkable. Passive motion was instituted about the twentieth day and carefully continued. The motion of the joint improved for several months after the wound had healed, and in the end the deformity was very trifling."—*Dr. Hunter McGuire.*

Jackson's Propensity to Sleep.—"Talking about Jackson's propensity to sleep, I remember after the battles of the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond one Sunday we went to Dr. Hoge's church. He went to sleep soon after the service began and slept through the greater part of it. A man who can go to sleep under Dr. Hoge's preaching, can go to sleep anywhere on the face of this earth. When the service was over the people climbed over the backs of the pews to get near him, and the aisles became crowded and General Jackson embarrassed. Presently he turned to me and said: 'Doctor, didn't you say the horses were ready?' and I said, 'Yes, sir,' and we bolted out of church.

"Many a night I have kept him on his horse by holding to his coat-tail. He always promised to do as much for me when he had finished

his nap. He meant to do it, I am sure, but my turn never came."—
Dr. Hunter McGuire.

Stonewall Jackson Rebuffed the Cordiality of Jefferson Davis.—

Referring to General Jackson and Jefferson Davis' meeting on the day of the first battle of Bull Run, Dr. Hunter McGuire says that—

"The next time he saw President Davis, was at Poindexter House, Richmond, after the battle of Malvern Hill. I had gone in the room to get some information from General Jackson after McClellan had retreated from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Landing, when I found in the room Lee, Longstreet and Jackson, looking over some maps spread on the dining-room table. After a while President Davis came in. General Lee greeted him very warmly. 'Why, President,' he said, 'I am delighted to see you,' and the meeting was very cordial. After he had finished shaking hands with General Lee, he turned to General Longstreet, and his greeting here was just as cordial as with General Lee. He then turned and looked, as one may say, interrogatively at General Jackson.

"When Mr. Davis first entered the room I recognized him and told General Jackson who he was. General Jackson believed that during the campaign through Bath and Romney with General Loring, President Davis had treated him badly. Indeed, the treatment that General Jackson received from Mr. Davis on that occasion, made him resign his commission, and this resignation was only prevented from going into effect by the very strenuous efforts of Governor Letcher. There were other things that made Jackson think that Mr. Davis had treated him unfairly. He had made some men whom Jackson ranked, outrank him as lieutenant-general, and there were many other circumstances which caused Jackson to feel rather resentful towards Mr. Davis, so, when I told him who the visitor was, he stood bolt upright like a corporal on guard, looking at Mr. Davis. Not a muscle in his body moved. General Lee, seeing that Mr. Davis didn't know General Jackson, said: 'Why, President, don't you know Stonewall Jackson? This is our Stonewall Jackson.' Mr. Davis started to greet him evidently as warmly as those he had just left, but the appearance of Jackson stopped him, and when he got about a yard Mr. Davis halted and Jackson immediately brought his hand up to the side of his head in military salute. Mr. Davis bowed and went back to the other company in the room.

"The next time he had any communication with Mr. Davis was when he was dying. It was about midday on Sunday when I received a telegram from President Davis asking me to tell him how General Jackson was and sending some exceedingly kind and courteous messages to him. I sat down on the bed and read him this telegram. J. Randolph Tucker, who was helping to nurse the General, was in the room at the time. There was a silence for a few seconds afterward, and then he turned to me and said: 'Tell Mr. Davis I thank him—he is very kind.'"—*Dr. Hunter McGuire, Surgeon-General of Jackson's Army, in the Richmond Dispatch, of July 19, 1891.*

Jackson Did Not Like Swearing and Profanity.—"Coarseness and vulgarity from anybody under any circumstances, he (Jackson) would not brook. Swearing jarred upon him terribly and he generally reproved the man. Under some circumstances I have seen him forgive it or not notice it. I remember when the gallant General Trimble was a brigadier-general, he expected and thought he ought to be made a major-general; but when the appointments came out he was disappointed. I heard him talking about it to General Jackson one night. The old General was wrought up into a state of great indignation from his disappointment, and turning to General Jackson he said: 'By God, General Jackson, I will be a Major-General or a corpse before this war is over.' Whatever General Jackson thought he made no reproof.

"I was once attending Major Harman, who was chief quartermaster. He was very sick for a day or two. General Jackson was anxious about him. One day in coming out of Harman's quarters, I met the General, who was standing, waiting to see me. He said: 'Doctor, how is Harman today?' I said, 'He must be better, for he is swearing again.' General Jackson gave Harman such a lecture next day that Colonel Pendleton advised me to keep out of Harman's way, as he swore he was going to shoot me.

"He caught Lindsay Walker swearing once under circumstances that he did not reprove him. It was at Cedar Run. The left wing of our army was commanded by Winder, and soon after the engagement began Winder was killed, and our troops on that side were pushed so hard that they broke and ran. General Walker had his battalion of artillery in the road; it was impossible to turn them around and get them out of the way, and they were in great danger of being captured. So Walker tried to rally the men and form a new line of battle. He would get a few men together, leave them to rally some others, and

find that his first squad was gone. He was swearing outrageously. He had his long sword out and was riding up and down the little straggling line that he had when Jackson rode up. The latter had seen the disaster from his point of observation, and had come over to correct it if possible. On his way he ordered the Stonewall Brigade, which had been left in reserve, at a 'double quick,' but rode on in front of them to the scene of trouble. He had lost his hat in the woods, and had his sword out. It was the only time I ever saw him with his sword out in battle. As soon as Walker saw him he stopped swearing. General Jackson, apparently, simply conscious that Walker was using his efforts to rally the men, said: 'That's right, General; give it to them.' General Walker continued his work in his own way.

"I was one day moving some wounded from the church at Port Republic, men who had been hurt when Ashby was killed, just before the battle of Port Republic, when the enemy sent two pieces of artillery up to the town and began shelling the village. They fired at the church steeple as the most prominent point, and it was difficult to make the wagoners and ambulance drivers wait until the wounded were put in the conveyances. I was riding up and down the line of wagons and ambulances, swearing at the men in a right lively manner. I did not know that General Jackson was within a mile or two of me, when I felt his hand upon my shoulder and he quietly asked me: 'Doctor, don't you think you could get along without swearing?' I told him I would try, but I did not know whether I would accomplish it or not." *Dr. Hunter McGuire.*

Jackson's Habits.—"His (Jackson's) habits of life were very simple. He preferred plain, simple food and generally ate right heartily of it. Corn bread and butter and milk always satisfied him. He used no tobacco and rarely ever drank whiskey or wine. One bitter cold night at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac River, when we could light no fire because of the proximity of the enemy, I gave him a drink of whiskey. He made a wry face in swallowing it, and I said to him: 'Isn't the whiskey good?' He answered: 'Yes, very; I like it, and that's the reason I don't drink it.'"—*Dr. Hunter McGuire.*

Jackson's Opinion of the Volunteer.—"Jackson knew the value of the Southern volunteer better and sooner (as I believe), than any other of our great leaders. When General Johnston took charge at Harper's Ferry, the general's staff went with the command. One day when the 2nd Virginia Regiment, composed of men from my county,

marched by, I said to him: 'If these men of the 2nd Virginia will not fight, you have no troops that will.' He expressed the prevalent, but afterward changed, opinion of that early day in his reply, saying: 'I would not give one company of regulars for the whole regiment.' When I returned to General Jackson's staff I had occasion to quote to him General Johnston's opinion. 'Did he say that?' he asked. 'And of those splendid men?' And then he added: '*The patriotic volunteer, fighting for his country and his rights, makes the most reliable soldier on earth*.'—Dr. Hunter McGuire.

Jackson Never Advocated the Black Flag.—Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's Surgeon-General, says of Jackson:

"He talked to me several times about the 'Black Flag,' and wondered if in the end it would not result in less suffering and loss of life, but he never advocated it.

"A sad incident of the battle of Fredericksburg stirred him very deeply. As we stood that night at our camp waiting for some one to take our horses, he looked up at the sky for a moment and said: 'How horrible is war.' I replied, 'Yes, horrible, but what can we do? These people at the North, without any warrant of law, have invaded our country, stolen our property, insulted our defenceless women, hung and imprisoned our helpless old men, behaved in many cases like an organized band of cut-throats and robbers. What can we do?' 'Do?' he answered, and his voice was ringing, 'do? why shoot them!'"

Jackson's Staff Knew Nothing of His Intended Movements.—"Captain James Power Smith, of Jackson's staff, went, one day when it seemed evident that Jackson was about to join Lee, and said: 'As we are going to cross the mountains, General, I should like very much to ride back to Winchester to attend to some matters of importance to me personally, if you can give me a permit.'

"'Certainly, I will give you the permit,' was the reply 'and if we cross the mountains you will be able to overtake us to-morrow.'

"Captain Smith rode into Winchester, and started early the next morning to overtake, as he supposed, the moving column. He had only ridden several miles when he met Jackson at the head of his corps coming back to Winchester, and was greeted by the salutation, 'I suppose, Mr. Smith, that you are on your way across the mountains.'" *Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South Hist. Mag., Vol. 35, p. 88.*

"I Want the Brave Officers of the Enemy Killed Off."—There have been printed two or more accounts of General Jackson's statement

that he "wanted the brave officers of the enemy killed off." Colonel Edwin L. Hobson, of the 5th Alabama Regiment, gives the correct version. It is:

"The occurrence was at the battle of South Mountain, September 14, 1862; Colonel, then Major, Hobson was in command of the 5th Alabama, Rode's Brigade. Colonel John B. Gordon had been placed by General D. H. Hill, the division commander, to prevent a flank movement by the enemy. The enemy was steadily advancing on the line of Rode's, and, at a distance of 100 yards, menaced a charge. An officer, mounted on a white horse in front, was impetuously urging them onward.

"The potent incident was manifest to Major Hobson, and in the crisis, he felt the necessity of removing the officer. He at once selected skilled riflemen to 'pick him off.' This was unerringly done, and at his fall the enemy hesitated, were checked, and the fortunes of the day were changed.

"Subsequently, and not long before the battle of Sharpsburg (some comment having been made on the sacrifice of the gallant officer), states Colonel Hobson, an officer from General Jackson came to him with the 'compliments' of General Jackson and the message: 'Tell Major Hobson, I want the brave officers of the enemy killed off. Their death insures our success. Cowards are never in the front; the skulkers flee'."—*Southern Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 25, p. 105.

Jackson, "the Wagon Hunter."—"Jackson, 'the wagon hunter,' never gave up one after it came into his possession. If a tire came off a wagon, he would stop the whole train and wait for it to be fixed on, and left the 'rear-guard' hold its position. A man who never served in the cavalry under Jackson, knows little of what was required of them. We skirmished all day and half the night, retiring *en echelon*. There was one eternal picking at each other. The artillery would seize a position and hold it as long as they *could*, and then fall back to another, covered by the cavalry. I do not believe the world has ever produced a grander, braver, nobler band of patriots than the artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia."—*General T. T. Munford, Commander of the Cavalry in Jackson's Corps. Southern Mag.*, Vol. 7, p. 526.

Snowstorms Did Not Deter Jackson.—"General Lee sent Jackson, by Captain Smith, a message to the effect that he would be glad if

he would call at his headquarters the first time he rode in that direction, but that it was a matter of no pressing importance, and he must not trouble himself about it.

"When Jackson received this message he said: 'I will go early in the morning, Captain Smith, I wish you to go with me.'

"The next morning when Captain Smith looked out he saw that a fearful snowstorm was raging, and took it for granted that Jackson would not undertake to ride fourteen miles to General Lee's headquarters through that blizzard.

"Very soon, however, Captain Smith's servant came to say: 'The General done got his breakfast, and is almost ready to start.'

"Hurrying his preparations, the young aide galloped after his chief through the raging storm. On reaching Lee's quarters, the general greeted him with, 'Why, what is the matter, general; have those people crossed the river again?'

"'No, sir, but you sent me word that you wished to see me.'

"'But I hope that Captain Smith told you that I said it was not a matter of importance, and that you must not trouble yourself about it. I had no idea of your coming such weather as this'."

Bowing his head, Jackson gave the emphatic reply:

"'General Lee's slightest wish is a supreme order to me, and I always try to obey it promptly'."—*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 35, p. 90.

Jackson's Order at Malvern Hill.—Jackson sent an order to one of his officers, in the afternoon at Malvern Hill, to advance across the open space in front of the Federal works and attack them. The officer in question hurried to Jackson, and said almost rudely:

"Did you order me to advance over that field, sir?"

Jackson's eyes flashed under the rim of his cap, and, in his briefest tones, he said:

"Yes."

"Impossible, sir," exclaimed the officer, "my men will be annihilated. Nothing can live here. They will be *annihilated*."

Jackson listened in silence, but his face grew cold and rigid with displeasure. He gazed steadily for a moment at the speaker, raised his finger, and in low brief tones said:

"General ————, I have always endeavored to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order—obey it."

These words admitted of no reply, and the order was carried out. The officer who relates the incident declares that he has never before or since seen such an expression as that which burned in the eye of Jackson, as he uttered the above words. He looked "dangerous and that admonition closed the interview."—*Stonewall Jackson*, by John Esten Cooke, p. 248.

Jackson's Order to Ewell and Jackson's Own Personal Bravery Saved the Confederates From Defeat.—"It was this order that won the day despite the gallant defense.

"I chanced to be near and heard the order he gave Early at Cedar Run (Slaughter's Mountain), in the fight with our old friend, General Banks ('Stonewall Jackson's Quartermaster, our men facetiously called him), who commanded the advance of General Pope's Army. We had been skirmishing all the morning, and Colonel Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to General Early, and said that he must advance on the enemy, and he will be supported by General Winder."

"Grim old Early replied in his curtest tones: 'Give my compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it.'

"It was on this field that several of Jackson's Brigades were broken, and it looked as if Banks was about to win, when Jackson dashed in among them, and rallied the confused ranks by exclaiming, 'Rally on your colors, and let your general lead you to victory. Jackson will lead you.' His presence acted like magic, the broken troops were rallied, the lines resorted, and the victory won."—*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 25, p. 93.

Jackson's Opinion of Napoleon.—"In listening to Jackson talking of Napoleon Bonaparte, as I often did, I was struck with the fact that he regarded him as the greatest general that ever lived. One day I asked him something about Waterloo. He had been over the field, inspecting the ground, and spent several days studying the field of battle. I asked him who had shown the greater generalship of these, Napoleon or Wellington? He said, 'Decidedly, Napoleon.' I said, 'Well, why was he whipped, then?' He replied, 'I can only explain it by telling you that I think God intended him to stop right there.'"—*Dr. Hunter McGuire*.

General Jackson Consoles an Irritated Officer.—General George Steuart and Captain Elijah V. White, commander of "White's Battalion," became involved in a military difficulty in the campaign of 1862

in Maryland, because the General was determined to send Captain White on duty in Virginia, while the Captain, being a Marylander, wanted to be in Maryland during the occupation there. The matter was brought to the attention of General Lee. "Arrived there," states Lieutenant Myers, "General Steuart passed in, and White saw General Jackson was also there.

"General Lee met White at the door and asked him his business, when the Captain replied: 'I want to see you, sir.' 'Very well,' said the General, 'just wait a little and I'll see you.'

"Pretty soon General Jackson came out and approached White, who was walking in front of headquarters, and actually was so much excited over what he considered the injustice of General Steuart, that he was crying.

"'Stonewall' asked him his difficulty, and was told that Steuart wanted to send him back to Loudoun, and he didn't want to go. The General appeared surprised, and remarked, 'Why, I just heard General Steuart tell General Lee that you *desired to be sent back*, and recommended that it be done.'

"At this the Captain tried to tell General Jackson that it was not so, but before he could explain, his feelings so overcame him that he completely choked down and could not say anything.

"Presently, General Jackson, said, 'Captain White, I think I can understand your feelings, for I was once situated just as you are now. During the Mexican War I was ordered to the rear just as a battle was about to take place, and I knew of no reason why I should be so unjustly treated; but I obeyed, and it so happened by doing so I had an opportunity to acquire distinction that I never could have had in front. And, captain, my advice to you is to obey orders, no matter how unjust they may be. We are poor, short-sighted creatures, at best, and in the very thing that seems hardest for us to bear, Providence may have hidden a rich blessing for us. Go, Captain, and obey orders.'

"White says he knew General Jackson was too good a man for him to talk to, and, consequently, he made no reply. But General Steuart now came out and calling him to his side. said, 'Captain White, did you say you were a Marylander?' 'Yes, sir,' said White. 'Ah!' said the General, 'I didn't know that. General Lee wants you. Go in and see him.'

"As may be supposed, the Captain lost no time in appearing in the presence of the Commanding General, and his orders were to scout

towards Harper's Ferry, and report to General Lee. This meant that for the present he was free from the spite of Stuart."—*White's Battalion*—"The Comanches," pp. 108-9.

Jackson's Admiration for Early.—The author is indebted for this incident to an interview with Dr. Hunter McGuire, published in the Richmond Dispatch, of July 19th, 1891:

"There was a story in the army about General Early, for whose soldierly qualifications Jackson had great admiration. In the winter of 1862 and 1863, Early had command of the troops low down on the Rappahannock River. He had some guns on a high embankment trained to shoot at the enemy's gunboats if they made their appearance a mile or two down the river. The muzzles of the guns were lifted very high in order to carry a ball that far. It was told in camp that Early one day while inspecting the guns found a soldier sighting one of them which pointed to the top of a tree in the neighborhood. After sighting it for some time and very carefully, he turned to General Early and asked him, 'if there was any squirrel up that tree?' It was said that the atmosphere was blue around there for a little while in consequence of General Early's reply. Whether the incident was true, or no, I don't know; but I know General Jackson enjoyed the story very much."

"I Was One of the Stonewall Brigade."—From Dr. Hunter McGuire: "After he (Jackson) was wounded at Chancellorsville, and when I spoke to him of the death of General Paxton and the remarkable behavior of the Stonewall Brigade on the field the day before, he said: 'The men who belonged to that brigade will some day be proud to say to their children, "I was one of the Stonewall Brigade."'"

Jackson at the Battle of Winchester.—On the morning of the twenty-fifth of May, while the battle of Winchester was in progress, General Jackson rode up to the front, accompanied by Colonel Campbell. Colonel Paxton, of the Twenty-first Virginia, and Colonel Grigsby, of the Twenty-seventh Virginia, were there on foot. A shower of grape and minnie balls greeted them. Campbell was wounded. Grigsby had a hole shot through his sleeve and exploded in some ugly words about his foes. General Jackson at this point said to Colonel Patton, commanding the Stonewall Brigade: "I expect the enemy to occupy the hill in your front with

artillery; keep your brigade well in hand with a vigilant watch, and if such an attempt is made, it must not be done, sir; clamp them on the spot." As soon as Jackson had satisfied himself as to the enemy's disposition, he turned his horse and quietly rode back. On getting to the road, he called for Taylor's Brigade, and led them in person to their position. The road ran here through a deep cut that screened the movement from the enemy. He gave General Taylor his order. Taylor says in his book he replied, and added: "You had better go to the rear, if you go along the front in this way some damned Yankee will shoot you."

He says General Jackson rode back to him and said: "General, I am afraid you are a wicked fellow; but I know you will do your duty."

Taylor formed his brigade in the road about 200 or 300 yards to our left. We were on his flank and could see nearly the whole of his advance. When the order to forward was given, the men scrambled up the bank as best they could. General Taylor found a way to ride and when the men lined up at the top, he was mounted and in their front. He rode up and down the line seeing that it was properly formed and then he rode in front, drew his sword, called the line to attention and ordered them to forward, march. Every man stepped off with his left foot, and were touching elbow to elbow, the line nearly perfect. His march was through an open field, a gentle rise to the top of a long hill. About midway was the same stone wall that ran in our front; it extended beyond Taylor's left; the whole was occupied by the enemy, and beyond were two batteries of artillery. As soon as Jackson saw that Taylor had commenced the advance, he rode back to the hillock in our front to watch the effect of Taylor's attack.

The enemy poured grape and canister into Taylor's line soon as it got in sight. General Taylor rode in front of his brigade, drawn sword in hand, occasionally turning his horse, at other times turning in the saddle to see that his line was up. They marched up the hill in perfect order, not firing a shot. On getting about half-way to the Yankees, he gave the order, "Forward! Double quick! Charge!" in a loud and commanding voice that could be heard over nearly the entire battlefield. With a yell and a rush, over the wall they go, and the enemy are running. At

the same time General Jackson gave the command in that sharp, crisp way of his, "After the enemy, men." Our whole line moves forward on a run, the enemy ran and broke in all directions, the Rockbridge Artillery men jump to their pieces and give them a parting salute.

That charge of Taylor's was the grandest I ever saw during the war; officers, file closers and every man was in his proper place. There was all the pomp and circumstance of war about it, that was always lacking in our charges, not that it was more effective than those of the old rebel yell, where most of the men would race to be the foremost.--*Written by a Confederate veteran, who took it from his weekly notes, "taken on the spot," and published in the Southern Historical Society, Vol. 38, pp. 331-2.*

Jackson Represses a Bon Mot Pressing Banks to Winchester.—

"To give countenance to this quartermaster," said General Taylor, who rode by Jackson's side, "if such can be given in a dark night. I remarked, jocosely, 'Never mind the wagons; there are quantities of stores in Winchester, and General Jackson has invited me to breakfast there with him tomorrow.'

"Jackson, who had no more capacity for jests than a Scotchman, took this seriously, and reached out to touch me on the arm."



CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

THE DIPLOMACY OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Jackson's Directness Combined With His Diplomacy—The Sense of the Humorous in General Jackson—Jackson's Astuteness as a Diplomat—Jackson Nonplussed—Young Girls Wave the Stars and Stripes in Jackson's Face.

Jackson's Directness Combined With His Diplomacy.—General Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland, in May, 1861, when Stonewall Jackson was then a colonel in the Confederate Army, went down to Harper's Ferry to see Jackson and to offer himself and a company of men from Frederick, Md., to the Confederacy. Jackson listened for an hour, but never broke a careful silence with a word. General Johnson says:

“Two days after this interview, May 8th, General Johnson moved to Virginia, and, with General J. R. Trimble, a West Pointer and a man of high talents, who became a major general afterwards, they together went to see Colonel Jackson. General Johnson says that, being verdant in matters of military affairs at that time, he kept silent, not daring to ask questions of his superior officers. Not so with General Trimble. He discussed all the points of the country as to their relative value for defense. General Jackson answered never a word. General Trimble had been an engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and General Johnson says his conversation was very instructive to him. Finally, General Trimble asked General Jackson as the culmination of his dissertation: ‘How many men have you here present for duty?’ Jackson said, without a modulation of his voice, as if he were answering the most commonplace, instead of the most astounding, question ever put to a commanding officer by an outsider: ‘We never tell that.’ That was all. It was not as deep as a well, nor as wide as a barn door, but it was sufficient, and the conversation stopped there, and we left.”

The Sense of the Humorous in General Jackson.—General Jackson could use to good advantage the strong sense of the humorous that was latent in his nature. In the winter of 1862 the General was, with his wife, boarding with the family of the Rev. Dr. Gra-

ham, of Winchester, Va. The General would never discuss matters connected with the Confederate Army, and when the question was asked him that brought the subject up, he would invariably give an evasive or unsatisfactory reply. A lady who was present when one of these interrogatories was put to General Jackson, undertook to secure a more direct answer than the General had given. Jackson turned to her with a quizzical look and a smile in which humor and seriousness were strangely blended, and in tones which precluded the possibility of offence being taken, he said: "Mrs. ———, I'll have to say to you as the schoolboys sometimes say, 'Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies.'" From that hour, Mr. Graham states, a thorough understanding was established as to what topics were to be avoided.

General Jackson's Astuteness as a Diplomat.—In September, 1862, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson was in Richmond, and was asked by Mr. Seldon, the Confederate Secretary of War, to escort three English gentlemen of note, who had brought letters of introduction to President Davis, General Lee and the Confederate government, to the Army. The government desired to give them special attention, and General Jackson was requested to take them to General Lee's headquarters, which he did. They were Mr. Lawley, correspondent of the *London Times*; Mr. Vizatelli, correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, and Major Garnet Wolseley, on furlough from his regiment in Canada. Later he was commander-in-chief of the English Army. After the call had been made on General Lee, by his orders, General Johnson took the party over to be introduced to General Jackson. *He took up the conversation.* He had visited England and was greatly interested in the architecture of the Cathedral of Durham and the history of the Bishopric of that diocese. The General examined his guests with clearness and interest on the building and the rights of the Bishop. He showed such knowledge of the subject in hand that the Englishmen were surprised, for he knew more than they did of the subjects.

As the quartette rode away, General Johnson said to his guests: "Gentlemen, you have disclosed Jackson in a new character to me, and I have been carefully observing him for a year and a half. You have made him exhibit—*finesse*, for he did all the talking to keep you from asking too curious or embarrassing questions. He did not want to say anything, so he did all the talking. I never saw anything like it in

him before." Everybody laughed at this and concurred in General Johnson's opinion that General Jackson "had been too much for the interviewers."

Stonewall Jackson Nonplussed.—During the campaign of the autumn of 1862, when Jackson was at Martinsburg, West Virginia, an enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson threw her silk scarf in the road before Jackson's horse. The General was embarrassed. He did not know what it portended. "She means," said his aide, Major Henry Kyd Douglas, "that she wants you to ride over it."

How Jackson Treated Young Girls Who Waved the Stars and Bars in His Face.—When General Jackson was in Maryland, in September, 1862, he rode out into the Middletown Valley, north of Frederick city. As he and his aide, Major Kyd Douglas, approached Middletown, two young girls ran into the roadside, and each waved the Stars and Stripes in the face of the twain. General Jackson's only notice of the incident was to observe to his escort: "It is evident that we have no friends in this place." *Apropos* of that remarkable "historic lie," regarding Barbara Fritchie and Jackson, Major Douglas says he was with General Jackson every minute that he was in Frederick City, Md., and that no such incident as has been alleged about Jackson and Barbara Fritchie occurred, and, furthermore, General Jackson did not go on the street where Barbara lived. Barbara's nephew joins the witnesses against the truth of the report and adds to the proof that this slanderous allegation never had a form or being in fact. This relative, in a written statement early after the report was first put forth, stated that at the time of the alleged occurrence of the flag waving and Jackson's action in regard to it, his venerable aunt was a palsied invalid in bed.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

STONEWALL JACKSON ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Jackson in and After the Battle—Jackson Fought Foes With Unloaded Guns—Jackson's Order to "Fire" at the First Bull Run—Jackson Gives Praise in Battle for a Good Shot—"Let Them Sweep the Field With the Bayonet," Jackson—Jackson and Staff Capture a Squad of Federal Pickets—In Pope's Rear—General Jackson Aroused—Jackson Gives an Order to a Federal Battery—The Surrender of Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862—Jackson Draws His Sword at Slaughter Mountain—"They Have Done Their Worst," Jackson at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862—The Attack of Jackson at Chancellorsville on the Federal Flank.

Jackson in and After the Battle.—"While the battle raged, he sat on his horse unmoved in the very front of danger; but, when the crisis was past and he could be spared from the field, even though the thunders were still rolling in the distance, he rode back with the tension of his mind relaxed, and, entering his tent, 'shut to his door,' and calmed his spirit in the presence of God."—*J. H. Field's Introduction to His Life of Jackson*, p. 16.

Jackson Fought Foes With Unloaded Guns.—"The valley region will long be alive with the traditions of this great flank movement, (that which eluded Patterson's Army and which took Jackson to the First Manassas), and the spirit exhibited by the men. They had so often formed line of battle in front of Patterson, only to retire afterwards without fighting, that the troops nearly broke out in open murmurs against their commander. They did not know that frequently, when his bristling guns threatened the foe with their grim muzzles from every hillock, these guns were *without a single round of ammunition*, and that no one could be more disappointed at the necessity which existed for retiring, than their general. Now, however, when the order for a rapid march came, the troops perceived in the air, so to speak, the long-looked-for order of battle. They snuffed it up eagerly, and went on their way actually dancing for joy, and with deafening cheers."—*A Virginian's Life of Jackson*, p. 26.

Jackson's Order to Fire at the First Bull Run.—July 21, 1861. Time, 2:45 P. M. Riding to the front and centre of his line, where

the 2nd and 4th Virginia Regiments were posted, General Jackson exclaimed: "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards, then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge yell like furies."

The Federal hosts came on. The Virginians rose from the earth and gave a roaring discharge into the Federal lines, and then charged across the hill. Kirby Smith's command, at the same time, assailed the Federal forces, while Beauregard gave the order for a general advance, Bee's, Evans's and Wade Hampton's men, recovering their grip, joining in the forward movement. The Federals gave way and the First Bull Run became a Confederate victory.

Jackson Gives Praise in Battle for a Good Shot.—"Our first shot (at the Battle at Kernstown, March 23, 1862) was witnessed, from a nearby position, by General Jackson, who, upon seeing it crash through the door of an old barn crowded with Federal soldiers and scatter them pell-mell to the four winds, exclaimed, 'Good, good!' greatly to the pride and joy of all present."—*Fowcuden's History of Carpenter's Battery*, p. 20.

"Let Them Sweep the Field With the Bayonet."—Jackson's Corps was now on the Peninsula, June 27, 1862. The phenomenal campaign in the Shenandoah Valley had made this indispensable aid to Lee possible. It was at McGehee's Hill. Jackson's brigades were advancing into battle. Jackson gave his commanders of divisions this final command: "Tell them," as he despatched his order, "this affair must hang in suspense no longer; let them sweep the field with the bayonet." Before this message was delivered the Confederates had emerged from the timber about them and from every section of the field they centered in the plain about them. A general forward movement had been ordered by Lee, and as the grey lines pressed forward the cry went up, "The Valley men are here." and with "Stonewall" Jackson's magic name as their battle cry, the soldiers of Lee dashed through the glen and gulch. Hill's, A. P. Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's divisions were there, and the Confederate colors floated over the ramparts that the Federals had abandoned.

The Federal soldiers gathered in small detachments and tried to stem the onward current, but it was in vain. The Regulars of the Federal Army sustained the best of this gallant body's traditions, holding on to veritable lost ground, three squadrons of 5th U. S. Cavalry making a splendid charge, in the face of the triumphant Con-

federates, seeing six out of seven officers fall. Everywhere the Regulars made an effort to save the day.

Jackson and Staff Capture a Squad of Federal Pickets.—On June 27, 1862, after the Battle of McGehee's Hill, during the darkness of the evening, General Jackson and his staff rode unexpectedly into the Federal picket. Believing that the foe was demoralized, Jackson dashed into the squad and ordered them to surrender. This they did, and when the prisoners, nearly a score in number, were marched to the rear, they exclaimed with delight to the spectators that "they had been captured by old Jack himself."

In Pope's Rear.—"As I before remarked, the (Confederate) Army was far from being happy about its position, of which we knew the really critical nature, and just below us a few miles, over the plains, we could hear a terrific artillery fire. I became uneasy as it continued, and seeing General Jackson, who stood on the porch of one of the commissary depots, I proposed to General Field to let me go over and ask him if General Longstreet had passed through Thoroughfare Gap. Through this he must necessarily pass to reach us, and it was known to have been held by the enemy and was, besides, a sort of second pass of Thermopylae in its difficulties. When I made this proposition to General Field, who was an old Army officer, he replied promptly: 'No, sir,—you cannot carry any such message from me to General Jackson.' 'Well, Field, then I am going over to ask on my own account,' I said. 'Then let it be distinctly understood,' was the answer, 'that you don't go officially.'

"Walking over to where General Jackson stood, and saluting him, I said, 'General, we are all of us desperately uneasy about Longstreet and the situation, and I have come over on my own account to ask the question: "Has Longstreet passed through Thoroughfare Gap successfully?"' With a smile General Jackson replied: 'Go back to your command and say, "Longstreet is through and we are going to whip them in the next battle!"'—*W. Roy Mason, Major C. S. A., in Vol. 2, p. 529, Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.*

General Jackson Aroused.—During the battle of the Second Manassas a Federal courier was captured by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson. His despatches told that Pope was concentrating, with three divisions, upon Stonewall Jackson, who was there in the rear of Pope's Army. "The captured despatch aroused Jackson like an electric shock. He

was essentially a man of action; he rarely, if ever, hesitated; he never asked advice, and did not seem to reflect or reason out a purpose; but he leaped by instinct, and not by the slower process of advancing ratiocination, to a conclusion, and then as rapidly undertook its execution. He called no council to discuss the situation disclosed by the communication, although his ranking officers were at his side; he asked no conference; no expression of opinion; he made no suggestion, but simply, without a word, except to repeat the language of the despatch, turned to me and said: 'Move your division and attack the enemy,' and to Ewell, 'Support the attack.' The slumbering soldiers sprang from the earthworks with the first summons. There was nothing for them to do but to form and take their places. They were sleeping almost in ranks, and by the time the horses of their officers were saddled, the long lines of infantry were moving to the contemplated battlefield."—*General Longstreet, in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, pp. 508-9.

General Jackson Gives an Order to a Federal Battery.—"I recollect well the incident you ask about, General Jackson finding one of my guns (Col. W. T. Poague, then captain, at Port Republic, June 8, 1862), ready to move, directed me to hasten toward Port Republic, he himself going along and posting it in a field overlooking and commanding the bridge. I was surprised to see a gun posted at the further end of the bridge, for I had just come from Army headquarters, and, although I had met a cavalryman who told me the enemy were advancing up the river, still I did not think it possible they could have gotten any guns in place in so short a time. It thereupon occurred to me that the gun at the bridge might be one of Carrington's (Confederate), who was on that side and whose men had new uniforms something like those we saw at the bridge. Upon suggesting this to the General, he reflected a moment, and then riding a few paces to the left and in front of our piece, he called out in a tone loud enough to be heard by them, 'Bring that gun up here.' But getting no reply, he raised himself in his stirrups and in a most authoritative and angry tone he shouted: 'Bring that gun up here, I say!' At that they began to move the trail of the gun so as to bring it to bear on us, which, when the General perceived, he quickly turned to the officer-in-charge of my gun and said in his sharp, quick way, 'Let 'em have it.' The words had scarcely left his lips, when Lieutenant Brown, who had his piece charged and aimed, sent a shot right amongst them, so dis-

concerting them that theirs in reply went far above us, and in a few minutes, seeing out infantry approaching, they left the place, and, as I was informed, abandoned their gun before crossing South River."—*Note in Allen's Valley Campaign*, p. 150.

During his lifetime, Major Henry Kyd Douglas, who had been a member of General Jackson's staff, told the author he was present when General Jackson had mistaken a Federal battery for Confederate guns and had given a command to the cannoniers, whereupon the Major said he told the General that they "were not our guns." Major Douglas also stated that the two armies had overlapped each other so at this moment that Federal and Confederate cavalymen, in numbers of one, two or three, were passing each other on the road, and matters looked serious for the General's safety when a large detachment of Federal cavalry rode by them.

The Surrender of Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862.—Of this important event, the surrender of Harper's Ferry to Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Major H. Kyd Douglas, of his staff, says:

"Under instructions from General Jackson, I rode up the pike and into the enemy's lines to ascertain the purpose of the white flag. Near the top of the hill I met General White and staff and told him my mission. He replied that Colonel Miles had been mortally wounded, that he was in command and desired to have an interview with General Jackson. . . . I communicated them to General Jackson, whom I found sitting on his horse where I had left him. . . . The contrasts in appearances here were striking. General White, riding a handsome black horse, was carefully dressed and had on untarnished gloves, boots and sword. His staff was equally comely in costume. On the other hand, General Jackson was the doughtiest, worst-dressed and worst-mounted general that a woman who cared for good looks and style would wish to surrender to. General Jackson . . . went up from Bolivar and into Harper's Ferry. The curiosity in the Union Army to see him was so great that the soldiers lined the road. . . . One man had an echo of response all about him when he said aloud, 'Boys, he's not much for looks, but if we'd had him, we wouldn't have been caught in this trap.'"—*Leaders and Battles of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 78.

Jackson Draws His Sword at Slaughter Mountain.—Broken by front and flank attacks, the Confederate line had become, on August 9, 1862, at the battle of Slaughter Mountain, a disorganized mob,

It was then that Jackson drew his sword from its scabbard for the initial time, and raising his voice far beyond the noise of battle he shouted, "Rally, men, and follow me." His soldiers, for he was among his Valley veterans, heard the sounds of cheer and command from one who had led them to incomparable victories, and they nerved at once their invincible phalanxes to heroic action. The Virginians, with a wild yell from the 21st Regiment, dashed to the front and gave the Federals a quick volley. The officers of the remaining regiments, animated by Jackson's inspiring conduct, took forward their flags, and the privates, following the lead of their officers, emulated the gallantry of the soldiers of the 21st. The Federals halted in their charge while Early and Taliaferro, reorganizing their forces, pressed forward to the fray. General Taliaferro, seeing Jackson in such an exposed position, told him that that was not his place in the midst of a mob. To this Jackson replied, "Good! Good!" and rode calmly back to drive to its execution the stratagem he had contemplated to defeat the plans of the Federals.

"Dr. McGuire, They Have Done Their Worst," Jackson at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862.—About eleven on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862, during the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., Dr. McGuire, the surgeon-general of Jackson's Corps, rode to West Wood to consult with General Jackson as to the wisdom of moving the field hospitals to the south side of the Potomac. He found General Jackson mounted on Old Sorrell in the rear of the line of battle. The doctor presented him with some peaches that he had taken to him. These were received with great appreciation. Dr. McGuire then made his report. At numerous points the men were stretched at spaces of a few yards apart, and only one small brigade was there to aid the thin line. In the fields of ripening corn near them the great and overwhelming odds of the Federal forces were too plain. When Dr. McGuire had ended his suggestions, Jackson, the calm and immovable, said in a soft tone, "Dr. McGuire, they have done their worst," and continued his repast of peaches.

The Attack of Jackson at Chancellorsville on the Federal Flank. "Reaching the Orange Plank Road General Jackson himself rode with Fitz Lee to reconnoitre the position of Howard, and then sent the Stonewall Brigade by Thoroughfare Gap, under Brigadier-General Paxton, to hold the point there where the Germania Plank Road enters the Orange Road. . . . The well-trained skirmishers of Rodes'

division, under Major Eugene Blackford, were thrown to the front. It must have been between 5 and 6 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, May 2nd (1863), when these dispositions were completed. Upon his stout-built, long-paced little sorrel, General Jackson sat, with vizor low over his eyes and lips compressed, with his watch in hand. Upon his right sat Gen. Robert E. Rodes, the very picture of a soldier, and every inch of all that he appeared. Upon the right of Rodes sat Major Blackford.

"'Are you ready, General Rodes?'" said Jackson.

"'Yes, sir,'" said Rodes, impatient for advance.

"'You can go forward then,'" said Jackson.

"A nod from Rodes was enough for Blackford, and then suddenly the woods rang with the bugle call."—*Rev. James Power Smith, Captain and Adjutant-General, C. S. A., in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 3, p. 203.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

JACKSON'S THREE SPEECHES.

Jackson's Only Political Speech—Jackson's Scabbard Speech—Jackson's Speech in Bidding Farewell to His Brigade.

Jackson's Only Political Speech.—"I heard Jackson make the only political speech of his life. It was at Lexington during the campaign resulting in the election of Lincoln (1860). Though the voters of Rockbridge county, in which Lexington was situated, were overwhelmingly for Douglas, Breckinridge had a number of warm supporters, and the latter called a mass-meeting in the courthouse. Frank Jaxton, who afterwards fell at Chancellorsville at the head of his brigade, was one of the speakers, but the interest lagged until Jackson, who sat in the rear of the room, rose to speak. From the first he was listened to with the strictest attention, and his speech of a quarter of an hour made a deeper impression than all others. He spoke briefly and to the point, touching upon the dangers which threatened the country, and the need for every citizen to take a decided stand for the right, as he saw it. The scene comes back to me now. The dimly lighted room, the upturned faces of the listeners, and the earnest words and awkward gestures of the speaker. When he had finished he turned abruptly, and marched out with the quick firm step that was part of the man; but the revelation had come to those who remained, and they knew that the reserved and quiet professor had clear and well-defined views on the needs of the hour, and the courage to express and stand by his convictions."—*Colonel George H. Moffatt, South Hist. Mag., Vol. 22, pp. 162-3.*

Jackson's Scabbard Speech.—In April, 1861, the Union people of Lexington, Va., who appeared to be in a majority in that town, determined to have a parade. Following this several cadets were assaulted and arrested. Word was carried to Washington College. Excitement ran high, and the cadets formed themselves into a brigade and began loading their guns to meet the paraders. Colonel Francis H. Smith, himself a Union man, was president of the College. Seeing the cadets getting ready for battle, he rose from a sick bed and hurried to them, saying that if there was any fighting between the citizens and the cadets he claimed the right to lead the battalion. This calmed the youngsters. The tumult then quieted, and opposition to the

paraders resolved itself into a meeting at the Barracks. A number were called upon for speeches, and "there ensued a long pause. Perhaps some reply was expected from the cadets. At last the painful silence was broken by a cadet crying out, 'Major Jackson!' The cry was taken up by the others, until it became general and continuous. Aware of Jackson's awkwardness and shyness, many may have called for him in a spirit of mischief, but, doubtless, the majority of the cadets, knowing his straightforwardness and sense of justice, desired from him some expression of approval or sympathy. Rising from his seat, he was greeted with loud applause. He waited till the noise subsided; then, with body erect and eyes sparkling, as they did so often on the field of battle, he said, with a vigor and fluency that were a surprise to all:

"Military men, when they make speeches, should say but few words, and speak them to the point. I admire, young gentlemen, the spirit you have shown in rushing to the defence of your comrades; but I must commend you particularly for the readiness with which you have listened to the counsel and obeyed the orders of your superior officer. The time may be near at hand when your State will need your services, and, if that time does come, then draw your swords, and throw away the scabbards."—*South. Mag.*, Vol. 10, p. 45.

Jackson's Speech in Bidding Farewell to His Brigade.—"On the 4th of October (1861), General Jackson was promoted to Major-General and ordered to Winchester to take command of the forces in the Shenandoah Valley, and he had his brigade paraded to bid them farewell. We all had the blues, for we did not want to part with him as our Commander. Besides we all wanted to go with him, as nearly all of us came from the different counties in the Shenandoah Valley.

"General Jackson and his staff officers rode up in front of the brigade after we had formed on the hillside, and looked up and down the line. He then slowly raised his cap, and said, 'Officers and soldiers of the first brigade, I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry, in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration for your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or the bloody plains of Manassas when you gained the well deserved reputation of having decided the fate of that battle.'

"Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation, throughout the army, and the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your own deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories, and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy.

"You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this, our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust, whenever I shall hear of the first brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved, and a higher reputation won.'

"Here he paused and glanced proudly around him. Then raising himself in his stirrups and throwing the reins on his horse's neck, he exclaimed in a voice of such deep feeling that it thrilled every heart in the brigade: 'In the army of the Shenandoah, you were the *first* brigade; in the army of the Potomac, you were the *first* brigade; in the second corps of this army you are the *first* brigade; you are the *first* brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the *first* brigade in this, our second war of independence. Farewell!'

"For a moment there was a pause, and then arose cheer after cheer, so wild and thrilling that the very heavens rang with them. General Jackson waved farewell to his men, and, gathering his reins, rode rapidly away."—*Casler's History*, pp. 83-4-5.

This eloquent address was delivered spontaneously and not from notes. Two days after it had been made, Major Henry Kyd Douglas, of General Jackson's staff, and Sergeant Towers compared each other's recollections of the speech and the above was the result of their combined efforts.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

A GALAXY OF INCIDENTS IN STONEWALL JACKSON'S CAREER.

Jackson Supports Imboden's Battery at the First Bull Run—Jackson Expected Every Order of His to Be Executed—Jackson's Ruse to Get Rolling Stock for the Confederacy—Stonewall Jackson and General Loring Fall Out—Jackson Pushes a Battery Into Battle With His Own Hands—General Whiting Takes Back Calling Jackson a Fool—Jackson's Reply to a Suggestion From a Subordinate—Jackson Adding a Minister to His Staff—Hunting Jackson—"Jackson Is Surrounded!"—Stonewall Jackson Gives Information to His Soldiers Where He is Going to Fight His Next Battle—Waking up Stonewall Jackson—A Passing Remark from Jackson at the Battle of Port Republic—Jackson Crossing the Bridge at Port Republic—McClellan's Celerity Puzzled Jackson—Jackson's Plan to Drive McClellan Into the Potomac—Jackson's Military Sagacity Displayed at Chancellorsville—Jackson's First Sight of Hooker's Flank at Chancellorsville—A Suggestion as to How Jackson Would Have Met the Defeat of the South.

Jackson Supports Imboden's Battery at the First Bull Run.—

Near the Henry House, situated in the midst of the first Bull Run battle field, in which house an old lady, Mrs. Henry, was mortally wounded, Imboden's Battery crossed at the edge of a pine grove, between the Henry and the Robinson houses. There Imboden met Stonewall Jackson at the head of his brigade, marching by the flank at double quick. At that moment Captain Imboden was very angry at what he supposed had been bad treatment at the hands of General Lee, in leaving him and his battery exposed for a long time to capture. Imboden expressed himself with a tincture of profanity in his remarks. He saw this was displeasing to the general, who observed: "I'll support your battery. Unlimber right here." Imboden did as directed, when a hull of from twenty to thirty minutes ensued. Captain Imboden reported to General Jackson when he had met him, that he had only three rounds of ammunition left for a single gun, and he suggested that a caisson be sent to the rear for ammunition. General Jackson replied, "No, not now; wait till other guns get here, and then you can with-

draw your battery, as it has been so torn to pieces, and let your men rest."

While this waiting was in progress, and the men lay exhausted from work and want of water, Captain Imboden and Lieutenant Harman amused themselves training a gun on a strong force of the enemy, advancing towards them, yet still from twelve to fifteen hundred yards away. While thus employed, General Jackson came up and informed them that three or four batteries were rapidly approaching, and that Captain Imboden might soon retire. He gave the Captain permission which he had asked, to fire the three rounds of ammunition before leaving the field, with the reply, "Go ahead." Captain Imboden rammed home the shrapnel himself, but forgot to get far enough away from the gun, and after its discharge, the escaping gas of the explosion having struck him as the ball passed out of the gun, it landed him fully twenty feet away, and with blood gushing from his ear and it ruined forever.

The shell burst in the Federal ranks. The contest then became terrific. Captain Imboden had been given the duty of going from gun to gun, to see that they were properly aimed. On returning, Captain Imboden asked General Jackson's permission to rejoin his battery. "The fight," says Captain Imboden, "was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing, and, as he told me to go, he made this gesture. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand and I saw blood was streaming from it." Captain Imboden exclaimed, "General, you are wounded!" He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breastpocket, and began to bind it up, "Only a scratch—a mere scratch," and galloped away along the line.—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I, p. 236.

Jackson Expected Every Order of His Executed.—Reminiscence of Lieut.-General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall), by Capt. James M. Garnett, a former member of his staff:

"This order, which I still have, placing me on General Jackson's staff, reads as follows:

“Headquarters Valley District, December 23, 1861.

“Special Orders, No. 270.

“Lieutenant James M. Garnett is relieved from duty in Captain Waters's Company, and is announced as Chief of Ordnance Valley District. By command of Major-General Jackson.

“A. H. Jackson, A. A. General.”

“I served on General Jackson's staff for four months, when I was relieved at my own request.

“Fuller particulars in this connection will be found in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, for December 12, 1906. During this period I reported personally to General Jackson nearly every morning, especially before we evacuated Winchester, about March 10, 1862, and received his orders relating to ordnance stores. I thus had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, but only in the relation of a general commanding and his ordnance officer. There were mounted in the fortifications around Winchester eleven heavy guns, four forty-two pounders and seven twenty-four pounders, which I had to remove, but General Jackson delayed so long in giving me the orders to remove them that I got off the last one only the day before we left the city. This was characteristic of the secrecy which marked all his movements. He did not wish anyone to know when he would evacuate the city. When he did evacuate it, he carried away even the empty ammunition boxes, which were not worth the space they occupied, and were fit only for kindling-wood. I sent the stores by wagons to Strasburg, and there placed them in freight cars, which I had to unload at Woodstock, just twelve miles distant, and *the next day*. I had to reload them in freight cars and send them to Mount Jackson, twelve miles further, where they were again unloaded, and soon afterward reloaded and sent on to Newmarket, seven miles further. Here they remained loaded in wagons for some weeks, and I had to procure tarpaulins from Richmond to protect the stores from the weather, which became very bad in April. The stores remained in wagons stretched along the turnpike for a mile from Newmarket, until I was finally allowed to shelter there in a small brick church (churches generally served as my magazines), and I fitted up a rented room for the repair of damaged arms. When General Jackson went down the Valley to the battle of Kernstown (March 23, 1862), he left me at Mount Jackson to arm and equip some five hundred militia from the Valley counties.

who had just come in, and he left also his inspector-general. Colonel Baylor, to muster them in. When we had fulfilled these duties we rode down the Valley together and met the troops at Woodstock returning from the battle at Kernstown after their defeat, to which they had gone in too great a hurry.

"Here I requested to be relieved as chief of ordnance, specifying my reasons, and General Jackson said that he would relieve me as soon as he could procure an ordnance officer from Richmond. This did not, however, happen until we had fallen back to Conrad's Store, about a month later, when my old school and college-mate, Lieut. Hugh H. Lee, was sent to him as ordnance officer. Meanwhile I had organized a division ordnance train,—which might have been done more conveniently at Winchester,—and ordnance matters were then progressing very satisfactorily. However, there was no help for it, so I was assigned to General Winder's "Stonewall" Brigade, and Hugh Lee was announced as 'Chief of Ordnance, Valley District,' in my stead. After Sharpsburg, he was taken sick, and I had to take charge of the ordnance division in his place. General Jackson never recognized any difficulties in the way of fulfilling his orders, or made any allowances for them, but expected the orders to be obeyed without question and without hesitation."

Jackson's Ruse to Get Rolling Stock for the Confederacy.—"From the very beginning of the war the Confederacy was greatly in need of rolling-stock for the railroads. We were particularly short of locomotives, and were without shops to build them. Jackson, appreciating this, hit upon a plan to obtain a good supply from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Its line was double-tracked, at least, from Point of Rocks to Martinsburg, a distance of 25 miles. We had not interfered with the running of trains, except on the occasion of the arrest of General Harney. The coal traffic from Cumberland was immense, as the Washington government was accumulating supplies of coal for the seaboard. These coal trains passed Harper's Ferry at all hours of the day and night, and thus furnished Jackson with a pretext for arranging a brilliant 'scoop.' When he sent me to Point of Rocks, he ordered Colonel Harper, with the 5th Virginia Infantry, to Martinsburg. He then complained to President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, that night trains, eastward bound, disturbed the repose of his camp, and requested a change of schedule that would pass east-bound trains by Harper's Ferry between 11 and 1 o'clock in the day-

time. Mr. Garrett complied, and thereafter for several days we heard the constant roar of passing trains for an hour before and an hour after noon. But since the 'empties' were sent up the road at night, Jackson again complained that the nuisance was as great as ever, and, as the road had two tracks, said he must insist that the westbound trains should pass during the same two hours as those going east. Mr. Garrett promptly complied, and we then had, for two hours every day, the liveliest railroad in America. One night, as soon as the schedule was working at its best, Jackson sent me an order to take a force of men across to the Maryland side of the river the next day at 11 o'clock, and, letting all westbound trains pass till 12 o'clock, to permit none to go east, and so the trains east and west were corralled near Harper's Ferry, captured and sent South."

Stonewall Jackson and Loring Fall Out.—"I now accompanied Loring's Army to Winchester, in the latter part of December, 1861, where his (Loring's) force was united with that of Jackson. On the 1st of January, 1862, this united force moved towards Hancock, Maryland, on what Jackson intended to be the beginning of a winter campaign. When near Bath, in Morgan county, Maryland, (an error, as there is no Morgan county in that State), we came upon the enemy's pickets and there was a halt. During this delay Jackson and Loring met, and some unpleasant words passed between them. Loring complained that if Jackson should be killed he (Loring) would find himself in command of the army, the object of whose movements he knew nothing. Jackson asked me to move forward a regiment which had halted on the side of a mountain near us. When I returned, Jackson asked me to join his staff, which I declined to do, because I liked Loring and did not wish to leave him.

"The weather becoming intensely cold, the army fell back, Jackson returning to Winchester and Loring being sent to Romney, in Hampshire county (Va.). Here Loring protested to the War Department against being kept (there). The Secretary sent him an order direct (not through Jackson) to fall back to Winchester. This offended Jackson, who sent in his resignation, which was not accepted. Loring's command was then sent elsewhere, he himself to Mississippi."—*Col. George A. Porterfield, C. S. Army, Vol. 16, p. 90, Southern Hist. Mag.*

Jackson Pushes a Battery With His Own Hands Into Battle.—Just before the attack on Malvern Hill, in the Peninsula campaign

against McClellan, Gen. D. H. Hill states that "I saw Jackson helping with his own hands to push Reilly's North Carolina Battery forward." —*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 392.

General Whiting Takes Back Calling Jackson a Fool.—"The next day (June 9, 1862), I returned to Staunton and found Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, my old commander after the fall of General Bee at Bull Run, arriving with a division of troops to re-enforce Jackson. Taking him and his staff to my house as guests, General Whiting left soon after breakfast, with his guide, to call on Jackson at Swift Run Gap, near Port Republic, where he was resting his troops. The distance from Staunton was about twenty miles, but Whiting returned after midnight. He was in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously. I asked, 'How is that, General, for he is very polite to everyone?'

"'Oh! hang him, he was polite enough. But he didn't say a word about his plans. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he hasn't any more sense than my horse.'

"Seeing his frame of mind, and he being my guest in my house, I said little. Just after breakfast a courier arrived with a terse order to embark his troops on the railroad trains and move to Gordonsville at once, where he would receive further orders. This brought on a new explosion of wrath. 'Didn't I tell you he was a fool, and doesn't this prove it? Why, I just came through Gordonsville day before yesterday.'

"However, he obeyed the order; and when he reached Gordonsville he found Jackson there, and his little Valley Army coming after him; a few days later McClellan was astounded to learn that Jackson was on his right flank on the Chickahominy. Shortly after the seven days' battle around Richmond, I met Whiting again, and he then said: 'I didn't know Jackson when I was at your house. I have found out now what his plans were, and they were worthy of a Napoleon. But I still think he ought to have told me his plans, for, if he had died, McClellan would have captured Richmond. I wouldn't have known what he was driving at, and might have made a mess of it. But I take it all back, all I said about his being a fool.'

"From the date of Jackson's arrival at Staunton till the battle of Port Republic was thirty-five days. He marched from Staunton to McDowell, 40 miles, from McDowell to Front Royal, about 110, from Front Royal to Winchester, 29 miles, Winchester to Port Republic, 75 miles, a total of 245 miles, fighting four desperate battles and winning them all."—*Gen. John D. Imboden, in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, pp. 296-7.

Jackson's Reply to a Suggestion From a Subordinate.—As Major Dabney, Jackson's chief of staff and assistant adjutant, sat on his horse near the General on the day that the battle of Cross Keys was fought (June 8, 1862), while Jackson was scanning the section where General Shields's advance on the south side of the Shenandoah had retired, he moved up to the General's side and asked: "There is, then, a general action at Cross Keys?"—four miles distant, which battle Jackson had left Ewell to fight. Jackson gave the Major an affirmative nod. "Then," observed the Major, "General Shields will not be blind to the importance of co-operating with it. He will surely attack you again today." "Hereupon he turned," said the Major, upon me, as though vexed with my obtuseness, with brows knit, and waving his clenched fist forward to the commanding positions of the artillery near him, said: 'No, sir, he *cannot* do it, sir—I should tear him to pieces.' "And Shields did not do it, because he could not."—*Southern Historical Magazine*, Vol. II, pp. 148-9.

Jackson had, at that time, seventy pieces of cannon trained on the only road by which General Shields could advance to attack him. By this manoeuvre he was able to hold Shields in check, while Ewell administered a defeat to Fremont at Cross Keys.

Jackson Adding a Minister to His Staff.—In April, 1862, the Rev. Dr. Dabney received an invitation to become one of General Jackson's staff. He was to join him at once near Mount Jackson, if he would accept it. "Your rank," wrote General Jackson, "will be that of Major. Your duties will require early rising and industry. Please let me hear from you at once." In a lecture in Baltimore in November, 1872, Dr. Dabney says:

"He who would aspire to work and fight as Jackson's assistant (Major Dabney's position was to be assistant adjutant-general) must be one who would not look back after he had put his hand to the

plough; but one who, like his master, came to stay with his work until it was ended, except, perchance, God should first end him.

"Thus then went I, to show Jackson why I might not enter into this door of service, and yet seem no recreant (in staying out) to my country's needs. I found him at a place,—a gateway of the mountains that befriended him, named of the vicinage, Conrad's Store; the Shenandoah flood before him, and beyond multitudinous enemies thronging—held at bay, checkmated, gnashing vainly upon him; while he, in the midst of, and marching of battalions, going to the watchpost, and splashing squadrons, splashing through mire most villainous, and of snow-tracks and sleet of uncongenial Spring, 'Winter lingering in the lap of Spring,' stood calm, patient, modest, yet serious, as though abashed at the meanest man's reverence for him; but at sternest peril unabashed. After most thoughtful, yea, feminine care of food and fire for me, he took me apart, saying, 'I am glad you have come.' But I told him that I was come, I feared, uselessly, only to reveal my unfitness, and retire; already broken by camp-disease, and enervated by student's toil. 'But Providence,' replied he, 'will preserve your health, if He designs to use you.' I was unused to arms and ignorant of all military art. 'You can learn,' said he. 'When would you have me assume my office?' 'Rest to-day, and study the "Articles of War," and begin tomorrow.' 'But I have neither outfit, nor arms, nor horse, for immediate service.' 'My quartermaster shall lend them, until you procure your own.' 'But I have a graver disqualification, which candor requires me to disclose to you first of mortals: I am not sanguine of success; our leaders and legislators do not seem to me to comprehend the crisis, nor our people to respond to it; and, in truth, the impulse which I feel to fly out of my sacred calling, to my country's succor, is chiefly the conviction that her need is so desperate. The effect on me is the reverse of that which the old saw ascribes to the rats when they believe the ship sinking.' 'But,' saith he, laughing, 'if the rats will only run this way, the ship will not sink.' Thus was I overruled."—*Southern Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 11, pp. 128-9.

Hunting Jackson.—"On May 21, 1862, Lieutenant F. M. Myers, of the Confederate Army, was given a despatch by General Ewell, to take to Jackson. Nobody had heard from General Jackson for a long time, and the lieutenant desired to ask where was Jackson, but from former experiences he was afraid to venture it, "and walked disconsolately from headquarters and the presence of the General with-

out any definite plan whatever in his mind, and sighing with the Psalmist for 'the wings of a dove,' but Major Barbour had noticed his elongated visage, and divining his trouble, met him in the yard, where he proceeded to explain to him the road to Jackson, but while he was thus engaged, General Ewell stepped out and exclaimed in his quick, spiteful tone, 'Lieutenant Myers, go to Newmarket and take the turn-pike road to Harrisonburg; be quick now, I want to see you again today.' The Lieutenant crossed the Massanutten and found some of Ashby's cavalry at Newmarket, who told him Jackson was coming down the pike, and a nine-mile ride up the Valley brought him to the marching army of 'Stonewall,' and very soon he met a party of officers, riding among the infantry, when, selecting one whom for the plainness of his dress he took for a courier, he asked to show him General Jackson, but the *courier* simply replied, 'I am General Jackson; where are you from, sir?' After reading the despatches, he wrote a few lines to General Ewell, and cross-questioned the Lieutenant a short time, when he sent him back saying, 'I'll see you at Luray to-morrow.' On his way back to camp the Lieutenant met General Ewell on the mountain, and on reaching the river found everything moving towards Newmarket, but this was soon changed, and the troops took the road to Luray, where on the following morning they met General Jackson and some of his people, and the two Generals held a conference, after which Ewell pushed forward to Front Royal, reaching that place about 3 o'clock in the evening of the 23rd of May. Here they found a force of the enemy, and a fierce battle ensued."—*White's Battalion, Virginia Cavalry*, by Frank M. Myers, *Lieut., C. S. A.*, pp. 48 and 50.

"Jackson Is Surrounded."—On June 7, 1862, when General Fremont was behind him near Port Republic, and General Shields in front of him, with bated breaths the soldiers of the great leader said to each other, "Jackson is surrounded." "Our eyes," said Dr. Dabney, his chief of staff, "saw no light; but he, clear-eyed and serene, with genius braced by his steadfast heart and devout faith, saw all possibilities, and whence deliverance might dawn out of seeming darkness. And these two traits of greatness I recognized in Jackson through these transactions: First, that urgent and critical peril did not agitate and confuse his reason, nor make him hang vacillating, uneasy and impotent to decide between the alternatives; that he ever thought best where other men could least think. Second, that he knew how to

distinguish the decisive points from the unessential, and, grasping those with iron strength, to form them an inflexible conclusion.

"Events, then, had showed Jackson these things by the close of Saturday, June 7th (1862). Why did he delay to strike this time, so unlike his wont? The 8th was 'the Sabbath of the Lord,' which he would fain honor always if the wicked would let him. *Not by him* should the sanctity and repose of that bright, calm Sabbath be broken. When I went to him early, saying, 'I suppose, General, divine service is out of the question today?' his reply was, 'Oh, by no means. I hope you will preach in the Stonewall Brigade, and I shall attend myself—that is, if we are not disturbed by the enemy.' Thus I retired, to doff the gray for the time and don the parson's black. But those enemies cherished no such reverence. As at the first Manassas and in so many other pitched battles, they selected Sunday for the day of battle."

Stonewall Jackson Gives Information to His Soldiers Where He Was Going to Fight His Next Battle.—"The army lay quiet all day, and the next (June 7th), moved towards Port Republic, encamping near the old church at Cross Keys. Some of the men became very impatient at the constant and rapid marching, and one of them asked General Jackson, as he passed along the column, where he was going to fight the Yankees. The General, with a half smile, replied: 'We'll fight them at Brown's Gap.' The soldiers at once became exceedingly interested in that place, continually asking each other how far it was to Brown's Gap, would the Yankees follow them there? and so forth, little imagining that the ground upon which they then stood was to be their battlefield for the morrow."—*History of White's Battalion*, p. 64.

Waking Up Stonewall Jackson.—"I reached Port Republic an hour before daybreak of June 9, 1862, in response to an order from General Jackson, and sought the house occupied by Jackson: but, not wishing to disturb him so early, I asked the sentinel what room was occupied by 'Sandy' Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general. 'Upstairs, first room to the right,' he replied.

"Supposing he meant our right, as we faced the house, I went up, softly opened the door, and discovered General Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword and sash and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow candle on the bed shed a dim light, yet enough by which to recognize him. I endeavored to withdraw with-

out waking him. He turned over, sat up on the bed and called out, 'Who is that?'

"He checked my apology with, 'That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?'

"'Yes, General, and cooking.'

"'That's right. We move at daybreak. Sit down. I want to talk to you.'

"I had learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to anyone. I, therefore, waited for him to speak first. He referred feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss. When he paused, I said, 'General, you made a glorious winding up of your four weeks' work yesterday.'

"He replied, 'Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with His protection and blessing we shall do still better today.'

"Then seating himself, for the first time in all my intercourse with him, he outlined the day's proposed operations."—*General Imboden, in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 293.

Passing Remark From General Jackson at the Battle of Port Republic.—General Jackson had given General Imboden, on the morning of the battle of Port Republic, orders to take his field artillery to a certain part of the mountains above a ravine where he expected General Shields to rally his troops when he, General Jackson, had them "on the run," as he confidently predicted to General Imboden he would, and as occurred just as Jackson had anticipated. The Confederate mules did not like the Union shot and shell that passed over their heads while they were awaiting the time for the guns of their battery to play their parts assigned them by General Jackson in the programme of the day. "The mules became frantic. They kicked, they plunged, they squealed. It was impossible to quiet them, and it took three or four men to hold one mule from breaking away. Each mule had about three hundred pounds weight on him, so securely fastened that the load could not be dislodged by any of his capers. Several of them lay down and tried to wallow their loads off. The men held these down, and that suggested the idea of throwing them all on the ground and holding them there. The ravine sheltered us so that we were in no danger from the shot and shell that passed over us.

"Just about the time our mule 'circus' was at its height news came up the line from the left that Winder's brigade near the river was

giving away. Jackson rode down in that direction to see what it meant. As he passed on the brink of our ravine, his eye caught the scene, and, reining up a moment, he accosted me with, 'Colonel, you seem to have trouble down there.' I made some reply which drew forth a hearty laugh, and he said, 'Get your mules on the mountain as soon as you can, and be ready to move.' Then he dashed on. He found that his old brigade had yielded slightly to overwhelming pressure. Galloping up, he was received with a cheer; and, calling out at the top of his voice, 'The Stonewall Brigade never retreats; follow me!' led them back to their original line. Taylor soon made his appearance, and the flank attack settled the work of the day. A wild retreat began. The pursuit was vigorous. No stand was made in the defile. We pursued them eight miles. I rode back with Jackson, and at sunset we were on the battlefield at the Lewis mansion.

"Jackson accosted a medical officer, and said, 'Have you brought off all the wounded?' 'Yes, all of ours, but not all of the enemy's.' 'Why not?' 'Because we were shelled from across the river.' 'Had you your hospital flag on the field?' 'Yes.' 'And they shelled that?' 'Yes.' 'Well, take your men to their quarters. I would rather let them all die than have one of my men shot intentionally under the yellow flag when trying to save their wounded.'

"Fremont, hearing the noise of the battle, had hurried out from near Harrisonburg to help Tyler; but Jackson had burnt the bridge at Port Republic after Ewell had held Fremont in check some time on the west side of the river and had escaped, so that when Fremont came in sight of Tyler's battlefield the latter's troops had been routed and the river could not be crossed."—*General Imboden, in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 295.

Jackson's Plan to Drive McClellan in the Potomac Foiled by McClellan's Generalship.—In the battle of Sharpsburg, in Maryland, in September, 1862, the attempts to drive Stonewall Jackson from his position failed. At half past one on the 17th, the Federal efforts having ceased, Major-General John G. Walker sought Stonewall Jackson and found him in the rear of Barksdale's Brigade, sitting on his horse, with one limb thrown over the pommel of his saddle, under an apple tree, picking and eating the fruit. Making no reply whatever to the report of the division commander, General Jackson abruptly asked General Walker, "Can you spare me a very strong regiment and battery?" Then General Walker offered him one of his reserve regi-

ments, the 49th North Carolina, a very strong organization. He also told General Jackson he could spare him both French's and Branch's Batteries; but they were now without long-range ammunition. Jackson then said that, owing to the nature of the ground General Stuart's Cavalry could take no part in the battle, but that the General had offered his own services. General Jackson added that he desired to make up from several commands on the Confederate left a force of four or five thousand men, and to give them to General Stuart, with orders to turn the enemy's right and to attack him in the rear; that General Walker must give orders to his division to advance to the front and attack the enemy as soon as he should hear the guns of Stuart,—“and that our whole left wing would move to the attack at the same time.” Then, replacing his foot in the stirrup, he said with great emphasis, “We'll drive McClellan into the Potomac.” Later in the day General Jackson informed General Walker in person that Stuart had failed to turn McClellan's right, *for he had found it securely posted on the Potomac*.

Jackson Crossing the Bridge at Port Republic.—Lieutenant Myers, in his interesting story of White's Battalion, on page —, himself being with Jackson at Port Republic on June 9th, the day on which this well-known incident happened, gives a very different account from any other that I have seen, of a day when Jackson on that fateful Monday came so dramatically and dangerously near to being captured. Lieutenant Myers states: “On Monday morning, ‘Stonewall’ crossed the bridge almost alone, and rode into town, but on his return he found a Yankee major at the mouth of the bridge, and, without a moment's hesitation, rode up to the officer, saying, ‘Turn your guns, sir, turn your guns; the enemy is coming from that direction,’ pointing at the same time down the river, and, without a question, the unsuspecting major had his pieces wheeled about, in order to command the approach of the enemy, which to him was no enemy at all, and, without waiting to explain any further, General Jackson dashed rapidly across the bridge to his own people, but he had not a moment to spare, for the baffled Yankee had his guns going on him before he cleared the bridge.”

McClellan's Celerity Puzzled Jackson.—The military sagacity of Stonewall Jackson extended in a most remarkable degree—and was the faculty that contributed largely to his wonderful achievements in his campaigns—in foreseeing, and thus forestalling, the movements of

his enemies. There was one general, and one occasion, by whom and in which Jackson was deceived. Major-General John G. Walker, C. S. A., gives the incident and the circumstances of it, prefacing it with the fact that when Jackson heard the guns of McClellan's Army at Crampton's Gap, the day previous to the capture of Harper's Ferry, he could not believe it was McClellan's Army, but expressed himself as thinking it to be "no more than a cavalry affair between Stuart and Pleasanton."

"No sooner," states General Walker, "had the surrender of Harper's Ferry been assured, than my division took up its line of march to join General Lee. At 2 A. M. of the 16th September, 1862, my advance overtook the rear of Jackson's force, and about 8 in the morning (of the day of the battle), after seeing our commands safe across the river at the ford below Shepherdstown, Jackson and myself went forward together toward Sharpsburg. As we rode along I mentioned my *ruse* in opening fire at Harper's Ferry. Knowing the strictness of Jackson's ideas in regard to military obedience, I felt a little doubtful as to what he would say. When I had finished my confession, he was silent for some minutes, and then remarked, 'It was just as well as it was; but I could not believe that the fire you reported indicated the advance of McClellan in force. It seemed more likely to be merely a cavalry affair.' Then after an interval of silence, as if to himself he continued, 'I thought I knew McClellan' (they were classmates at West Point), *but this movement of his puzzles me*.'"—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 611.

The ruse referred to by General Walker was the forcing, by a show of two regiments in battle-array, of the Federals in Harper's Ferry to fire on him, which gave him the excuse to open his guns upon Colonel Miles, which Jackson did not want done for a day unless he was pressed to it. General Walker was urged to do this by McClellan's quick movements that threatened Lee's army in the rear if it stayed longer to assure the capture of Harper's Ferry.

Jackson's Military Sagacity Displayed at Chancellorsville.—"In a conversation with a Confederate officer at Lexington, on February 16, 1868, General Lee said, in regard to Chancellorsville, that 'Jackson at first preferred to attack Sedgwick's force in the plain at Fredericksburg, but he told him it was as impracticable as it was at the first battle of Fredericksburg. It was hard to get at the enemy and harder to get away if we drove him into the river. But,' said he to Jackson,

'if you think it can be done, I will give orders for it.' Jackson then asked to be allowed to examine the ground, and did so during the afternoon, and at night came to Lee and said he thought he (Lee) was right. 'It would be inexpedient to attack there.' 'Move then,' said Lee, 'at dawn to-morrow (the 1st May) up to Anderson,' who had been previously ordered to proceed towards Chancellorsville; 'and the next time I saw Jackson,' said General Lee, 'was upon the next day, when he was on the skirmish line, driving in the enemy's skirmishers around Chancellorsville.'—*Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Vol. 7, p. 562, Southern Historical Magazine.*

Jackson's First Sight of Hooker's Flank at Chancellorsville.—

"Jackson was marching on. My cavalry was well in his front (May 2, 1863). Upon reaching the Plank road, some five miles west of Chancellorsville, my command was halted, and, while waiting for Jackson to come up, I made a personal reconnoissance to locate the Federal right for Jackson's attack. With one staff officer I rode across and beyond the Plank road, in the direction of the old turnpike, pursuing a path through the woods, momentarily expecting to find evidence of the enemy's presence. Seeing a wooded hill in the distance, I determined, if possible, to get upon its top, as it promised a view of the adjacent country. Cautiously I ascended its side, reaching the open spot upon its summit without molestation. What a sight presented itself before me. Below me, and but a few hundred yards distant, ran the Federal line of battle. I was in the road of Howard's right. There were the lines of defence, with abatis in front, and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Two cannon were visible in the part of the line seen. The soldiers were in groups in the rear, laughing, chatting, smoking, probably engaged here and there in games of cards and other amusements indulged in while feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In the rear of them were other parties driving up and butchering beeves.

"The remembrance of the scene is as clear as it was sixteen years ago. So impressed was I with my discovery, that I rode rapidly back to the point on the Plank road where I had left my cavalry, and back down the road Jackson was moving, until I met 'Stonewall' himself. 'General,' I said, 'if you will ride with me, halting your column here, out of sight, I will show you the enemy's right, and you will perceive the great advantage of attacking down the Old Turnpike instead of by the Plank road; the enemy's lines will be taken in reverse. Bring

only one courier, as you will be in view from the top of the hill." Jackson assented, and I rapidly conducted him to the point of observation. There had been no change in the picture.

"I knew Jackson slightly. I watched him closely as he gazed upon Howard's troops. It was then about 2 P. M. His eyes burned with a brilliant glow, lighting up a sad face. His expression was one of intense interest, his face was colored slightly with the paint of approaching battle, and radiant at the success of his flank movement. Was he happy at the prospect of the 'delightful excitement,' terms, Dick Taylor says, he used to express his pleasure of being under fire? To the remarks made to him while the unconscious line of blue was pointed out, he did not reply once during the five minutes he was on the hill, and yet his lips were moving. From what I have read and heard of Jackson since that day, I know what he was doing then. Oh! 'Beware of rashness,' General Hooker. Stonewall Jackson is praying in full view and in rear of your right flank!

"While talking to the Great God of Battles, how could he hear what a poor cavalryman was saying. 'Tell General Rodes,' said he suddenly whirling his horse towards the courier, 'to move across the Old Plank road; halt when he gets to the Old Turnpike, and I will join him there.' One more look upon the Federal lines, and then he rode rapidly down the hill, his arms flapping to the motion of his horse, over whose head it seemed, good rider as he was, he would certainly go. I expected to be told I had a valuable personal reconnoissance—saving the lives of many soldiers, and that Jackson was indebted to me to that amount at least. Perhaps I might have been a little chagrined at Jackson's silence, and hence commented inwardly and adversely on his horsemanship. Alas! I had looked upon him for the last time. * * * Jackson's men burst with a cheer upon the startled enemy, and swept down in rear of Howard's line, capturing cannon before they be turned upon them."—*General Fitzhugh Lee, in S. H. Mag., Vol. 7, pp. 571-2-3.*

A Suggestion as to How Jackson Would Have Met the Defeat of The South.—In a lecture delivered in Baltimore City in November 1872, Major Dabney, General Jackson's Chief of Staff, and one who had his confidence, thus speculated upon the conduct of Jackson, who had said he preferred death to the death of the Southern Confederacy, had he seen the failure of the South to establish its independence.

"Jackson is gone and the cause is gone. All the victories which he won are lost again. The penalty we pay for the pleasure of the dream is the pain of the awakening. I confess unto you that one of the most consoling thoughts which remain to me amidst the wakening realities of the present is this—that Jackson and other spirits like him are spared the defeat. I find that many minds sympathize with me in the species of awful curiosity to know what Jackson would have done at our final surrender. It is strange, a startling conviction of our thoughts: Jackson, with his giant will, his unflinching faith, his heroic devotion, face to fact, after all, with the lost cause! What would he have done? This question has been asked me, and my answer always has been: 'In no event could Jackson have survived to see the cause lost. But you say: Would he have been guilty of suicide? Would he, in the last, lost battle, have sacrificed himself upon his country's funeral? No. But I believe that, as his clear eye saw the approaching catastrophe, his faithful zeal would have spurred him to strive so devotedly to avert it, he would have overwrought his powers, or met his death in generous forgetfulness (not in intentional desperation) on the foremost edge of battle. For him there was destined to be no subjugation. The God whom he served so well, was too gracious to his favorite son. Less faithful servants, like us, may need this bitter courage. He was meeter for his reward.'—*South, Hist. Mag.*, Vol. II, pp. 152-3.



CHAPTER TWENTY.

THE RELIGION OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

General Jackson—the “Happiest of Men”—General Jackson a Faithful Deacon of the Church—Jackson Makes Collections for His Church—Jackson Tells How the Rule not to Take a Letter out of the Mail on Sunday Benefited a Friend—General Jackson Cured a Colored Boy of the Habit of Swearing—Jackson’s Punctuality in Respecting Social Obligations—Jackson’s Dread of Trusting to Men and not to God for Success of the Confederate Army—Jackson a Believer in Providence—Jackson Gives General Imboden His Reasons for His Calmness in Battle—Jackson as Superintendent of a Colored Sunday School—Jackson’s Opinion of a Sermon—General Jackson Leads in Prayer in Church—Jackson Had Qualms in Fighting a Battle on Sunday—Jackson’s Reverential Despatch After the Battle of McDowell—Jackson’s Body Servant Knew When to Pack His Haversack—Jackson Sends a Contribution to Church Instead of News of Battle—With Jackson Every Victory Was a Gift from God’s Hands—Jackson Prays on the Eve of Battle—Jackson Unostentatiously Attends Church in Richmond—The Tincture of Religion in Jackson’s Reports and Correspondence—Jackson Reading the Scriptures on the Eve of Battle—A Seeming Oddity of Jackson Has a Clear Explanation—Jackson Glad to See One of His Colored Sunday School Scholars—Jackson Had His Favorite Hymns—Jackson Creates a Stir by Calling for a Corporal—Jackson Desired a Christian Daily Paper—Jackson’s Intercourse With His Chaplains—Jackson Prayed Before Advancing to Meet Hooker—Jackson Worships in the Church His Soldiers Had Built—Jackson Allows a Catholic Priest to Have the Only Tent Outside Those of Headquarters—Jackson’s Life Had its Influence for Good.

General Jackson—the Happiest of Men.—“It was the testimony of his pastor, that he (Major Jackson) was the happiest man he ever knew. The assurance that ‘all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose,’ was, to him, a living reality. It robbed suffering of all of its bitterness and transmuted trials into blessings. To his most intimate Christian associates, he was one day expressing his surprise that this class of promises did not yield to other Christians a more solid peace.

The suggestion arose in the mind of his friend to try the extent of his own faith, with the question whether the trust in God's love and purposes of mercy to his own soul would be sufficient to confer on him abiding happiness under the privation of all earthly good. He answered, 'Yes, he was confident he was regenerated and adopted through the work of Christ and that, therefore, inasmuch as every event was disposed of by omniscience, guided by redeeming love for him, seeming evils must be real blessings; and that it was not in the power of any earthly calamity to overthrow his happiness.' His friend knew his anxious care of his health, and asked, 'Suppose, Major, that you should lose your health irreparably, do you think you could be happy then?' He answered, 'Yes, I should be happy still.' His almost morbid fear of blindness was remembered, and the question was asked: 'But suppose, in addition to chronic illness, you should incur the total loss of your eyesight, would not that be too much for you?' He answered firmly, 'No.' His dislike of dependence was excessive. He was, therefore, asked once more, 'Suppose that, in addition to ruined health, and total blindness, you should lose all your property, and be left thus, incapable of any useful occupation, a wreck to hunger on a sick-bed, dependent on the charities of those who had no tie to you, would not this be too much for your faith?' He pondered for a moment, and then answered in a reverential tone: 'If it were the will of God to place me there, He would enable me to lie there peacefully a hundred years'—*Dabney*, Vol. I, pp. 127-8.

His perfect faith of belief that, when he had performed his duty, the results were the hand of God acting upon events, enabled him to possess patience and contentment under trying circumstances. When he had been delayed in his return after vacation to his post at the Virginia Military Institute, he was asked if he was not made wretched by his absence from his duty, and replied: "By no means: I had set out to return at the proper time: *I had done my duty. The steamer was delayed by an act of Providence*, and I was perfectly satisfied."—*Dabney*, p. 134.

General Jackson a Faithful Deacon of His Church.—General Jackson was as faithful to the business duties of his religious life as he was to the temporalities of his profession. In reporting his work in connection with a collection he was taking, he said: "I have a contribution from every person in my district except one lady. She has been away ever since I have been collector, but she will be home at 12

o'clock to-day, and I will see her at 1 o'clock." The next day he reported a contribution from her also."—*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Chaplain C. S. A.*

When he fell in battle, his venerable pastor exclaimed to Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, with deep emotion: "Oh! sir, when Jackson fell I lost not only a warm friend, a consistent active church member, but the best deacon I ever saw."

Jackson Makes Collections for His Church.—"Major Jackson took upon himself the duty of collecting for the church. He regularly called upon his pastor to report his work as deacon. 'At one collection the gifts were solicited for the American Bible Society, and Jackson rallied forth, armed with the list of names furnished by the clerk of the congregation. When he came to the pastor to report, he had a number of additional names written in pencil marks at the foot of the list, with small sums opposite.' 'What are these?' asked the good doctor. 'Those at the top,' said Jackson, 'are your regulars, and those below are my militia.' On examination of the names, they were found to be those of the free blacks on the quarters, all of whom he had visited in their humble dwellings and encouraged to give a portion of their earnings to print the Bible. He argued that these small sums were better spent thus than in drink or tobacco; that the giving of them would elevate their self-respect and enhance their own interest in the Holy Book; and that they, being indebted to it, as well as others, should be taught to help in diffusing it."—*Dabney*, Vol. I, pp. 111-2.

General Jackson Tells How the Observance of the Rule Not to Take a Letter Out of the Mail on Sunday Benefited a Friend.—General Jackson related with especial satisfaction an incident of the good that once came to a friend by the enforcement of his views on the Sabbath mail. While proceeding one Sabbath to Divine Worship with a Christian associate, his friend proposed to apply to the post office for his letters on the plea that there was probably a letter from a dear relative, whose health was in a most critical state, and might, for aught he knew, demand his immediate aid, but he dissuaded him by the argument that the necessity for departing in this from the Sabbath rest was not known, but only suspected. They went together to church and enjoyed a peaceful day. On the morrow it was ascertained there was a letter to Jackson's friend from his afflicted relative, announcing a most alarming state of the disease with which the patient suffered, but there was also a later one, arriving that day, correcting

all signs of distress, and stating that the health of the sufferer was restored. "Now," said Jackson, "had my friend causelessly dishonored the Sabbath, he would have suffered a day of harrowing anxiety, which the next day's news would have shown utterly groundless: but God rewarded him for his obedience, by mercifully shielding him from this gratuitous suffering. He sent him the antidote along with the harm."—*Dabney's Life of Jackson*, p. 89.

General Jackson Cured a Colored Boy of the Habit of Swearing.—In the year 1913, in his 84th year, Jeff Shields, who claimed himself to be the first colored pupil in Jackson's Sunday School, at Lexington, Va., and who says he was cook for the General during the civil war, made this statement:

"I was General Jackson's first scholar. Somebody ought to write a history of Jackson's Christian life, for he was the greatest Christian that ever lived. Jackson had a class of boys, about eighteen. Jackson stopped me from swearing, and I had to go to the Presbyterian Church because I admired him so much. (He was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church.) He was the hardest man to get to laugh you ever saw—no foolishness about him. One day he said to me: 'You don't seem very jokey today, Jeff.' 'No. I see you are a different man from what I am a boy. So I must change.' When he prayed, he would say, 'Remember Jeff.' I would go through all kinds of weather to do anything for him, because I loved him."

This statement was obtained for the author from Jeff Shields himself, by Miss Elizabeth Stuart, of Lexington, Va.

There were about 500 in the Sunday School, which was held in the Presbyterian Sunday School Room.

Jackson's Punctuality in Respecting Social Obligations.—Major Dabney, in his *Life* of his eminent commander, says that he acquitted himself of his social obligations with a sense of moral responsibility. "When a single man, he went into society as frequently as other young men of regular habits, saying he was constrained to do so by a sense of justice and humanity, for when an acquaintance took the trouble to prepare an entertainment and honored him with an invitation, to attend, where no duties interposed, was the only equitable return due for the kindness."—*Dabney*, pp. 96-7.

"As a member and officer of the church, he was eminently deferential to his pastor as his superior officer. But, as a commander-in-

chief, he would no more defer to the judgment of that pastor, than to that of the humblest of his own soldiers."—*Ibid.*, p. 81.

Jackson's Dread of the People Giving Men, and not God, Praise and Honor for their Success.—"Jackson said: 'The manner in which the press, the army and the people, seem to lean on certain persons, is positively frightful. They are forgetting God in the instruments they have chosen, which fills me with alarm.'"—*Gettling's Personal Recollections*.

Jackson a Believer in Providence.—During his service in the Confederate Army, Charles H. Stanley, Esq., of Laurel, Maryland, was placed as guard over a tent in which three deserters were under arrest and imprisonment. In the night, while the guard was in front of the tent, the three prisoners escaped by the rear. When this was discovered, the guard was marched up into Stonewall Jackson's presence to have the matter investigated. "It was," said Mr. Stanley, who related it to the writer, "a question of guard house for me or even to be shot. General Jackson addressed me in this manner: 'They ought not to have escaped; yet they were deserters, and under the rules of war would have been punished with death. Perhaps, it was an interposition of divine Providence in their behalf. You may go back to your tent.'"

Jackson Gives Imboden the Reasons for His Calmness in Battle.—"Two days after the battle (of Bull Run), hearing that Jackson was suffering from his wound, I rode to his quarters near Centreville. Of course the battle was the only topic discussed during breakfast. 'General,' I remarked, 'how is it that you can keep so cool and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered, in a low tone of great earnestness: 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me.' He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: 'That is the way all men should live, and then all would be equally brave.'"—*General John D. Imboden*.

Jackson the Superintendent of a Colored Sunday School—An old student of the Virginia Military Institute, in the Southern Historical Magazine, under the signature of "G. H. M." gives this description of General Jackson's colored Sunday School:

"At the request of a young friend in the town of Lexington, who expected to be absent several weeks, I agreed to supply his place temporarily as a teacher in the colored Sunday School. Accordingly on the next Sabbath afternoon, I repaired to the lecture room of the Presbyterian Church. I found the room filled with colored children, whose clean clothes and shining ebony faces evidenced their appreciation of the interest taken in them by the white folks. I found present a dozen or more young white ladies and gentlemen who acted as teachers, and, standing by a table on the inside of the railing surrounding the pulpit, was the superintendent of the school.

"I doubt whether, in after days, during the great historical events in which he was the chief actor, General Jackson felt more sensibly the responsibility of his position than he did that afternoon as the commander of the little army of sable children. With characteristic promptness, just as the hand of the clock touched the figure 3, the exercises of the school were opened by his saying, 'Let us pray.' According to the Presbyterian mode, he prayed in a standing attitude. My recollection is that his prayer was striking for its beautiful simplicity. There was no superfluous ornamentation about it, neither were there any rhetorical flourishes. It was the simple pleading of an earnest soul. It was free from the preamble so often made by ministers and laymen in their public prayers, wherein they often undertake to inform Deity of the current events of the past. Taking it for granted that Omniscience knew all things, he commenced his prayer by *praying*. It was the petition of one conscious of his own weakness and praying for strength. There was the true contrition of heart, accompanied by a faith which took a sure hold on the promises. And his voice seemed to tremble as he prayed for a special blessing on his little charge—the negro children of the town whom he had gathered together in a Sunday School. It was the days of slavery, and their neglected condition excited his sympathy, and a sense of duty impelled him to make an effort to rid them from the slavery of sin. Some of the Bourbon aristocracy criticised his action, and even went so far as to threaten prosecution. But a healthy Christian sentiment in the community sustained him, and he went forward in the path of duty. It can be well understood, then, why he betrayed emotion when presenting the little army of the dusky soldiers to the review of the Great Commander. It was the faithful soldier making a full report to headquarters. It was the obedient soldier seeking for instructions. 'That was Stonewall's way'." *S. H. Magazine*, Vol. 9, pp. 44-45.

Mr. J. D. Davidson, of Lexington, gives the following interesting sequel to this school: "On Saturday evening of May 1, 1858, I left my office and on my way home met Major Jackson on the pavement in front of the Court House, in company with Colonel S. McD. Reid, the clerk of the courts, and William McLaughlin, Esq., now judge of our Circuit Court. They were conversing on the subject of his Sunday School.

"Colonel Reid said to him, 'Major, I have examined the statute and conferred with the Commonwealth's attorney. Your Sunday School in an 'unlawful assembly.'

"This seemed to fret him much. Mr. McLaughlin then said to him that he had also examined the question, and that his school was against the letter of the law. This fretted him still more. I then said to him, 'Major, whilst I lament that we have such a statute in our Code, I am satisfied that your Sunday School is an 'unlawful assembly,' and probably the grand jury will take it up and test it.'

"This threw him off his guard, and he replied with, 'Sir, if you were, as you should be, a Christian man, you would not think, or say so.' Thus thrown off my guard, I replied tartly, in words not now remembered; when he turned on his heel and walked to his house on the opposite side of the street.

"I passed on home, and had not gone half way when I began to rebuke myself for my rudeness to Major Jackson, and determined to return and apologize to him.

"Reaching home, I found my wife and a relative, Major Dorman, sitting together. I told them what had occurred, and requested my wife to give me an early supper that I might return and make my apology.

"I returned to my office after dusk, taking with me a negro boy to bear my apology in writing to Major Jackson.

"I had commenced writing it, and, when half written, I heard a tap at my office door, when Major Jackson stepped in, saying: 'Major Davidson, I am afraid I wounded your feelings this evening; I have called to apologize to you.' 'No, Major,' I replied, 'no apology from you to me. I am now writing my apology to you.'

"He remained for more than a half hour conversing with me, and, when he left he said these words: 'Mr. Davidson, these are things that bring men together and make them know each other better.'

"The half written note of apology I now find amongst my papers.

"This incident speaks for itself, and reveals some, at least, of the features of that great and good man."—*South. Mag.*, Vol. 9, pp. 45-46.

This was Mr. Davidson's half finished note:

"Saturday night, May 1, 1858."

"Major Jackson:"

"Dear Sir:—As I shall not have an opportunity of meeting you again before Monday, I will not rest content until I have tendered you a becoming apology for the hasty, and, I fear, uncourteous reply made by me to you in our conversation this evening—"

General Jackson "was accustomed to say that one of the very greatest privations to him which the war brought was that he was taken away from his beloved work in the colored Sunday School.

"Jackson thus acquired a wonderful influence over the colored people of that whole region, and to this day his memory is warmly cherished by them. When Hunter's Army was marching into Lexington, the Confederate flag which floated over Jackson's grave was hauled down and concealed by some of the citizens. A lady who stole into the cemetery one morning, while the Federal Army was occupying the town, bearing fresh flowers with which to decorate the hero's grave, was surprised to find a miniature Confederate flag planted on the grave, with the verse of a familiar hymn pinned to it. Upon inquiry she found that a colored boy, who had belonged to Jackson's Sunday School, had procured the flag, gotten someone to copy a stanza of a favorite hymn which Jackson had taught him, and had gone in the night to plant the flag on the grave of his loved teacher."—*Rev. J. William Jones, Chaplain in Confederate Army*, Vol. 19, *S. H. Mag.*, pp. 161-162.

Jackson's Opinion of a Sermon.—"Yesterday was communion at Mr. Graham's church, and he invited me to be present, but I was prevented from enjoying that privilege. However, I heard an excellent sermon from the Rev. Dr. Stiles. His text was 1st Timothy, ch. ii, 5th and 6th verses. It was a powerful exposition of the Word of God; and when he came to the word 'himself,' he placed an emphasis upon it, and gave it a force which I had never felt before, and I realized that, truly, the sinner who does not turn to God under Gospel privileges, deserves the agonies of perdition. The doctor several times in appealing to the sinner, repeated the verse—'Who gave *himself* a

ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' What more could God do than give *Himself* a ransom? Dr. Stiles is a great revivalist, and is laboring in a work of grace in General Ewell's Division. It is a glorious thing to be a minister of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. There is no equal position in this world."—*Letter to Mrs. Jackson.*

General Jackson Leads in Prayer in Church.—On the 15th day of November, 1861, a day appointed by the Confederate authorities as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, General Jackson attended Rev. Dr. Graham's church in Winchester. When the hymn following the first prayer was finished, with some misgivings the minister asked General Jackson to lead in prayer. The request was evidently a surprise to him, but, after a trying pause of a second or two, General Jackson arose, and, "with the manner of one who was on familiar ground and engaged in familiar exercise, he led us at once into the presence of God and to the throne of grace. Beginning with words of adoring reverence, which immediately impressed and subdued every heart, he asked to be heard for the sake of our divine Redeemer; and then, as if pouring out his soul before God, in the most simple manner, yet with deep fervor, he made confession of our utter unworthiness as sinners and of our absolute dependence on divine mercy. In words borrowed from the Scripture, and uttered in most earnest tones, he besought God to bless our afflicted country and give success to our arms. In the whole course of his prayer he did not forget for one moment that he was one of a company of sinners, deserving nothing of God, yet pleading with Him, for Christ's sake, to be merciful to us and bless us. Not a single word did he utter inconsistent with the command to love our enemies. Not once did he venture to tell God what He ought to do in that great crisis of our country. But, while he did importunately ask that our arms be crowned with victory and our country obtain its independence, he was careful to ask it in humble deference to divine wisdom, and only if it would be for God's glory and our good."—*Rev. James R. Graham.*

This prayer produced a marked effect in the community—it taught men to pray in these bitter times without hate to their foes.

Jackson Had Qualms in Fighting a Battle on the Sabbath.—Fighting a battle on the Sabbath gave General Jackson no small concern. On April 11, 1862, shortly after the battle of Kernstown, that had been fought on Sunday, General Jackson wrote to Mrs. Jackson: "You appear much concerned at me attacking *on Sunday*.

I was greatly concerned, too; but felt it my duty to do it, in consideration of the ruinous effects that might result from postponing the battle until the morning. So far as I can see my course was a wise one; the best that I could do under the circumstances, though very distasteful to my feelings; and I hope and pray to our Heavenly Father that I may never again be circumstanced as on that day. I believed that so far as my troops were concerned, necessity and mercy both called for the battle. I do hope the war will soon be over, and that I shall never again have to take the field. Arms is a profession that, if its principles are adhered to for success, requires an officer to do what he fears might be wrong, and yet, according to military experience, must be done, if success is to be attained. And this fact of its being necessary to success, and being accompanied with success, and that a departure from it accompanied with disaster, suggests that it must be right. Had I fought the battle on Monday instead of Sunday, I fear our cause would have suffered; whereas, as things turned out, I consider our cause gained much from the engagement."

His Reverential Despatch After His Victory at McDowell.—

After General Jackson had secured his victory at McDowell, he sent General Ewell the following despatch:

"Headquarters, Valley District, May, 1862.

"General R. S. Ewell:

"Your despatch received. Hold your position—don't move. I have driven General Milroy from McDowell; through God's assistance have captured most of his wagon trains. Colonel S. B. Gibbons, Tenth Virginia, killed. Forward to Department at Richmond the intelligence."

His Body Servant Knew When to Pack Jackson's Haversack.—

It is one of the traditions of the Civil War, and was current as well during the progress of that mighty struggle, that Jim, the faithful colored servant of General Jackson, reckoned his duties largely by his master's devout habits. He declared that he knew when there was going to be a battle, saying, "The General is a great man for praying, night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides, to go off and pray, then I know there is going to be something to pay; and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning."

Jackson Sends a Contribution Instead of News of Battle.—When the news reached Lexington of the victory at Manassas, it was re-

ported that Rev. Dr. White had received a letter from Jackson, and the people gathered to hear about the particulars of the battle. The venerable preacher mounted a store-box, arranged his spectacles, broke the seal and read as follows:

"My dear Pastor:—In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday School. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige yours faithfully."—*See Mrs. T. J. Jackson*, p. 59.

During the ailment that rendered his eyes most tender to light, he made it a conscientious duty, as well as he found it a necessity, to forego all reading after nightfall, except the short volume of Scriptures, with which he always closed the day.—*Ibid.*, p. 65.

With Jackson Every Victory Was a Gift from God's Kind Hands.

General Jackson and Major-General Lafayette Laws were together at the battle of Sharpsburg. They were on horseback. For a while ten or twelve shells passed over their heads, and the sound of shrapnel, crashing through the trees, not more than five steps from them, was heard. A shell passed between the two generals. A courier, not ten feet from them, was struck by the shell and fell between the horses of the two commanders. The projectile did not explode. General Jackson said, "The enemy, it seems, are getting our range," and rode away, "much to my gratification," wrote General McLaws, adding, "He remarked to me two or three times, when with me that day, that 'God has been very kind to us today.'" This was Stonewall Jackson. Every good and every blessing, with every victory, was a gift from God's kind and merciful hands.

Jackson Prays on the Eve of Battle.—"At Port Republic, a battle as noticeable for the strategy which preceded it as for the daring and resolution by which it was characterized, Jackson, in making the disposition of his forces, assigned an important duty to the Louisiana Brigade, commanded by Gen. Dick Taylor. This was to gain a position on the mountain side above the enemy's most effective battery, and to descend and attack him in flank and reverse. After Taylor had put his troops in motion, he went to receive from Jackson his final orders. He found him in front of his line of battle, which had just been forced back. Shot and shell were hissing and bursting around him, and there he sat motionless on his old campaigner, a horse as steady under fire as his master; the bridle-reins were hanging loosely,

and Jackson was wrapt in prayer. He had done all his human foresight could devise, and now was confiding himself, his compatriots and his cause to the God of the righteous."—*President Jefferson Davis, S. H. Mag.*, Vol. 9, pp. 217-8.

Jackson Unostentatiously Attends Church in Richmond.—During the week following the Peninsula campaign, General Jackson wrote Mrs. Jackson several letters, and each contained the usual reference to the kindness of the Almighty to him. One of the letters said: "During the past week I have not been well, have suffered from fever and debility, but through the blessing of an ever-kind Providence I am much better to-day. Last week I received the present of a beautiful summer hat from a lady in Cumberland. Our Heavenly Father gives me friends wherever I go."

When the campaign was ended, General Jackson repaired to Richmond with his corps, which city he reached on the 10th of July, 1862. His first open appearance in a city filled with his praise and admirers was on the Sabbath in attendance on divine worship. He described this incident to his wife in this manner:

"Yesterday I heard the Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge preach in his church, and also in the camp of the Stonewall Brigade. It is a great comfort to have the privilege of spending a quiet Sabbath within the walls of a house dedicated to the service of God."

General Jackson entered the church unostentatiously and without attendants, and took a seat near the door, and, after the services were over, left the church before the congregation discovered the attendance of the distinguished participant in the morning worship. Before returning to camp he called upon a mother who had lost a son in his command.

The Tincture of Religion in Jackson's Reports and Correspondence.—This was the close of General Jackson's official report of the battle of Cedar Run:

"In order to render thanks to God for the victory at Cedar Run, and other past victories, and to implore His continued favor in the future, divine service was held in the Army on the 14th of August" (1862).

On the night of the second day of the second Manassas, when Medical Director McGuire, recognizing the many casualties he had witnessed, said:

"General, this has been won by nothing but stark and stern fighting," General Jackson replied, "No. It has been won by nothing but the blessing and protection of Providence."

In ending his report of the campaign of Northern Virginia, General Jackson said:

"For these great and signal victories our sincere and humble thanks are due unto Almighty God. We should in all things acknowledge the hand of Him who reigns in heaven and rules among the armies of men. In view of all the arduous labors and great privations the troops were called to endure, and the isolated and perilous position which the command occupied, while engaged with greatly superior numbers of the enemy, we can but express the grateful conviction of our mind, that God was with us, and gave us the victory; and unto His holy name be the praise."

Writing to his wife of the second Manassas, General Jackson again attributed, as he had done personally to Dr. McGuire, the successes of that day to the providences of God. He said, speaking of the several days of the battle, "In all of which God was with us, and gave us the victory. All glory be to His name. May He ever be with us is my earnest prayer, and we ever be His devoted people. It greatly encourages me to feel that so many of God's people are praying for that part of our forces under my command. The Lord has answered their prayers; and my trust is in Him, that He will still continue to do so. God, in His providence, has again placed us across Bull Run, and I pray that He will make our arms continually successful, and that the glory will be given His holy name and none of it to man.

"God has blessed and preserved me through His great mercy."

Jackson Reading the Scriptures.—A chaplain, on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg, saw an officer, whose insignia of rank was hid under the folds of his overcoat, lying in the rear of a battery reading a Bible. Supposing him to be a chaplain, the newcomer approached and began a conversation on the impending battle. The officer on the ground soon changed the subject to religious topics, of which he talked fluently. On asking the officer's name, the chaplain was surprised to find that his chance acquaintance was none other than the famous Stonewall Jackson.

While General Jackson was entirely wanting in ostentation in his religious life, there was one point in his belief to which, on every

suitable occasion, he gave expression—that was his confidence in the immediate hand of God in his own life and the affairs of men in general. As he and his aide, Captain, and afterwards the Rev. James Power Smith, in the early dawn of the morning were riding toward the battlefield of Fredericksburg, raising his hand upward, General Jackson said, "I trust our God will give us a great victory to-day, Captain."

A Seeming Oddity of Jackson Finds a Clear Explanation.—

"Just before the battle of Fredericksburg he rode out in front of his line of battle and offered an earnest prayer for the success of his arms that day.

"Rev. Dr. Brown, former editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, related a characteristic anecdote of this 'man of prayer.' During a visit to the army around Centreville, in 1861, a friend remarked to Dr. Brown, in speaking of General Jackson, in the strain in which many of his old friends were accustomed to disparage him, 'The truth is, sir, that old Jack is crazy. I can account for his conduct in no other way. Why, I frequently meet him out in the woods walking backwards and forth, muttering to himself in incoherent sentences and gesticulating wildly, and at such times he seems utterly oblivious of my presence and of everyone else.'

"Dr. Brown happened next night to share Jackson's blanket, and in a long and tender conversation on the best means of promoting personal holiness in the camp the great soldier said to him: 'I find that it greatly helps me in fixing my mind and quickening my devotions to give articulate utterance to my prayers, and hence I am in the habit of going off into the woods where I can be alone and speak audibly to myself the prayers I would pour out to God. I was at first annoyed that I was compelled to keep my eyes open to avoid running against the trees and stumps; but, upon investigating the matter, I do not find that the Scriptures require us to close our eyes in prayer, and the exercise has proved to me to be very delightful and profitable.'

"And thus Dr. Brown got the explanation of the conduct which his friend had cited to prove that 'Old Jack is crazy.'

"A friend was once conversing with him about the difficulty of the Scripture injunction, 'Pray without ceasing,' and Jackson insisted that we could so accustom ourselves to it that it could be easily obeyed. 'When we take our meals there is the grace. When I take a drink of water I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift

my heart in thanks to God for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box at the postoffice, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to pray God that He may prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my classroom and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so with every other familiar act of the day.'

"'But,' said his friend, 'do you not often forget these seasons, coming so frequently?'

"'No,' said he, 'I have made the practice habitual to me, and I can no more forget it than to forget to drink when I am thirsty.' . . . Suffice it to say that I saw him frequently, heard him converse on religious topics, heard him offer as fervent, tender, and every way appropriate prayers as I ever heard from anyone, and can say from my own personal knowledge of him that if I ever came in contact with an humble, earnest child of God, it was this 'thunderbolt of war,' who followed with childlike faith the 'Captain of our Salvation,' and who humbly laid at the foot of the cross all of his ambitions and honors.

"Having lived such a life, the logical result was the glorious death which has been so fully described by Dr. Dabney, Dr. Hunter McGuire and others."—*Dr. J. W'm. Jones, Chaplain C. S. A., in S. H. Mag., Vol. —, pp. 344-4.*

Jackson Glad to See One of His Colored Sunday School Scholars.

"During the winter (1862), at Moss Neck, I had a boy as my servant from the town of Lexington, both very black and very faithful. One day I was surprised to see the General (Stonewall Jackson) eyeing him very closely as he worked about the campfire. 'Why, is that you, John?' the General said, surprised and pleased. When I asked John afterward how he came to know General Jackson, he said, 'Oh, I knew the Major; the Major made me get the catechism.' He was one of the scholars of Jackson's Sunday School, and he knew his catechism well. The only fault of which John could be charged was that, unlike all the other servants, he liked to see the battle. Mounted on a fine mare, which I had never ridden into danger, John came again and again under fire, and seemed most happy in the fire and smoke of battle. It is a question some of my Boston friends may discuss, whether John derived his rare military spirit from Stonewall Jackson or from the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and I may add, in this

remote part of the theological world, that that catechism and its teachings are believed by some to have had something to do with the soldierly valor and renown of many others than Stonewall Jackson and my black boy John."—*From Rev. Jas. Power Smith's Lecture to the Military Hist. Society of Massachusetts*, pp. 8-9.

Jackson Had His Favorite Hymns.—"After removing his headquarters to Hamilton Crossing (1863), General Jackson established an altar of daily morning prayer in his military family. He was too liberal and unobtrusive in his religion to exact compulsory attendance on the part of his staff, but their regard for him prompted them to gratify his wishes, and he always greeted their presence with a face of beaming commendation. He appointed his chaplain to officiate at these services; but, if he was absent, the General took his place himself, and, with the greatest fervor and humility offered up his tribute of praise and supplication. Meetings for prayer were held at his quarters twice a week, on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and on Sunday afternoons he loved to engage the musical members of his staff in singing sacred songs, to which he listened with genuine delight. He rarely let them stop without calling for the hymn beginning—

'How happy are they
Who the Savior obey.'

"Other favorite hymns were:

'Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve.'

' 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross.'

'When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few.'

"And,

'Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.'

"(Sung to the tune of Harwell.)"—*From Mrs. Jackson's Life of General Jackson*.

Jackson Creates a Stir by Calling for a Corporal.—General Jackson's life was an epic of thankfulness for all the benefits and blessings that he received from Almighty God. After Fredericksburg, it was: "The enemy, through God's blessing, was repulsed at all points on

Saturday, and I trust that our Heavenly Father will continue to bless us. We have renewed reason for gratitude to Him for my preservation during the last engagement." On Christmas, 1862, he wrote: "Yesterday I received the baby's letter with a beautiful lock of hair. How I do want to see that precious baby, and I do earnestly pray for peace. Oh, that our country was such a Christian, God-fearing people as it should be. Then we might very speedily look for peace." In another letter: "If all our troops, officers and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war." Quoting, he wrote: "Dr. Dabney writes, 'Our little prayer-meeting is still meeting daily to pray for our army and leaders.' This prayer-meeting may be the means of accomplishing more than our Army. I wish that such existed everywhere. How it does cheer my heart to hear of God's people praying for our cause and for me. I greatly prize the prayers of the pious." December 29th, he tells of having had "the privilege of attending divine service in a church near General Hill's headquarters and enjoyed the services very much." To a relative who had joined the Army he wrote, that, "through the blessings of God," he would render valuable service to their "precious cause." To another about this time he wrote: "I hope you are a Christian. There is no happiness like that experienced by a child of God. You have an interest in my prayers."

It may well be said of this soldier of the church militant that he went about doing good. Rev. James P. Smith, D. D., tells that when he was a private in General Jackson's command, "the General came to our camp one day in my absence and created a great stir by asking for Corporal Smith. Great expectations were aroused that Corporal Smith was to be appointed to some office or special duty, but on my return it was found that he had called to leave me *a package of religious tracts for distribution in the camp.*"

Jackson Desired a Christian Daily Paper.—One of the means that General Jackson wished exerted for the spiritual welfare of the country was the establishment of "a Christian daily newspaper." In a letter written near Fredericksburg, Va., on March 28th, 1863, to Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, General Jackson said:

"I feel a deep interest in seeing a Christian daily paper established. I believe there is not a single daily paper in the country but which violates the Sabbath by printing on that holy day for its Monday's issue. I have thought upon this subject for several years, and it

appears to me that now is a good time to start such a paper whilst our country is in trouble and is looking to God for assistance. How can we consistently ask God to bless us when we continue to encourage, for the gratification of curiosity, a disregard for His holy law? Such a paper as it appears to me is demanded would give us early news as is at present received at the printing-office on Sunday, as the paper, which would be mailed on Monday, would be printed on Saturday instead of Sunday. If such a paper could be established, it might be the means of influencing the future course of our country."

Jackson's Intercourse with His Chaplains.—During the winter of 1862-3 General Jackson was very attentive to the duty of inculcating religious sentiments amongst his troops. He was deeply interested in securing chaplains for his soldiers and in inspiring the chaplains in the service with more zeal for their duties. When a Catholic priest applied for permission to minister to those of his own faith in Jackson's Army, as soon as he had satisfied himself that the applicant was a proper person, the General declared with an emphasis that brushed aside any opposition that might arise, "He shall have a tent." When the General was about to make a move when no tents were allowed to be taken, and the priest said he could not perform his ministerial duties without one, General Jackson gave him permission to have one, adding, "I do not care what may be said on the subject." The priest's tent, besides the one at headquarters, was the only one in camp.

General Jackson's mind was broadly Catholic and absolutely tolerant. A service in his camp was described thus: "We had a Presbyterian sermon, introduced by Baptist services, under the direction of a Methodist chaplain, in an Episcopal church."

General Jackson Prayed Before Advancing to Meet Hooker.—On the morning of April 29, 1863, General Hooker advanced with his army across the Rappahannock. General Jackson was given the duty, without special orders from General Lee, to meet the movement. He said to the orderly that brought him the information of the advance: "Say to General Jackson that he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do." Before ordering his tent to be struck, as he entered on this heavy task, General Jackson dismounted and sought the secrecy of his military closet. His servant, Jim, to whom he had given the reins of his horse, lifted his hands above his head, as mute notice to the noisy multitude about him, and then in an audible whisper said: "Hush. The General is praying." Instantly silence fell upon

the camp. Not until the tentfolds were opened, and the captain of the hosts about him, annealed and anointed for battle, appeared to view, was the calm of voice and movement that had paused as he prayed, broken.

General Jackson Worships in the Church His Soldiers Built.—In the winter of 1862-3, the soldiers of General Jackson's corps built a church. "As this chapel was near the quarters of General Jackson, he often came to worship in it with his favorite brigade. Instead of affecting the chief seat in the synagogue, he delighted to sit among the rough, weather-beaten privates, and lay aside all official dignity to accompany them to the throne of grace in the common footing of worshippers. Their reverence for his person sometimes led them to leave a respectful distance between themselves and the seat he occupied; but he would never consent that any space should be lost, where so many were crowding to hear the Word. As he saw them seeking seats elsewhere, he was accustomed to rise and invite them by gesture to the vacancies near him and was never so well satisfied as when he had some unkempt soldier bounding his elbow on either side, and all the room about him completely filled. Then he was ready to address himself with his usual fixed attention to the services."—*Dabney's Life*, Vol. I, p. 651.

"My old brigade," wrote General Jackson to Mrs. Jackson, "has built a log church; as yet I have not been in it. I am much interested in reading Hunter's *Life of Moses*. It is a delightful book; and I feel more improved in reading it than by an ordinary sermon."

Mr. George G. Higgins, of Annapolis, Maryland, a Confederate soldier, assisted in building this log church. He said it was built of spruce logs, long and shapely, and excellent timber for building purposes. The crevices between the logs were chinked up with wood and clay. The church was in process of building for two weeks, and when finished would accommodate a congregation of five hundred. There was no instrumental music at these services, but there was a fine choir, there being a number of excellent singers amongst the soldiers. The church was located at Hanover Junction.

Jackson's Trust in the God of Battles.—"Jackson looked forward to the coming campaign (that of 1863), with the deepest interest. He was one day conversing with a member of his staff, and having stated the grounds upon which he believed a great battle was soon to take

place, he remained silent for some moments, and then added humbly and reverently:

"My trust is in God."

"A brief silence again followed these words; but suddenly rising to his feet, with flashing eyes and compressed lips, he exclaimed:

"I wish they would come."

Jackson Allowed a Catholic Chaplain to Have the Only Tent Outside That of Headquarters.—"A very remarkable illustration

of Jackson's liberality was shown just before the battle of Chancellorsville. We had been ordered to send to the rear all surplus baggage, and to illustrate how rigidly this was done—only one tent, and that a small one, was allowed for the headquarters of the corps. It was intended to make the campaign of 1863 a very active one. 'We must make this campaign,' said Jackson, 'an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with a stronger. It must make up in activity what it lacks in strength, and a defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Don't wait for the adversary to be fully prepared, but strike him the first blow.' When all the tents amongst other surplus baggage were taken away, a Roman Catholic priest of one of the Louisiana Regiments sent in his resignation because he could not perform the duties of his office without the privacy of a tent. Jackson asked me about Father ————. I told him he was one of the most useful men in time of battle that we had; that I would miss his services very much. He ordered that this Roman Catholic priest should retain his tent, and he was the only man in the corps who had the privilege."—*Dr. A. Hunter McGuire, C. S. A., South. Hist. Mag., Vol. 25, p. 107.*

Jackson's Life Had its Influence.—The life of such a man as Thomas Jonathan Jackson could not fail of its influence. "This extraordinary man produced an impression upon his soldiers," which a writer in 1891 said, "remains to this day," of which fact Mr. W. R. St. John, the president of the Mercantile Bank of New York, gives proof in his own experience. He states that, two years previous, 1889, he was on a business errand in the Shenandoah Valley in company with General Thomas Jordan, chief of staff to General Beauregard in the Confederate army, and at the close of the day they found themselves at the foot of the mountains in a wild and lonely place, where there was no village, and not even a house save a rough shanty for the use of the

"track-walker" on the railroad. "It was not," said Mr. St. John, "an attractive shade for rest, but rather suggestive of the solitary cabin, in which they sat down to such a supper as could be provided in this desolate spot. The unprepossessing look of everything was completed when the keeper of the station came in and took his seat at the head of the table. A bear out of the woods could hardly have been rougher than he, with his unshaven beard and unkempt hair. He answered to the type of the border ruffian, whose appearance suggests the dark deeds that might be done here in secret and hidden in the gloom of the forest. Imagine their astonishment when this rough backwoodsman rapped on the table and bowed his head, and such a prayer! 'Never,' said our friend, 'did I hear a petition that more evidently came from the heart. It was so simple, so reverent, and so tender, so full of humanity and penitence, as well as thankfulness to the Giver of all good! We sat in silence, and as soon as I could recover myself I whispered to my friend, 'Who can he be?' to which he answered, 'I don't know, but he must be one of Stonewall Jackson's old soldiers.' *And he was!* As we walked out into the open air, I accosted our new acquaintance, and, after a few questions about the country, asked: 'Were you in the war?' 'Oh, yes,' he said with a smile, 'I was out with Old Stonewall!' Here, then, was one of the famous 'Stonewall Brigade,' whose valor was proved on so many a battle-field. Such were the men, now white with years, scarred with wounds, who last summer, on the anniversary of the battle of Bull Run, thronged the hill-top at Lexington, and wept at the unveiling of the monument which recalled their old commander."—*Evangelist, S. H. M.*, Vol. 19, p. 371.



CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

THE HUMANITIES IN STONEWALL JACKSON'S CHARACTER.

The Humanities in General Jackson—Jackson's Social Habits—Jackson's Speedy Reparation of an Injustice to a Cadet—Jackson Turned His Headquarters Into a Hospital for the Sick—Jackson Would Not Prohibit Ladies from Visiting the Camp—Jackson Amenable to Reason—Jackson Rebukes His Staff for Laughing at the Ignorance of a Poor Woman Seeking Her Son—Jackson Sociable with His Soldiers—Jackson's Thoughtfulness for a Subordinate Officer—Exchange of Medical Officers.

The Humanities of General Jackson.—"He was humane, and felt deeply for those in distress. For the suffering population of Fredericksburg, after the bombardment and battle, he was greatly concerned. He issued an appeal to the officers and men of his command, and \$30,000 passed through my hands for which I have the receipts of the Mayor of the town."—*James Power Smith.*

"For a sick woman among his servants, he wrote from the field a letter of kindest sympathy and consolation."—*Ibid.*

"For a Louisiana Regiment, he sought a Catholic priest for its chaplain."—*Ibid.*

"In Lexington, he went from church to church, until he found the gentle, saintly and venerable Presbyterian pastor, Dr. Wm. S. White, to be the guide he needed. Slowly, through doubts, with some honest difficulties, he came to personal faith, simple, direct, loving, strong, that took hold of his whole being. The psalmist says, of the wicked man, 'God is not in all his thoughts.' The supreme fact in the character of Stonewall Jackson was that 'God was in all his thoughts'."—*Ibid.*

General Jackson's Habits.—"His Sabbaths were sacredly reserved from the smallest secular distractions. If his friend exclaimed, 'Surely, Major, your eyes would not be injured by the reading of one letter now,' his answer was: 'I suppose they wouldn't; but if I read this letter tonight, which is not truly necessary to do (one of friendship or compliment), I shall be tempted to read something else that interests me to-morrow night, and the next, so that my rule will be broken down. Then my eyesight will undoubtedly be injured. But

if I thus incapacitated myself, by acts not necessary, for my duties to my employees, and my pupils, in the Institute, *I shall commit sin*.'—*Dabney's Life of Jackson*, p. 76.

Jackson's Speedy Reparation of an Injustice to a Cadet.—An incident in General Jackson's career at the Virginia Military Institute is often repeated, as an evidence of his conscientious care in promptly repairing every injury he did to another. This comes to us from first hands, written by "B. M. I.," in the *Richmond Standard*, a cadet at the school. The author says: "One day when the class was reciting to him (General Jackson), on Bartlett's *Mechanics*, Cadet L——— was sent to the blackboard, and had as his subject assigned him (a problem), which involved a great deal of analytical work. The work done, the cadet faced about, assumed the position of a soldier, saluted the Major (his rank at that time), and indicated his readiness to recite. During the demonstration Major Jackson detected, as he thought, some error in the work—maybe the sign *plus* when it should have been *minus*, or the reverse. The cadet ventured to insist that his work was right, as much as a cadet dare insist on anything with 'old Jack' (as the Major was called in cadet parlance). This was offensive to military discipline, and Cadet L——— was ordered to his seat, to which he went with a sad heart, fearing he would not only get a low mark on the class-book, but he would be reported for disorderly conduct.

"The class was soon dismissed. The day wore on—a cold, stormy day in January. About nine o'clock that night, or just after we had gone to our rooms for tattoo, we heard the sentinel call for the corporal of the guard, and very soon an officer came to our room. He called out: 'L———, old Jack's in the guard-room, and wants you.' We said: 'Ah, old fellow, you are gone up for arrest.' Down went the cadet, wondering, fearing. As he entered the guard-room there stood 'old Jack' like a grand old Roman, snow on his cloak, his cap, and his beard. The cadet doffed his cap, and saluted him; he returned the salute in his nervous, quick way, and said: 'Mr. L———, I have been looking over the subject you had in the lecture-room this morning and comparing it with your analytical work, and I find that you were right and I was wrong and the book was wrong, and I beg your pardon, Mr. L———. I could not sleep feeling that I had injured you, and I came down to tell you so.'

"The cadet, in his joy, said: 'Oh, Major, it made no difference. I would not have had you walk all the way down here in this storm.'

The Major replied: 'That's sufficient, Mr. L.——; retire to your quarters, it is very near taps.' (Taps was the hour every light was to be put out at the tap of the drum.) Out in that dark, howling storm old Stonewall went; his house fully a mile away; but what cared he for storm or distance? he had wronged a cadet, a private in the ranks, and he could not sleep till the wrong was repaired. The matter was mentioned next morning at the mess-hall when we were breakfasting. The careless laughed and said: 'Old Jack is crazy.' The more thoughtful laid the matter away in their hearts to reflect on in after years, for many knew he was a *stonewall* before he was christened by the fire and blood of Manassas."—*S. H. Mag.*, Vol. 9, pp. 425-6.

Jackson's Humanity.—"We were encamped about five miles east of the battle field (the first Bull Run), and from the impurity of the water and the stench from the surrounding country, the boys gave it the name of 'Camp Maggot.' A great many were taken sick at this camp and General Jackson turned the house that he used for his headquarters into a hospital."—*Casler's History*, p. 48.

Jackson Would Not Prohibit Ladies and Female Relatives of His Soldiers from Visiting the Camp.—"It was complained by one of his distinguished generals of division, in a severe paper, that ladies, mothers, wives and daughters had invaded the vicinity of our camp, and were diverting officers and men from their duty. When the paper was read to him, Jackson rose and paced the room impatiently, and, to the request that he would order the ladies to retire, he said: 'I will do no such thing; I am glad my people can have their friends with them; I wish my wife could come to see me'."—*James Power Smith*.

General Jackson Amenable to Reason.—General Taliaferro relates this incident in Jackson's career that shows how General Jackson held his equipoise under some provocation to become irritated, and immediately did what the offender suggested. In moving his division on the night of Jackson's march to the rear of Pope's Army, detachments of cavalry at intervals came into the road where the General's infantry was struggling along in the darkness, and added to the embarrassments of the march—the foot soldiery having great difficulty in getting out of the way. This irritated the commander of the division so greatly that he gave vent to his indignation in language more vehement than classic. At last, a larger party of horsemen than the usual number invading their passage, passed General Taliaferro, and crowded his men off the road, and destroyed (in large degrees) what

little of organization the troops could maintain under the unhelpful conditions of the march. General Taliaferro called on the horsemen to halt, and ordered the infantry to stop their further progress, and threatened to have them pulled from their horses, and possibly well trampled as a punishment for their reckless conduct. Indeed, the General admits he was very angry and he hardly remembered when he came to write about it, what were the expletives that he did use. Then one of the party called out: "This is General Jackson and his staff." General Taliaferro made the best apology he could command, and, then with a soldier's boldness, he told the General that he was out of place, and that "I was too far in front myself—we were not near the leading regiment, and we had better halt and allow a brigade or two to pass before he ventured further." To this he willingly agreed, and the two generals remained together until the army was halted at dawn.

General Jackson Rebukes His Staff.—A poor woman came to General Jackson's camp one day hunting for a son that was in his army. She was of very simple mind, utterly unused to the ways of military life, and addressed the General as Mr. Jackson. The General inquired the number of the regiment to which the young man belonged. The mother replied that she did not know, nor could she give the General any information that would lead him to the identity of her son, seeming to think that the General would know each man individually. At this dense want of knowledge, some of General Jackson's staff laughed. At this General Jackson turned and rebuked his staff severely.

This was given to me by Mr. Eugene Worthington, a private in the Confederate Army.

General Jackson Sociable With His Soldiers.—While a severe disciplinarian who would tolerate no unmilitary conduct in privates or officers, General Jackson was kind and friendly to the soldiers of his command when proper occasion arrived. Mr. Arthur J. Wheatley, of Annapolis, is the authority for these facts given him by his uncle, the late Wm. A. Wheatley, of Kent County, Maryland, who was a private in the 26th Virginia Regiment. He says that while his uncle was on sentry duty at night, General Jackson had come out to the posts, and had there talked with him on many subjects, including battles past, but never of any military matters that were to come. He says General Jackson despised the guards' names being given to him on paper. He wanted the officers to know the men by their names. He knew the

soldier's names. (This evidently meant those that came in common contact with him in their duties.)

General Jackson's Thoughtfulness for a Subordinate Officer.—At Cunningham's Ford, on the Rappahannock, in the campaign against Pope, Major General Wm. B. Taliaferro and General Jackson were together. The enemy was showing itself in large force on the opposite bank, on which General Taliaferro ran up several field pieces to the front, which occasioned a brisk artillery duel. The guns were moved from time to time to disconcert the aim of the Federals, who had an excellent range on the Confederates. General Jackson approved of the disposition of the troops, which had been sent to the woods in the rear, and proposed to General Taliaferro that they ride to the batteries. Seeing no necessity to expose his staff, General Taliaferro sent them back and accompanied General Jackson. He took a position near the guns and appeared to be charmed with the work of the guns to such a degree that he apparently became oblivious to the danger to which he was exposed. "He was out of place undoubtedly," said General Taliaferro, "but he seemed to have forgotten himself in his eagerness to see the guns served, leaning forward on his horse to watch the effect of the discharges, and now and then exclaiming in his quick, sharp way, when a shot told, 'Good, good.' Men and horses were killed around him, among them one of his couriers, but he did not seem to observe it or realize the situation. All at once, however, he turned to me and asked, as quietly as if he had been sitting in his tent, 'General, are you a man of family?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I have a wife and five children at home, and my impression is that in less than five minutes there will be a widow and five orphans there.' 'Good, good,' and then suddenly, to the relief of all who were with him, it appeared to flash upon him, that however exciting the role of battery commander might be, it was not altogether consistent with the position and responsibility of the chief of a corps, and, giving orders to have the battery moved, he galloped away to the rear, in which retrograde movement I felt it my duty to accompany him. I have always had a sort of suspicion, however, that his own life was saved on that occasion by his sympathy for my wife and children'."

The Humane Exchange of Medical Officers First Suggested by General Jackson.—The great character of Stonewall Jackson rises pyramidal from every side. To him belongs the honor of having first suggested and carried into execution the humane, early exchange of

captured medical officers. In a letter from Dr. John S. Apperson, formerly hospital steward to Surgeon Harvey Black, from Harper's Ferry, Va., when the old Stonewall Brigade was organized up to the surrender at Appomatox, are taken the following facts:

"I remember, and very clearly, that about this time (the Valley Campaign), it was well understood that General Jackson regarded medical officers of the opposing army as non-combatants and not amenable to the same restrictions as other prisoners of war. And this is in perfect harmony with the Christian character of this great soldier. His courage, fidelity to duty and loyalty to his native State and the cause he loved were equalled only by his humanity. No matter what the conditions were—whether in camp or on the march, in battle, flushed with victory or falling back before an overwhelming force, as he once or twice did, he never failed to require the utmost care on the part of his medical officers for his sick and wounded, and a feeling of compassion, akin to sympathy, for a maimed and crippled foe was manifest in all he did. * * *

"So great was General Jackson's concern for the sick and wounded of his army and the efficiency of his medical corps, he encouraged the organization of a traveling hospital or field infirmary. This was put in operation just before the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, and it has been a question with me whether or not this was the first undertaking of the kind in either army. It was a distinct organization, reporting directly to headquarters. It had its commissary and quartermaster, ambulances, transportation wagons, hospital tents, medical supplies, stewards, detailed nurses and matron, in addition to a sufficient number of commissioned medical officers. As an interesting fact, there were also, as a part of this outfit, some ten or twelve milch cows, a part of which accompanied the army through the Pennsylvania campaign and back to Virginia. * * *

"If it (this letter) does nothing more, it will afford such indisputable evidence that the human exchange of medical officers was first suggested and practiced by General Jackson.

"It is noteworthy that after this battle of Winchester (May 25, 1862), there was inaugurated a humanitarian movement in reference to surgeons left in charge of wounded prisoners, that has since become the rule among civilized nations engaged in war."—*Conf. Military History*, pp. 246-7, Vol. 3; *South. Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 30, p. 233.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

OPINION OF STONEWALL JACKSON ON STRONG DRINK.

Generals Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart Decline to Drink Liquor—Jackson Expresses Himself on the Taste of Liquor—Stonewall Jackson's Most Dreaded Foe.

Generals Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart Decline to Drink Liquors.—General Jackson abhorred intoxicating liquors. When he had turned General Pope's flank and had captured his commissary stores, great quantities of liquor were amongst the spoils. A very conscientious Federal major, who was the post commissary, was amongst the prisoners. He begged General Taliaferro to let him save his books so that he could account for his stores. General Taliaferro told him that the easiest way out of his difficulties was to report them as captured by the enemy. "I then," said the General, "requested him to point out to me the barrels of whiskey and other liquors which were in store, that I might have them destroyed before the men could get access to them. This was done, but he commended to my own use a roundlet of cognac, as being much too good to be staved. At this moment General Jackson and General Stuart entered the room, and I proposed to share this spoil and to test at once the commissary's judgment. This they both declined to do, and I was obliged to drink 'better luck next time,' to my unfortunate host without their assistance'."

Jackson Expresses Himself on the Taste of Liquor.—After the Maryland campaign, when General Jackson had turned toward Virginia, "fatigued by the day's march," Jackson was persuaded by his host of the night to drink a whiskey toddy—"the only glass of spirits," says Colonel Hy. Kyd Douglas, of his staff, "I ever saw him take." While the mixture was being prepared, General Jackson said that "he believed he liked the taste of brandy and whiskey more than any soldier in the army; that they were more palatable to him than the most fragrant coffee, and for that reason, and others, he rarely tasted them."—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 223.

Stonewall Jackson's Most Dreaded Foe.—This statement was written by a citizen of Norfolk, Va., once a Confederate soldier, and was first published in the *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky., on November 20, 1895:

"About daylight of the day before the second battle of Manassas, I was ordered to report to General T. J. Jackson, with a detail of one hundred men for special duty. Upon arrival at the headquarters and making myself known by presenting the order of General J. E. B. Stuart, General Jackson told me to come with him, and rode some fifty or one hundred yards from his staff, turned towards me and halted. Then he said, 'Captain, do you ever use liquors?' I replied, 'No, sir.' He then said: 'I sent to General Steuart to send me a special detail of one hundred men under command of an officer who never used spirituous liquors. Are you that man?' I said: 'Yes, sir, I was detailed on that account.'

"'Well, sir, I have an order to give, upon the full and exact execution of which depends the success of the present movement, and the result of the battle soon to be fought. Can I trust you to execute it?'

"I replied, that if to keep sober was all that was needful he could rely upon my obedience.

"He said, 'No, that is not all, but unless you can resist temptation to drink you cannot carry out my orders; but I will explain.' He then pointed to a large frame depot or warehouse and said: 'Take your command up to that warehouse, have a large number of barrels of bread rolled out and sent down the railroad to a point about five hundred yards from the warehouse, so that the men may get all the bread they want as they pass, and then take some picked men into the building and spill all the liquors there; don't spare a drop, nor let any man taste it under any circumstances. I expect you to execute this order at any cost.'

"He pulled down his cap and was about to ride back to his staff, when I said to him: 'General, suppose an officer of superior rank should order me under arrest and then gain possession of the warehouse?'

"He said with an air of solemnity I shall never forget, coming close to me and looking as if he would look me through: 'Until I relieve you in person you are exempt from arrest except upon my order in writing.' He then said: 'I fear that liquor more than General Pope's Army,' and rode off.

"I took my men to the warehouse, now so important in my eyes, and threw a guard around it, placing five men at each entrance, with orders neither to allow any one to enter, nor to enter themselves. I then put some prisoners under guard to roll out the bread nearest the doors.

In a little while this was done, and to guard was apparently all that was required. But in a little while I was called to one entrance to find a general officer with his staff demanding that the guards should either allow him to enter or bring out some liquor. Upon my refusal to comply with his request, he ordered his adjutant to place me under arrest.

"I told him that I was put there by General Jackson in person, and exempted from liability of arrest. He gave his staff an order to dismount and enter the warehouse, and I gave my men the order to level their guns, and 'make ready.' This made the thirsty General halt, and hold a consultation with his officers, who concluded to try persuasion. But they found no liquor could be had. They then asked my name, and to what command I belonged, and threatened to report me for disobedience of orders to a superior officer.

"Just then General A. P. Hill came galloping up with his staff. I explained the situation to him, and soon saw that he took in the situation, as he ordered the thirsty squad off. Then he said: 'Have you orders to burn this building?' On my replying that I had not, he went off. Within an hour General Jackson sent me an order to burn the building. This I did. No man got a drink that day. And the foe that Stonewall Jackson most dreaded was powerless for evil."



CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

STONEWALL JACKSON WAS ADMIRERD IN THE FEDERAL ARMY AND BELOVED IN THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

The Soldiers Loved Jackson—The Soldiers Idolized Jackson—Jackson's Humanity to a Gallant Opponent—Jackson Praised General Schenck's Stratagem in His Retreat—A Federal Colonel Wears Crape for Jackson—Jackson's Fame in the Union Army—"Catching Stonewall Jackson"—Personal Popularity of Jackson—Respect for Jackson in Federal Ranks—Jackson Respected Friendship for a Brave Colored Man—General Jackson Did Not Believe in Killing Sentries.

The Soldiers Loved Jackson.—"Chickahominy River was near by (June 28, 1862, the morning after the battle of Cold Harbor), and the enemy had destroyed the brigade in their retreat the night before, and we had to repair it before we could advance; therefore, our portion of the army remained on the battle field all day and repaired the bridge. While six of us were carrying a log on the bridge with hand sticks, General Jackson was standing on the bridge, with his back towards us, directly in our way. As we were turning to one side to pass around him, he noticed us, and quickly stepping to one side, he said, 'Oh, come on, never mind me,' as if he were somebody of small importance.

"Those few words and his farewell address that I have mentioned were the only words that I ever heard him speak during the whole of his military career. I have often been close to him, just before, during, and after a battle, and have seen couriers bring despatches to him which he would read, write out something, hand it back to them, and not open his mouth to speak during the time. I have seen some of his aides and staff officers ride up to him, when he was sitting on the 'old sorrel,' viewing the country, and tell him something about the lines, or something of importance, and he would calmly sit there for a few moments, then turn his horse and ride slowly away, his staff following, without uttering a single word.

"Such was 'Stonewall' Jackson; a man of few words. He was not a man of moods; but always the same. He kept his own counsel. Dick, his cook and camp servant, knew as much of his intentions as anybody. He said whenever Jackson got up at night and commenced to pray, he

immediately packed his haversack. ' 'Cos den I knowed dere wuz a move on hand,' he would say."

"But the soldiers loved him. Every time he would pass our brigade, we would all commence cheering him, to see him raise his cap, show his high, bold forehead, and go dashing by in a gallop. No matter whether it was raining or snowing, the cap would be raised and kept off until he had passed the whole line."—*Casler's History*, pp. 127-8-9.

The Soldiers Idolized General Jackson.—"He knew that his ragged and often starving soldiers idolized him and had the most implicit confidence in him, and yet he never courted public demonstrations of any kind. However, his presence on the march and on the battle field always created the greatest enthusiasm. I often noticed that when cheered on the battle field, he would simply lift his hat in recognition of the shout, and immediately spur his old sorrel to get by as soon as possible. At Cedar Run, when he appeared in my front after we had driven the enemy, my men greeted him with one of their wild rebel yells, and when it had subsided many called out: 'Let General Jackson tell us what he wishes done, and we will do it.' In recognition of such enthusiasm on the battle field, he simply bared his head and said not a word."—*Brig. General James H. Lane*.

Jackson's Humanity to a Gallant Opponent.—In one of its engagements, the Stonewall Brigade had to defend a railroad cut. A New York Regiment, the 52nd, was ordered to charge the Confederates. At that moment the ammunition of the Stonewall Brigade had given out, and they were using rocks to defend the position. The Major of the New York Regiment led the bayonet charge. As the Confederates were giving way, General Stuart arrived with his cavalry and saved the day. The New York Major fell with a fatal wound and was left on the field, as his soldiers retreated. Stonewall Jackson, at this moment, called out to his men: "Tell the Surgeons to take that man (meaning the Federal Major), to the hospital and do all they can for him. I never saw a braver charge." When this news was carried to the New Yorkers, they raised in camp "*Three cheers for Stonewall Jackson!*" This incident was related to me by Mr. George May, Keeper of the National Cemetery at Annapolis, Md., who was a soldier in the charge, and was wounded and lay on the battle field for several days. He states that the report of the cheers was given him after he returned to his lines.

Jackson Praises General Schenck's Stratagem in His Retreat.—

Major Dabney, who was with Jackson at McDowell, says: "Soon the sky was overcast with volumes of smoke, and wrapped every distant object in a veil impenetrable to the eyes and the telescopes of the officers alike. Through this sultry fog the pursuing army felt its way cautiously along, while it was protected from ambushade only by detachments of skirmishers who scoured the burning woods on each side of the highway. As fast as these could scramble over the precipitous hills and the blazing thickets, the great column crept along the main road like a lazy serpent, the General far in advance of its head in his eagerness to overtake the foe. He (Jackson), declared that this smoke was the most adroit expedient to which a retreating army could resort to embarrass pursuit, and that it entailed upon him all the disadvantages of a night attack. By slow approaches and constant skirmishing, the enemy were driven to the village of Franklin, when the double darkness of the night and the fog again arrested his progress."—*Dabney*, p. 35.

A Federal Colonel Wears Crape for Jackson.—Colonel Charles L. K. Sumwalt, colonel of the 138th Pennsylvania, had such respect for General Jackson that, upon his death, he wore crape in honor of his memory. This officer was thereupon arrested. He was deposed from his command, and finally released from arrest on his parole that he would not visit the regiment that he had commanded and would "in all things conduct himself as a loyal citizen of the United States."—*Baltimore Sun*, of May 19, 1863.

Jackson's Fame in the Union Army.—As Jackson's star of genius rose above the horizon of fame, and won for him the love and confidence of the Confederate Army, so grew the respect and admiration of the Federals for his skill, courage and military success. Nearly a half century after the war was over, a Union soldier of Annapolis, Md., Mr. Louis Brewer, said to the author: "We had great respect for him. He was a great fighter."

Casler in his History of the Stonewall Brigade, writes that when he was in Fort McHenry, towards the close of the war, as a prisoner, "Lovett (one of the Confederate prisoners), wanted to raise some money one day, and adopted a novel plan to do so. He had an old watch key, and walked up and down with the sentinel with the key in his hand until he attracted the sentinel's attention to it, and then re-

marked that there was a key that once belonged to 'Stonewall Jackson.' The sentinel wanted to buy it at once; but, of course, Lovett would not part with it for any consideration. Finally, after a great amount of begging, Lovett was induced to take five dollars for it. I suppose that key is held as a trophy to this day, but Jackson never saw that key."

Personal Popularity of Jackson.—On the morning after the battle of Malvern Hill, he (Jackson), was riding on the left of his line, when he met Colonel Munford of the cavalry, and after some words upon military matters, asked him if he had managed to secure some breakfast. The Colonel informed him that he had, and Jackson asked:

"I should like to have some myself. I wonder if I could get some buttermilk?"

"Yes, General, come with me," was Colonel Munford's answer.

And they rode to the plain mansion in which an old lady of the humbler class had furnished Colonel Munford with his breakfast.

"Can I get some breakfast for General Jackson, madam?" asked the officer. "He has had none to-day."

"For whom?" exclaimed the good woman, pausing in her work and looking earnestly at the speaker.

"For General Jackson," was the Colonel's reply.

"General Jackson! That is not General Jackson!" she exclaimed, pointing to the man in the dingy uniform.

"Yes, it is, madam."

The old lady gazed at the General for a moment in silence; her face flushed red, and raising both hands she suddenly burst into tears.

Everything in her house was produced without delay, including the longed-for buttermilk; but nothing, evidently, in the old lady's estimation was good enough for her hero. These things touched Jackson more than the plaudits of victory.—*Stonewall Jackson, by John Esten Cooke*, pp. 248-9.

Respect for Jackson in Federal Ranks.—"While we were in conversation," said a Federal Officer in Harper's Ferry, soon after the surrender of General White, with 11,000 troops and their equipment and stores on September 15, 1862, to General Jackson, "an orderly rode rapidly across the bridge, and said to General Jackson:

"I am ordered by General McLaws to report to you that General McClellan is within six miles with an immense army!"

"Jackson took no notice of the orderly, apparently, and continued his conversation; but when the orderly had turned away, Jackson called after him with the question:

" 'Has General McClellan any baggage train or drove of cattle?'

"The reply was that he had. Jackson remarked that 'he could whip any army that was followed by a flock of cattle'—alluding to the hungry condition of his men.

"It is a well known fact that the Federal troops, instead of regarding their conqueror with a sentiment of hatred, exhibited the liveliest admiration for him and curiosity to see him. Many desired to shake hands with him and did so. This feeling of the Northern troops was displayed upon many occasions. A gentleman of Culpepper was offered by a Federal soldier \$500 in 'greenbacks' for Jackson's autograph, but refused it; and a Federal officer said to a member of General Longstreet's staff whilst a prisoner in Washington:

"I believe if we were to capture Stonewall Jackson, our troops would cheer his as he passed along."—*John Esten Cooke, Biography of Jackson*, p. 326.

Jackson's Respect and Friendship for a Brave Colored Man.—"I used to fancy," said General Taylor, "that there was an innate sympathy between General Jackson and Tom (an old colored family servant that General Taylor had with him, who had served in the Florida and Mexican campaigns with several of General Taylor's immediate relatives, and would come with the General to the Civil War), as they sat silent by a camp fire, the latter respectfully withdrawn, and an incident here at Strasburg cemented their friendship. When my command was called into action, I left Tom on a hill where all was quiet. Thereafter, from a change in the enemy's disposition, the place became rather hot, and, Jackson, passing by, advised Tom to move; but he replied, if the general pleased, his master had told him to stay there and would not know where to find him. Two or three nights later, Jackson was at my fire when Tom came to give me some coffee; whereupon Jackson rose, and gravely shook him by the hand, and then told me the above."

Jackson Did Not Believe in Killing Sentries.—When Captain Harry Gilmor, one of the most trusted Confederate scouts, had spared the life of a Federal Sentry whom he had come upon unawares in the dark, he told General Jackson what he had done. During the recital of the incident the General interrupted Captain Gilmor by saying:

"That was right: that was right. I do not like this killing of sentries."

Not only was Jackson tenderhearted, but was most appreciative of services rendered to him or the army. In February, 1862, Captain Gilmor had great difficulty in obtaining information in regard to the movements of General Banks, but he finally obtained it by his own personal efforts and sight of Bank's army. To Captain Gilmor Jackson gave his warmest thanks, when the Captain reported to him the facts that he had secured.

Shortly after the battle of Port Republic, Captain Gilmor, then being at Staunton, rode over to see General Jackson at his quarters in the vicinity. Captain Gilmor says: "I found Jackson at a farm-house. When I entered, he shook me warmly by the hand, assuring me that I had done him good service. After dinner he rode away, and his staff united in saying that I ought to feel proud, for they had never known the general to say so much to a young officer."



CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

PERSONAL TRAITS IN STONEWALL JACKSON.

Jackson Thrashes a Youth for Insulting a Girl—Jackson Gave His Inheritance to His Benefactors—Jackson Would Not Dissimulate for Politeness' Sake—Jackson's Courtesy to Women—Jackson Waited for Orders to Change His Winter Uniform—An Element of Jackson's Greatness—Jackson Puts a Quietus on Flippant Conversation—General Jackson Lived by the Golden Rule—Why Jackson Had His Photograph Taken.

Jackson Thrashes a Youth for Insulting a Girl.—"While on his way to school, an overgrown rustic behaved rudely to one of the girls. Jackson was fired at his cowardly conduct, and told him he must apologize at once, or he would 'thrash him.' The big fellow, supposing he was an overmatch for him, refused, whereupon Jackson pitched into him, and gave him a severe pounding."—*Mrs. Jackson's Life of Jackson*, p. 27.

General Jackson Gave His Inheritance to His Benefactors.—Thomas Jonathan Jackson, when yet in his teens, inherited a few hundred dollars from his Uncle Cummings' estate. This he gave to his aunt, Mrs. White, who was in needy circumstances, as an act of gratitude for having been sheltered under her roof, when a very little boy.

Jackson Would Not Dissimulate for Politeness' Sake.—"One of his (Jackson's) most rigid rules was never to eat a morsel after his frugal supper. (He was a great sufferer from indigestion.) Hence, in the refreshments offered at a later hour, he refused to have any part, to the distress of his hostesses. Amidst the clatter of china and conversation, and the sparkle of wines and ices, the tall form of the Major stood firm; polite, yet constrained, in the gay throng, but not of it. When a friend urged him at least to avoid the awkwardness of the position for himself and the hostess, by seeming to participate, his answer was he did not consider it truthful to seem to do what he was not really doing."—*Dabney's Life of Jackson*, p. 77.

Jackson's Courtesy to Women.—While in camp (before the Civil War) Brigadier-General James H. Lane, C. S. A., then a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, says: "My sister met, during her stay

at the Rockbridge Alum, Prof. Jackson, who was exceedingly polite and deferential. She was deeply impressed by his delicate and gentlemanly attention and kindness to her—a young girl just from school—and it was through her that I first learned to honor the then unknown hero for his chivalrous bearing in the presence of women.”

Jackson Waited for Orders to Change His Winter Uniform.—“We have heard that he once continued to wear a thick woolen uniform late in the summer, and when asked by one of the professors (at V. M. I.) why he did so, replied that he had seen an order prescribing that dress, but none had been exhibited to him directing it to be changed.”—*A Virginian's Life of Jackson*, p. 20.

An Element of Jackson's Greatness.—“One element of General Jackson's greatness and success was the decision and confidence with which he held to the conclusions of his own judgment after he had once made them. His reflection was careful, his caution in weighing all competent considerations great; but when once his mind adopted its verdict, it held to it with unwavering and giant grasp.”—*Dabney*.

Jackson Puts a Quietus on Flippant Conversation.—General Bradley T. Johnson relates, that, after sampling some apple jack, Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's Medical Director, and himself, at the supper table with General Jackson, indulged in a learned discussion upon the uses and abuses of alcohol, deploring its bad effects. General Jackson was rigid, turning neither to the right nor left, and said General Johnson, “let the cockrels crow themselves out.” This over, he announced, “I like the taste and the effect of both. That's the reason I never touch it.” General Johnson confessed that he never knew whether or not General Jackson had taken note of the effects of the apple jack or had smelled its odor on the moralists, “but he shut us up,” said General Johnson.

General Jackson Lived by the Golden Rule.—General Jackson endeavored to do unto others what he wished others to do to him. He made provisions for his colored slaves to go to church, even though far from them. This extract from a letter to a friend shows his spirit of care and thoughtfulness for even the humblest:

“I desire, if practicable, that my boys shall have the opportunity of attending the colored Sabbath School at Lexington, if it is still in operation. I am glad to hear that they are both well, and I trust, through the blessing of an overruling Providence, serving you faith-

fully. * * * Should you not need George, please hire him to some suitable person, with the condition that, if in or near town, he be required to attend Sabbath School; and, wherever he may be, let him be required to attend church at suitable times, as I am very desirous that the spiritual interests of my servants shall be attended to."

Writing from his headquarters at Winchester, after describing them, General Jackson added: "Through the blessing of our over-kind Heavenly Father, I am quite comfortable." In the theory of this world's government, down to its minutest affairs, General Jackson believed that "God reigneth."

When Secretary Benjamin interfered with his plans and gave a military order over his head, and General Jackson had written to Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, either to have him ordered back to the Virginia Military Institute or to accept his resignation, he added: "If ever I acquired, *through the blessing of Providence*, any influence over troops, this undoing my work by the Secretary may greatly diminish that influence."

General Jackson Had His Photograph Taken.—To the entreaties of a little lassie in her early teens, the world is indebted to the best of the portraits of Stonewall Jackson. It was in the fall of 1862, when at Winchester, Va., at Dr. McGuire's suggestion, General Bradley T. Johnson, desired General Jackson to have his photograph taken. He postponed the request and "rather pooh-poohed the notion, as rather weak, for a man to have his photograph taken." Dr. McGuire and General Johnson parted. In the afternoon they met in camp, when Dr. McGuire informed General Johnson that General Jackson had had his photograph taken. The doctor said that, at the dinner table, his little sister had "got to teasing him about it, and he agreed, and he, she and I went down to Rantzahu's and had it taken." The General had his hair trimmed before he appeared in front of the camera.

This photograph is reproduced as the frontispiece in Mrs. Jackson's life of her distinguished husband.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

THE HUMOROUS IN STONEWALL JACKSON.

Stonewall Jackson's Sense of Humor—Jackson Enjoys a Kicking Horse—He Pleaded Grey Hairs to Head off Requests for His Locks—Jackson Made to Smile—A Cadet Makes Stonewall Jackson Laugh—Jackson's Humor Just Before the Battle of Fredericksburg—Jackson Terms His Father-in-Law's Book, "Political Heresies"—Jackson a Difficult Man to Joke With—A Plesantry by General Jackson—Jackson Throws the Javelin of Wit

Stonewall Jackson's Sense of Humor.—It has been often incorrectly stated that Stonewall Jackson had no sense of humor. The statement is far from the truth. He had other aims in life than that of being a recounter of funny stories, yet when the ludicrous presented itself he fully enjoyed it. A correspondent in *The Baltimore Sun*, under the signature of "H." relates that one night during the Civil War, he was with his father, a member of General Stonewall Jackson's staff, riding with General Jackson and his staff from Strasburg, Va., to Winchester, Va., when his father, a Massachusetts man, told this story: "In the early days of the Puritans, a man met one of them going out into the woods with a gun and he said: 'Where are you going?'

" 'To the woods.'

" 'What are you taking your gun with you for?'

" 'I might meet an Indian.'

" 'Are you not a Calvinist?'

" 'I am, in deed and in truth.'

" 'You can't die then till your time comes.'

" 'Know that.'

" 'Then why carry the gun?'

" 'I might meet an Indian whose time had come.'

"Stonewall Jackson," says the correspondent, "laughed most heartily."

The author suggests that the author of this communication was probably the son of Major Jed Hotchkiss, Jackson's chief engineer.

Jackson Enjoys a Kicking Horse—Mr. E. A. Craighill, of Lexington, Va., a member of the Stonewall Brigade, gives this incident to *The Baltimore Sun*:

"After the first battle of Manassas the Stonewall Brigade was camped beyond and not far from Centreville. One evening a member of his (Jackson's staff), Major Paxton, afterward General Paxton, was amusing some of his friends in front of headquarters with a bucking, kicking horse. The horse kicked up his heels, reared and plunged, behaving very badly. So far as I knew, 'Old Jack,' as he was called by the soldiers behind his back, was not noticing what was going on; but he was, and when the horse would kick or buck, he would laugh as heartily and merrily as a child."

Jackson Pleaded Grey Hairs to Head off Requests for His Locks.

—"I remember that two young girls in a mansion on the Rappahannock were with great earnestness asking for locks of his hair. Blushing like a girl himself, he pleaded that they had so much more hair than he had; then that he had grey hairs, and their friends would think he was an old man. They protested that he had no grey hairs, and was not an old man, when he said: 'Why don't you know the boys call me "Old Jack?"'—*James Power Smith.*

Jackson Made to Smile.—The following was related to the author of this book by my father, Elihu S. Riley, Sr.:

Immediately preceding the capture of General Miles at Harper's Ferry, General Jackson stopped at Buckeystown, in Frederick Co., Md. My father and brother were, at that time, visiting relatives in that neighborhood, and were in Buckeystown when General Jackson halted. When my father learned that this distinguished general was present, he was very anxious for his son to see the great soldier. So, in a state of enthusiastic interest, he made a hasty detour of the crowd of civilians present to the place where my brother was, and called out loudly and excitedly: "Dick! Dick! There's Stonewall Jackson!" General Jackson, who had noticed the incident, was very much amused, and a broad smile lit up his face.

A Cadet Makes Stonewall Jackson Laugh.—There came a day in the history of the Virginia Military Institute, when Major Jackson, instructor in Artillery, and Professor of Natural and Economic Philosophy, became the Acting Commandant. On this occasion a cadet appeared before him to answer for a dereliction of duty while on the artillery drill of the preceding day. His excuse was: "Major, when the order was given yesterday to gallop, I did not gallop because I can't gallop, because I am a natural born pacer." Major Jackson laughed.

it is said, the only laugh he was known to indulge in the whole time he was at the Institute, and accepted the explanation of the accused.

This incident was related to me by Mr. Alston, a cadet at the V. M. I., who found it amongst the traditions of the institute.

Jackson Just before the Battle of Fredericksburg.—"Lee stood upon his chosen hill of observation, inspiring every spectator by his calm heroism, with his two great Lieutenants beside him, and reviewed every quarter of the field with his glass. It was then that Longstreet, to whose sturdy breast the approach of battle seemed to bring gayety, said to Jackson: 'General, do not all these multitudes of Federals frighten you?' He replied: 'We shall see very soon, whether I shall not frighten them.' Such was the jest in which the stern joy of battle in their spirits found utterance while other hearts still with awe."—*Dabney's Life*, Vol. I, p. 611.

At Fredericksburg, in the midst of battle, General Jackson was not immune to the humors of its dangers. When a bullet from a sharpshooter passed between himself and his aide, Captain James Power Smith, with a "strong smile on his face," General Jackson said: "Mr. Smith, had you not better go to the rear? 'They may shoot you.'" The accuracy of the sharpshooter seemed to strike him as a pleasant jest.—*Dabney's Life*, Vol. I, p. 613.

Political Heresies.—"Dr. George Junkin, president of Washington College, and father of the first Mrs. Jackson, went back to Pennsylvania, at the opening of the war, and wrote a vigorous book on the errors into which he thought the South had fallen. He forwarded a copy of his book, under a flag of truce, from General Hooker's headquarters to General Lee's. It came to us about the time of the battle of Fredericksburg, and when I opened the package, and told the General its title, 'Political Heresies,' he said with a grim smile: 'I expect it is well-named, Captain; that's just what the book contains, 'Political Heresies'."—*James Power Smith*.

Jackson a Difficult Man to Joke With.—Jackson "was a difficult man to joke with, and it was not a safe thing always to try it, but occasionally when he did see a joke he would laugh very heartily about it. When he did laugh, he generally threw his hand up, opened his mouth pretty wide but made no noise. I used to tell him some little jokes that were going on in the army, but they had to be very plain ones for him to see. I remember one: he asked me to tell Major Hawks,

who was the chief commissary of his corps, to send our mess some chickens if he could get them. The Major told me to tell General Jackson that he had none; that the Hawks had eaten them all up."—*Dr. Hunter McGuire.*

A Pleasantry by General Jackson.—"Our conversation (between Major-General John G. Walker, C. S. Army, and General Robert E. Lee), was interrupted at this point by the arrival of Stonewall Jackson, and after a few minutes Lee and Jackson turned to the capture of Harper's Ferry. I remember Jackson seemed in high spirits, and even indulged in a little mild pleasantry about his long neglect of his friends in 'the Valley,' General Lee replying that Jackson had 'some friends' in that region who would not, he feared, be delighted to see him."

"The arrival of a party of ladies from Frederick, Md., and vicinity, to pay their respects to Lee and Jackson, put an end to the conversation."—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 2, p. 606.

Jackson Throws the Javelin of Wit.—Jackson's ability to cast the dart of humor was more than once displayed. On hearing that a certain officer had been wounded, he sarcastically observed that it "*must have been given him in the accidental discharge of his duty.*"



CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

THE REAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

Jackson a Youth of Exemplary Habits—Jackson Cheerful and Generous—A Pen Portrait of Jackson—Jackson's Refinement—Jackson a Man of Lofty and Tender Sentiment—A Prophecy About Jackson—Jackson Thankful for Blessings—Jackson Exceedingly Courteous—The Death of Albert Sydney Johnson Mourned by Jackson—Jackson a Perfect Gentleman—Jackson at Church—Jackson in Social Life—Jackson's Personal Habits in the Army.

A Youth of Exemplary Habits.—"He (Jackson), was a youth of exemplary habits, of indomitable will and undaunted courage. He possessed in an eminent degree a talent for mathematics, and was unwilling, while at school, to acknowledge his incapacity—give him time—to solve a proposition. He was not what is nowadays termed brilliant; but he was one of those untiring, matter-of-fact persons who would never give up when engaged in an undertaking."—*Opinion of an acquaintance. Mrs. Jackson's Life of Jackson, p. 27.*

Jackson Cheerful and Generous.—"His temper as a boy was cheerful and generous, and his truthfulness proverbial. There was an instinctive courtesy in his conduct; his sense of justice was very strong; and as long as he met with fair treatment from his associates, he was gentle and peaceable; but he was quick to resent an insult, and in boyish combat he would never yield to defeat. He was a mingler in boyish sports; an expert in climbing and jumping; and, whenever he was captain in any game, his side was pretty sure to come off victorious."—*Mrs. Jackson's Life of Jackson, p. 25.*

A Pen Portrait of Stonewall Jackson.—"Jackson had little humor. He was not sour or gloomy, nor did he grimly look upon 'fun' as something which a good Presbyterian should avoid. He was perfectly cheerful, liberal and rational in this, as in everything, but he had no ear for humor, as some persons have none for music."

"A man more guiltless of poetry, in thought or deed, I suppose never lived. His poetry was the cannon's flash, the rattle of musketry and the lurid cloud of battle.

"His bearing was neither striking, graceful, nor impressive. He rode ungracefully, walked with an awkward stride, and wanted ease of manner. He never lost a certain shyness in company.

"But personally he made a most agreeable impression by his delightfully natural courtesy. His smile was as sweet as a child's, and evidently sprang from his goodness of heart. His voice in ordinary conversation was subdued and pleasant from its friendly and courteous tone, though injured by the acquired habit—a West Pointism—of cutting off, so to speak, each word and leaving each to take care of itself. This was always observable in his manner of talking, but briefest of the brief, curtest of the curt, was Stonewall Jackson on the field of battle, and at 'work,' his never failing regard for the comfort and the feelings of the private soldier, his oddities, his eccentricities and originalities, all were an unfailing provocation to endearing him to his men.

"Jackson appeared to me to be an eminently rational, judicious and sensible person in conversation, and the world must determine whether there was any 'craze,' any flaw, or crack, or error in the terribly logical processes of his brain as a fighter of armies. The present writer believes himself to be familiar with every detail of his career and cannot recall one blunder. The lighter graces were denied him, but not the abiding charm. Jackson was poetic. He learned the Spanish language because he could express the tenderest sentiments more perfectly than he could in his native tongue."—*John Esten Cooke in Wearing of the Grey.*

Jackson's Refinement.—Referring to a coarse picture that had been drawn in print of General Jackson, Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan, who knew General Jackson from her earliest childhood, and whose husband and father were on Jackson's staff, wrote: "We certainly got no such picture of Jackson from the intimacies of daily intercourse. Major Jackson, as he lived among us at Lexington, Va., before the war, was a man of the highest courtesy, careful in dress and appearance, as are all West Pointers. He showed great refinement of thought and speech, and an unusual gentleness of manner, and was a lover of children."

Stonewall Jackson a Man of Both Lofty and Tender Sentiment.—"The kind of friends to whom I am most attached are those with whom I feel at home, and to whom I go at all proper times, and informally tell them of the object of my call, with the assurance that, if practicable, they will join me in carrying out my plans."—*General Jackson's letter to a friend.*

"In conversation, if he unintentionally made a misstatement of no moment whatever, as soon as he discovered his mistake, he would lose no time in correcting it, even if he had to go upon the mission in a pouring rain."—*Mrs. Jackson*, p. 69.

A Prophecy About Jackson.—The character of Thomas Jonathan Jackson was such that he was great in whatever situation he was placed. Long before he had risen to fame, one who knew him said of him, that "he had the elements of a hero in him." He was heroic in every stage of life—because he rendered to every duty his highest service, and that utterly regardless of the opinion of others and of the results to himself. Of himself he said: "I do rejoice to walk in the love of God." That was the spirit that made his religious life great and conspicuous. Those who saw his blameless life, could not help but take notice of him. The Rev. James Power Smith who was on General Jackson's staff, said of him: "God gave unity to his religion and unity to his life." "He came nearer putting God in God's place than any man we have ever known."—*Rev. Dr. Stiles*.

There was fidelity to his opinions with General Jackson, but no narrowness in his religious views. "Having strong attachment to the church of which he was a member, and positive convictions concerning what he thought was true and right, he was yet generous and catholic in his esteem of all other churches, and had sincere respect for the views of others. Ruling himself with a severe discipline in things he deemed right, he was never censorious or dictatorial. He worshipped in all churches alike with devoutness and comfort. He encouraged the chaplains of all churches, Protestant and Catholic. A Protestant and a Presbyterian of Presbyterians, he obtained the appointment of a Catholic priest to a chaplaincy."

Jackson Thankful for Blessings.—The side-lights on General Jackson's religious life give ennobling views of his splendid character. To his wife he writes:

"I derive an additional pleasure in reading a letter from the conviction that it has not travelled on Sunday. How delightful will be our heavenly home, where everything is sanctified."

Again, "I am sometimes afraid that you will make such an idol of that baby that God will take her from us. Are you not afraid of it? Kiss her for her father."

"I am thankful to see that our kind Heavenly Father is again restoring mother to health. I felt uneasy about her, and thought that Joseph had better make a visit home. I have made the restoration of mother's health a subject of prayer; but then we know that our dear ones are mortal, and that God does not always answer prayer according to our erring judgment. I think that if, when we see ourselves in a glass, we should consider that all of us that is visible must turn to corruption and dust, we would learn more justly to appreciate the relative importance of the body that perishes and the soul that is immortal."

Jackson Exceedingly Courteous.—General Jackson was the essence of courtesy to his command. On one occasion when his lines extended up to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, he rode up alone to the single Confederate soldier at a station, and doffing his hat asked, what was its name. On receiving it, he thanked the soldier for the information and rode off. *Related to the author by the soldier whom Jackson interrogated.*

Saddened by the Death of General Albert Sydney Johnson.—General Jackson's broad-heartedness extended his sympathies in many directions. After the battle of Shiloh, he wrote his wife of this engagement: "God gave us a glorious victory in the Southwest, but the loss of the great Albert Sydney Johnson is to be mourned. I do not remember having ever felt so sad at the death of any man whom I had never seen."

Jackson a Perfect Gentleman.—"An English gentleman of rank, and of large touch with polite society, at the end of a week's sojourn, spent chiefly in General Jackson's command, said: 'He is a revelation to me; Jackson is the best informed soldier I have met in America, and as perfect a gentleman as I have ever known'."—*James Power Smith.*

Jackson at Church.—Jackson "attended preaching with the profoundest reverence and respect at every opportunity, but when Captain Pendleton, afterward General Pendleton, would commence his sermon, Jackson always sat upright, as stiff as if he had a ram-rod down his back, with folded arms and closed eyes, seemingly sound asleep. He might not have been, and I have many times wondered since if he was not then working out in his wonderful brain some of those strategic marvels that afterward made him famous all the world over."—*E. A. Craighill, member of the Stonewall Brigade.*

Jackson in Social Life.—"At Moss Neck, through the last winter of his life, he made himself the playmate of Janie Corbin, the sweet child of six years, with whom he played and romped for an hour or more each afternoon. He enjoyed the table talk of staff and guests and laughed heartily at the stories of some of the best conversationalists we have ever known. No guest received so cordial a welcome as General Stuart, whose gayety and exuberance of spirit gave him the greatest delight. It was the General's own humor that set certain travelled gentlemen of his party to discussing the part of France from which a bottle of wine came, which was really made at Front Royal, in the Valley of Virginia."—*Rev. James Power Smith, Captain on the staff of General Jackson, in The Baltimore Sun, of Sept. 12, 1911.*

Jackson's Personal Habits in the Army.—"Jackson in the army was not a sociable man. He seemed to prefer his own company to any one else's, never entering into conversation, and it is doubtful if he ever indulged in light talk in his life. His mind seemed always occupied in weighty matters, he rarely spoke to anyone unless he had something to communicate, yet, if any one had business with him, he was always patient to hear, courteous and gentlemanly, but with no disposition to prolong the conversation when he was through with the business. He would sit for hours by himself with his eyes closed, may be praying, but he seemed to be asleep."—*E. A. Craighill, a member of the Stonewall Brigade.*



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

**OPINIONS ON THE MILITARY GENIUS OF
STONEWALL JACKSON.**

Jackson's Valley Campaign Declared by von Moltke to Be Without a Rival—General Lee's Opinion of Jackson—Wolseley's Opinion of Jackson—Jackson Disappointed His Critics—Opinions of Jackson's Military Merits—Tributes to Stonewall Jackson—A Federal General's Opinion of Jackson—General Lee Praises Jackson—Jackson's Master Stroke—The Attack on Hooker's Rear at Chancellorsville—General Pershing's Tribute.

Jackson's Valley Campaign Declared by von Moltke to Be Without a Rival.—Dr. Hunter McGuire, General Jackson's Surgeon-General, in a lecture to the cadets of the Virginial Military Institute, said :

"It was with swelling heart and deep thankfulness, that I recently heard some of the first soldiers and military students of England declare that, within the last two hundred years, the English speaking race had produced but five soldiers of first rank—Marlborough, Washington, Wellington, Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson—I heard them declare that Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in which you, and you, and you, and I myself in subordinate places, who followed this immortal, was the finest specimen of strategy and tactics of which the world has any record; that, in the series of marches and batties, there was never a blunder committed by Jackson; that his campaign in the Valley was superior to that made by Napoleon in Italy. One British officer who teaches strategy in a great European College, told me that he used this campaign as a model of strategy and tactics and dwelt upon it for several months in his lectures; that it was taught for months of each session in the schools of Germany, and that von Moltke, the great strategist, declared that it was without a rival in the world's history. This same British officer told me that he had ridden on horseback over the battle-fields of the Valley and carefully studied the strategy and tactics there displayed by Jackson. He had followed him to Richmond, where he joined Lee in the campaign against McClellan in 1862; that he had followed his detour around Pope—his management of his troops at Second Manassas; that he had studied his environment of Harper's Ferry, and its capture; his part of the

fight at Sharpsburg, and his flank movement around Hooker, and that he had never blundered. 'Indeed,' he added, 'he seemed to me inspired.' Another British soldier told me that for its numbers, the army of the Northern Virginia had more force and power than any other army that ever existed."—*Dr. Hunter McGuire, in the Confederate Cause*, p. 195.

Lee's Opinion of Jackson.—On October 2, 1862, General Lee suggested to Jefferson Davis that the Army of Northern Virginia should be combined in two corps, with Jackson and Longstreet as their commanders. "My opinion of General Jackson," said General Lee, "has been greatly enhanced during this (the Maryland campaign) expedition. He is true, honest, and brave; has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object." General Jackson received his promotion to Lieutenant-General on October 11th, and was appointed to the Second Army Corps.

An old Confederate soldier, Mr. Harry Tongue, of Annapolis, Md., who had been Jackson's courier, on the night he turned the flank of Pope's Army, said that his critics would say of him that when he was a colonel, he could be that very well; but he was incapable of being a brigadier-general; when he had proved himself splendid in that capacity, these same critics would declare, he could fill the position of Brigadier-General, but was not fitted to be a Major-General. Then when he had proved superb in this high post, they would admit that he was a success as a Major-General, but he was not fitted to wear a Lieutenant-General's uniform." His exploits at Chancellorsville answered completely and successfully all adverse criticism.

Wolseley's Opinion of Jackson.—"Stonewall Jackson—His name will live forever also beside that of Lee in American history."—*Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, to a lady of Mobile*.—*South Mag.*, Vol. 12, p. 232.

Jackson Disappointed His Critics.—"Some of the Lexington soldiers, and some of the old cadets (at V. M. I.) sneered at Jackson's appointment as the colonel of a Virginia Regiment, made all manner of fun of him, and told various anecdotes of his career at the Virginia Military Institute to disparage him. I remember one of them said to me: 'Governor Letcher has made a great mistake in promoting 'Old Jack'; he is no soldier. If he wanted a real soldier, why did he not give the place to Major ——' mentioning the name of a very worthy

gentleman, who afterwards served in the army, but made no reputation as a soldier."—*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South. Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 35, pp. 80-1.

Jackson proved the undoing of his adverse critics, and won besides the admiration of all Americans for his military skill. His Valley Campaign is "studied in the Military Academies of England and Germany as an example of able strategy, rapid marching and heroic fighting."

Opinions on Jackson's Military Merits.—"If his (Jackson's) military characteristics are compared with those of so great a soldier as Wellington, it will be seen that in many respects they run on parallel lines. Both had perfect confidence in their own capacity. 'I can do,' said Jackson, 'whatever I will to do,' while the Duke, when a young general in India, congratulated himself that he had learned not be deterred by apparent impossibilities. Both were patient, fighting on their own terms, or fighting not at all. Both were prudent, and yet when audacity was justified by the character of their opponents and the condition of his troops, they took no counsel of their fears. *They were not enamored of the defensive, for they knew the value of the initiative, and that offensive strategy is the strategy which annihilates.* Yet, when their enemy remained concentrated, they were content to wait until they could induce him to disperse. Both were masters of ruse and stratagem, and the Virginian was as industrious as the Englishman."—*Henderson's Life of Stonewall Jackson*.—*S. H. Mag.*, Vol. 25, pp.94-5.

"I had the privilege once of hearing General Lee, in his office at Lexington, Va., pronounce a glowing eulogy on Jackson, in which he said, with far more than his accustomed warmth of feeling: 'He never failed me. Why, if I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I should have won that battle, and, if I had won a decided victory there, we would have established the independence of the Confederacy.'"—*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., S. Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 25, pp. 96-7.

Tributes to Stonewall Jackson.—From Lee to Jackson on his dying-bed: "Could I have dictated events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead."

"The negro Sunday School which he taught with such devotion, exerted an influence on the negroes of Lexington, which is felt to this day among the negroes of that whole region."

"The first contribution made to the fund which has placed at his grave the beautiful statue which is the work of Edward Valentine, and is a veritable Stonewall Jackson in bronze, was made by the negro Baptist Church at Lexington, Va., whose pastor had been a pupil at the negro Sunday School."

"And there has been placed recently a beautiful Stonewall Jackson memorial window in the new negro Presbyterian Church in the City of Roanoke, through the influence of the negro pastor, who was a member of Jackson's Sunday School."—*Chaplain J. Wm. Jones, C. S. A., South, Hist. Mag.*, Vol. 25, p. 97.

A Federal General's Opinion of Jackson.—Major-General Oliver O. Howard, of the United States Army, wrote of Jackson after his death:

"Stonewall Jackson was victorious (at Chancellorsville). Even his enemies praise him, but, providentially for us, it was the last battle that he waged against the American Union. For, in bold planning, in energy of execution he had power to diffuse, in indefatigable activity and moral ascendancy, Jackson stood head and shoulders above his confreres, and after his death General Lee could not replace him."—*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. 3, p. 202.

General Lee Praises Jackson.—On June 11, 1862, when General Lee had heard of Cross Keys and Port Republic, he wrote from his headquarters in Richmond to General Jackson:

"Your recent successes have been the cause of the liveliest joy in this army as well as in the country. The admiration excited by your skill and boldness has been constantly mingled with solicitude for your situation."

General Lee in this letter gave to General Jackson specific directions how to make his movement to join him, leaving a small force in or near the Valley to watch and annoy the enemy and to guard the passes. "Keep me advised of your movements," concluded General Lee, "and if practicable, precede your troops that we may co-operate and arrange for simultaneous attack."

So thoroughly had General Jackson deceived his immediate foes of the Valley that, on the 28th of June, when Jackson was on the Peninsula fighting McClellan, a hundred miles away from the Valley, Banks telegraphed that Jackson was near Winchester, and he believed Jackson was meditating an attack in the Valley.

Those Who Knew Jackson Most Loved Him Best.—No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet. The fact was apparent with Stonewall Jackson that *those who knew him best, loved and admired him the most*. In closing his delightful narrative of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, General Richard Taylor, with Jackson during the greater part of it, says of him:

"What limit to set to his ability, I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to estimate him, because of his peculiarities that would have made a lesser man absurd, but this served to enhance his martial fame, as those of Samuel Johnson did his literary eminence. He once observed, in allusion to his severe marching, that it was better to lose in marching, than live in fighting, and, acting on this, he invariably surprised the enemy—Milroy at McDowell; Banks and Fremont in the Valley; McClellan's right at Cold Harbor; Pope at Second Manassas;" and it may be well added, in his master-stroke, as Jackson on his dying couch declared it to be, when he struck the rear of Hooker's army at Chancellorsville.

General Pershing's Tribute to Jackson.—On June 18, 1920, General John J. Pershing, while at Lexington, Va., placed a wreath upon the grave of General Robert E. Lee, and delivered a brief address, during which he said that Lee was one of the world's greatest generals. Veterans of the Civil and World War stood at attention during the ceremonies. General Pershing then visited the tomb of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, and declared that "the world looked on him and his accomplishments with admiration and awe."



CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Dr. Hunter McGuire's Description of Jackson—A Pen Picture of Jackson by One of His Scholars.

Dr. Hunter McGuire's Description of Jackson.—"In person Jackson was a tall man, six feet high, angular, strong, with rather large feet and hands. He rather strided along as he walked, taking long steps and swinging his body a little. There was something firm and decided in his gait. His eyes were dark blue, large and piercing. He looked straight at you and through you almost as he talked. His nose was aquiline, his nostrils thin and mobile. His mouth was broad, his lips very thin. Generally they were compressed. He spoke in terse, short sentences, always to the point. There was never any circumlocution about what he had to say. His hair was brown and inclined to auburn. His beard was brown. He was as gentle and kind as a woman to those he loved. There was sometimes a softness and tenderness about him that was very striking. Under every and all circumstances he never forgot that he was a Christian, and acted up to his Christian faith unswervingly, yet he was not a bigoted denominationalist."

A Pen Picture of Jackson by One of His Scholars.—"His (Jackson's) action during the day, when at the barracks, was absolutely mechanical. He had little talent for teaching. He was quite deaf, and in movement and figure ungainly. His countenance was noble, and his features were good. But his singularity of life and manner brought upon him more than the usual jests and tricks of the cadets. He was called 'Hickory,' 'Old Jack,' and 'Square box,' from the unusual size of his feet. Not infrequently would the black-board in his 'section-room, be decorated with a drawing of an enormous foot. If he happened to leave the barracks on his return to the village, when the corps was waiting for orders to fall in ranks, it was not unusual circumstances for some dare-devil to close in behind him and follow him in lock-step, to the great amusement of the corps. Major Jackson, never turning his head, and apparently oblivious to the close proximity of the daring student, would march on as if absolutely alone. The writer has seen a class seated around him in a horse-shoe curve, the heels of which were a trifle behind him, and while he was intently

watching the reciting cadet, those at the heels of the curve would be bombarding each other over his head with paper billets. On the drill ground the light pieces of artillery being drawn in evolution by the cadets, a favorite trick was to whirl the gun on Major Jackson in order to force him undignifiedly about for a safe place. It was said that seeing through the joke on one occasion, bracing himself, he held his sword drawn pointed toward the rapidly advancing team, and forced a deflection without moving from his tracks.

"No one recalls a smile, a humorous speech, anything from him while at the barracks. He was not sullen, or gloomy, or particularly dull. He was simply a silent, unobtrusive man doing his duty in an unentertaining way—merely an automaton. And yet the cadets held him in high estimation. There was no enthusiasm for him. The feeling was one which no one could well describe. He was not praised; he was not abused. He was the butt of boyish pranks, but not the victim of a malevolence. It was known that when the opportunity occurred in the Mexican War, he had displayed great courage. All were convinced, as if by intuition, that he would display it again if the occasion for it arose. The boyish-mind, without definitely analyzing Major Jackson's make-up, knew that something more than the common lay beneath the calm and serene exterior. The writer turns to a 'scrap-book' kept by a cadet at the Institute in 1855, and finds this doggerel:

"'Hickory, alias Major T. J. Jackson'."

"'Like some rude brute that ranged the forest wild,

So rude, uncouth, so purely nature's child,

Is 'Hickory,' and yet methinks I see

The stamp of genius on his brow.'

And he, with his wise glance and keen but quiet eye,

Can draw forth from the secret recesses where they lie,

Those thoughts and feelings of the human heart,

Most virtuous, good, and free of guilty art,

There's something in his very mode of life,

So accurate, steady, void of strife,

That fills my heart with love for him who bears his honors meek,

And wears the laurels of a hero.'

"And this about expressed the sentiments of the entire corps."

"The lines are not devoted to a diagnosis of Major Jackson alone, but they occur in a review of the 'Faculty of the V. M. I.,' and the

singular penetration of the author would be more interesting if propriety would permit the publication of the very strong contrast in the opinion of the composer between Jackson and the other professors.

"And thus we get a glimpse of the man unknown and unhonored, save in a very small circle, down to the spring of 1861, when war between the States became imminent. Up to probably April, 1861, the citizens of Lexington were strongly Union in sentiment, while the cadets were all ardent secessionists. This difference of opinion came near resulting in a bloody fracas, and after the cadets had returned to their barracks and quiet had been restored, a corps meeting was called, to listen to addresses on the situation from the professors. After several had spoken Major Jackson remained seated and was only aroused by continuous demands from the cadets for a speech. This was the first symptom of what was to come. Instinctively those glowing youths knew that the man of war was now to have his opportunity, and turning from the mere attractive oratory of the other professors they would have nothing but a speech from the silent man who, so many years, had afforded them much amusement. With unaffected diffidence Major Jackson slowly arose, and turning to his youthful audience, said: 'Gentlemen, I am a man of few words; when the time for fighting comes, I will draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard,' and sat down."

"The thrilling effect of these words is felt by the writer to this day. They touched the heart of every boy who heard them, and men now gray will tell of the enthusiastic cheers which drowned all further speakers. Jackson had taken his step towards immortality."

The men in contact with Jackson, not only before the war, but even in its earlier stages and far after they had heard of him and the Stonewall Brigade at Bull Run, still did not know him. Major Randolph Barton, by whom the above extracts were written, says that on the "Bath" or "Romney" expedition in January, 1862, about dusk on the preceding return of the army from the advanced point which overlooked Hancock, Maryland, one of the baggage wagons sank so deep in the mud that the straining horses were powerless to move it. Jackson was in the neighborhood, and at once dismounted, and, seizing the spokes of a wheel, aided the men to lift the wagon from the rut into which it had deeply sunk. The writer recalls the mutter of a Colonel who was looking on: 'Yes, that is the business he ought always to be at.'

"The writer last saw General Jackson about 4 P. M., on the afternoon of May 2, 1863, at the junction of the Brock road with the Orange plank road. The fifteen-mile circuit had been completed. Like the men, he was brown with dust of the heavily travelled road. He had been led by General Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the cavalry, at that point, to the little elevation, Purton's Hill, and from his concealed position had looked down almost into the eyes of the unsuspecting foe. Seated upon a log, his arms folded, his entire manner was that of the utmost composure. He was giving General Paxton directions and where to deploy the Stonewall Brigade."—*The above extracts from a paper by Major Randolph Barton, C. S. A., are found in Vol. 38 of the South Hist. Mag., pp. 272-287.*



CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

**HOW STONEWALL JACKSON RECEIVED HIS
DEATH WOUND.**

How General Jackson Received His Death Wound—General Jackson Rode Forward to Make a Reconnoissance—One of His Staff Warns Him of His Danger Between the Union and Confederate Armies at Night—Jackson Declared that the Danger was All Over—Confronted by a Heavy Body of the Enemy at Close Quarters—Rode Back to His Own Lines at a Rapid Pace and Was Mistaken for the Federals and Fired upon by the 18th North Carolina and Wounded—Great Difficulty in Getting General Jackson Off the Field.

How General Jackson Received His Death Wound.—The Federal Army, at Chancellorsville, Saturday, May 2, 1863, with Jackson on its flank and at its rear, had been driven back relentlessly from five in the afternoon until half past eight in the night. Jackson was aiming to get possession of the road that cut off the fords of the river from Hooker in retreat to Washington. The Confederate advance was within three-quarters of a mile of the pivotal point of the plan of battle. With the fords in Jackson's possession, Lee was to attack, and Hooker's Army was to be destroyed. That was the aim of the two great leaders of the Confederate hosts. It was on the very eve of accomplishment. Jackson rode forward to make a reconnoissance in person to see how the ground lay for the next movement. He was between the two lines of battle.

One of General Jackson's staff caught hold of the reins of his horse, and said:

"General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?"

To this General Jackson replied: "The danger is all over. The enemy is routed. Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press forward."

There were, with General Jackson, Captain R. E. Wilbourn, Captain William Randolph, Sergeant George W. Tucker, chief of couriers for General A. P. Hill, and several of the Sergeant's men, and two members of the signal corps.

General Hooker, at this moment, feeling the pressure of Jackson's attack, that threatened his quarters, came down upon the Confederate

advance four lines thick, in the hope of recovering his barricades. A volley of bullets, at close range, flew thick amongst General Jackson's party, while the artillery began an attack. Even then General Jackson did not realize the danger he was in, for it was at this time a staff officer seized the reins of his horse, warned him of his danger, to which Jackson replied there was none; but the Federal forces were in mighty earnestness, and came on with such force and determination that General Jackson found himself confronted with a heavy body of the enemy at close quarters. Jackson and his party turned towards the Confederate lines, for which they made at a quick gallop. Sergeant Tucker, who was with them, told the author that he realized that, under the strained conditions of the lines and the certain expectancy of the Confederates of having an attack from the Federals, this was a wrong movement, since, as they approached their own men in the darkness of the night, they would be taken for the foe.

The waiting Confederates at that point of the field, the 18th North Carolina, thinking that the enemy was advancing upon them, just as Jackson and his command reached a grove of trees, immediately in front of the Confederate lines, fired upon them. Jackson was wounded. His staff officers fell around him. Two of Sergeant Tucker's men were killed, and he himself was taken prisoner, while yet others were wounded.

General Jackson received three wounds. Two balls entered the left arm, severing the artery, and one pierced his right. All of his immediate and personal escorts, excepting Captain Randolph and Mr. Winn, were killed. The firing ceased as suddenly as it had been delivered.

Captain Wilburn said: "General, they must have been our men." To this General Jackson assented with a nod; but said nothing. He looked towards his line with an air of astonishment, as though it was impossible for him to realize that he could have been shot by his own soldiers. One of the balls in his left arm was above and the other below the elbow. The ball in the right arm entered the hand.

"Little Sorrel," terrified by the fire, had dashed away in the direction of the Federals, and General Jackson had extreme difficulty from his wounds in controlling him. His bridle-hand was useless and he was almost dragged from his saddle by the undergrowth of the wood. Yet he seized the reins with his right hand; and, stopping his horse, brought him back to his own lines, where he was assisted to the

ground by Captain Wilburn, his signal officer. The firing had been stopped by Lieutenant Morrison, who, after his horse had been killed under him, ran to the front on the firing line, and, after great difficulty in keeping himself heard, informed the troops there, that they were firing on their own men.

As soon as this was accomplished, the Lieutenant returned to his wounded general, who was now lying prone on the ground. Captain Wilburn and Mr. Winn were beside him—the former engaged in ripping open, with a pen-knife, the General's rubber coat, in order that he might reach the wounds in the left arm and stop their bleeding. General A. P. Hill, who had been informed of the wounding of General Jackson, rode up and expressed his sorrow. Dismounting from his horse, he bent down and asked:

"General, are you very much hurt?" General Jackson replied: "Yes, General, I think I am; and all my wounds were from my own men. I believe my arm is broken; it gives me severe pain." General Jackson was then asked: "Are you hurt elsewhere, General?" "Yes," he replied, "in my right hand." When asked afterward if this should be bound up, he said: "No, never mind. It is a trifle." Yet, two of the bones in that hand were broken, and the palm was almost pierced through. Not a word of complaint fell from him, and he answered all questions in the same calm and equitable manner in which he gave orders in the mighty conflict of battle. He desired Dr. McGuire. When informed that he was engaged in his professional duties far to the rear, he said to Captain Wilburn: "Then I wish you to get me a skilful surgeon." General Hill told him that Dr. Barr was near at hand and he was immediately called to the general. Upon his reaching General Jackson, the General in a whisper asked General Hill: "Is he a skilful surgeon?" The answer was that he stood high in the brigade and that all that he would do, would be to use precautionary treatment until Dr. McGuire could reach him. To this the wounded general replied: "Very good."

His field glass and haversack were removed from him. While he lay prone upon the ground two Federal soldiers, with guns cocked, walked within a few feet of the group clustered around him. General Hill, in a subdued tone and composed manner, turned and ordered: "Take charge of those men." Two orderlies, at once, ran forward, seized the muskets of the two, which the surprised soldiers gave up without resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, hearing voices in the di-

rection of the Federals, walked to the edge of the timber, and, in the moonlight discovered a section of the enemy's artillery being unlimbered not a hundred yards away. Returning quickly to General Hill with this startling information, the general gave orders that General Jackson should, at once, be taken to the rear, and that it should not be told the troops that it was he who was injured. Getting into his saddle, General Hill returned to his own command, and was shortly afterward, himself disabled by a wound.

Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, Captain Leigh, of General Hill's staff, with a courier, took General Jackson up in their arms; but, after being carried for a brief time, he said to them that he was suffering so much pain from being assisted that he would endeavor to walk by himself. They placed him on his feet, and he walked to the turnpike. They had no sooner reached the road, than the Federal battery from which they had moved away, fired a round of canister which swept over the heads of the party and crashed through the trees about them. No one was hurt, and the whole of the company with him lay down on the roadside endeavoring to shield the General as much as possible, by putting him in the lowest ground.

While General Jackson lay on the ground, the rain of cannon balls was terrific. The escape of the party was marvellous. The earth about them was torn up, the ground covered with dust, and the gravel of the road, lashed by the balls, glistened with streaks of fire. Once General Jackson attempted to rise, but he was stopped by those about him, who endeavored to protect him by sheltering him with their own bodies. Lieutenant Smith threw his arms about him and holding him down, exclaimed: "General, you *must* be still; it will cost you your life if you rise."

The Federal cannonnaders then changed their charges to shell and elevated their range, when the attendants of General Jackson again sought to take him to the rear, supporting him with their young and faithful arms, as he slowly and with great pain fairly dragged himself along.

As the Confederates were hastening to the front, they met Jackson's party, and many times the question was repeated: "Whom have you there?" Jackson, desiring that his own troops should not know it was he, gave directions to leave the road and to enter the woods. He ordered his attendants not to tell them who it was, but simply say it was a Confederate officer. Yet he was recognized in spite of all his care

and caution by some of his command, who exclaimed: "Great God, it is General Jackson!"

General Pender, of North Carolina, was one of the number who recognized the wounded general. Approaching him and expressing his profound sorrow, he said to him: "The troops have suffered severely from the enemy's artillery, and are somewhat discouraged; I fear we cannot maintain our position. Weak and wounded as he was, his martial spirit rose to the height of the legion of immortal victories he had won, and, as his eyes flashed with fire and his tongue spoke with the valor of his soul, he exclaimed: "You *must* hold your ground, General Pender! you must hold your ground, sir."

This was the last military order given by Stonewall Jackson.

General Jackson desired to sit down, but the danger was too great to grant him this small comfort, and a litter being brought, he was placed upon it, and the bearers started to take him to the rear.

As they struggled through the tangled underbrush, the General's face was scratched and his clothing torn. Whilst this slow and painful progress was being made, a shot struck the arm of one of his litter-bearers, which made him let go his hold, and General Jackson, with great force, fell to the ground upon his wounded side. This caused him severe pain, and, for the first time, the wounded soldier gave a groan. He was quickly raised up, when his attendants found the blood again flowing from his wound and a deathly pallor spread over his face, that gave those around him the fear that he was about to die. Lieutenant Smith exclaimed: "Oh, General, are you seriously hurt?" "No, Mr. Smith, don't trouble yourself about me," and then added some expression about winning the battle first, and attending to the wounded afterward. Again he was laid upon the litter, and, under an unremitting fire, was carried a few hundred yards, when he was met by Dr. McGuire with an ambulance.

CHAPTER THIRTY.

**JACKSON'S SAINTLY LIFE WAS CROWNED WITH A
CHRISTIAN WARRIOR'S DEATH.**

**Jackson and Gregg Reconciled at the Death-Bed of the Latter—
Jackson Was Happy When He Could Keep the Glory of God as His
Aim Before Him—The Last Scene in Stonewall Jackson's Life.**

Jackson and Gregg Reconciled at the Death-Bed of the Latter.—General Gregg had given offense to General Jackson. The night before the battle of Fredericksburg, Colonel A. R. Boteler, shared Jackson's bed. "At midnight, Jackson's tent-mate, who had not yet fallen asleep, saw the soldier rise, dress and go to his desk. He lit his candle, and placing some books on end, so as to conceal the light from the supposed sleeper's eyes, began to work. From work he passed to reflection, and his friend said, suddenly:

" 'What are you thinking of, General?'

" 'Oh, are you awake?' was his reply; 'I was thinking of the battle to-morrow, and the balls will be hotter on the hill by the crossing than to-day.'

"As they were conversing, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard approaching; the noise ceased, and an orderly came into the tent.

" 'Who is that?' asked Jackson.

" 'Somebody from General Gregg, sir.'

" 'Tell him to come in.'

"An officer appeared at the opening and, saluting Jackson, said:

" 'General Gregg is dying, General, and he sent me to say to you that he wrote a letter recently in which he used expressions he is now sorry for. He says he meant no disrespect by that letter, and was only doing what he considered to be his duty. He hopes you will forgive him.'

"Jackson listened to these words in silence, but it was evident that he was greatly moved. When the officer had ceased speaking, he said, earnestly:

" 'Tell General Gregg I will be with him directly.'

"Then calling his body-servant, he directed him to saddle his 'Old Sorrel.'

"To this, however, the considerate Jim objected, and commenced an elaborate account of what 'Old Sorrel' had passed through that day. Jackson checked him impatiently, and directed him to obey without further words.

" 'Say to the General,' he added, turning to the officer, 'that I will be with him immediately.'

"And he was soon in the saddle, riding through the chilly December night, upon his mission.

"We know not what passed that night between the two brother-soldiers—what words were exchanged, or what pardon was granted ere it was asked—or what solemn farewells took place between the man about to die and him who watched beside him. There are many dramas in war—the curtain never rises upon some most affecting."

Jackson Was Happy When He Could Keep the Glory of God as His Aim Before Him.—The Rev. Dr. Hoge of Richmond visited Jackson in the winter of 1862-3, at his camp in Moss Neck. In speaking of this visit, Dr. Hoge said of General Jackson:

"Indeed, it seems hardly possible to be long in the society of that noble and honored General, that simple-hearted, straightforward, devoted man of God, without catching something of his spirit—the spirit of toil, of patience, of modesty, of careful conscientiousness, of child-like dependence on God, of fervent, believing prayer. While I was in camp, I preached five times in the Stonewall Brigade. How the men crowded into their log church, how they listened, how they seemed to hang upon the word, you, of all men, need least be told, for you have seen so much of them from the beginning of the war. On Sunday night, after preaching, the General, Mr. ———, and myself, had a long talk, as we sat drying our boots by the open fire. When it was nearly eleven o'clock, the General asked me to conduct worship; and, afterwards, before retiring, he set us an example of kneeling again for secret prayer. He then shared his bed upon the floor with me, and we talked till long after midnight. Though usually taciturn, he led the conversation. How anxious he was for his army, how anxious for himself. How manifest it was that he was a man whose desire is to be right in all things, and especially to be right before God! In our whole intercourse I could not detect the slightest trace of self-importance, ostentation or seeking after vain glory. To glorify God possessed all his thoughts. 'I have been thinking a great deal about our chief lately,' said he, 'and I think the first answer in our catechism tells it

all; a man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever; and I think,' he added, 'we need not trouble ourselves much about the second party if we only attend well to the first. I find my life in camp a very happy one when I am enabled to keep this aim steadily before me—to live for the glory of God'."

The Last Scene in Stonewall Jackson's Life.—On Thursday evening, May 7, 1862, all pain with Stonewall Jackson had ceased, but a mortal prostration had ensued from which he never rallied. He conversed in feeble tones and said:

"I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could."

The physician had given up hope of his recovery, and Mrs. Jackson informed the dying chieftain that the time of his departure was at hand.

On Sunday morning it was plain to all that he could only survive a few hours, yet his mind was clear and still on his Master's business. He asked Major Pendleton, his Adjutant-General, "Who was preaching at headquarters that day?"

Mrs. Jackson remained with him in his last moments, and he conversed freely with her. To her General Jackson said:

"I know you would gladly give your life for me; but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad. I hope I shall recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers to use the petition, '*Thy will be done*'."

In case of his demise, he counseled her to return to her father's house, and said:

"You have a kind, good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He was all of sweetness and affection to those about him. Softly like the twilight of evening the great spirit was gathering its folds about it to take its flight to another world. In the face of death there was no change in his mind or conduct. "It will be infinite gain," he said, "to be translated to heaven, and be with Jesus."

Mrs. Jackson informed him that his last moments were at hand. He softly answered: "Very good, very good; it is all right."

Apprised that his end was near, he sent kind messages to his friends, his commanders and others, and expressed a wish to be buried in "Lexington in the Valley of Virginia."

Then his mind commenced to wander. His memory began to turn to the martial fields where he had won immortal renown. Reverting to his latest battle, in brief periods apart he commanded:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action."

"Pass the infantry to the front!"

"Tell Major Hawkes to send forward provisions to the men."

Then this military spirit left him for one of repose. His agitation calmed, his countenance became tranquil, and with a smile lighting his countenance, he murmured:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

So, on Sunday the 10th day of May, 1863, at fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, Stonewall Jackson crossed the river and rested under the shade of the trees of eternal life.

Thus the commander of his victorious and invincible legions and the servant of the Most High God, environed by grief-stricken and weeping friends in the hour and article of death, showed the heart-broken group about him how the Christian warrior can die, as the gates of heaven opened for his immortal spirit to enter and join the armies of the skies.



STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

This is the famous "Stonewall Jackson's Way," written by the late Dr. John Williamson Palmer, of Baltimore:

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails,
 Stir up the campfire bright;
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We'll make a roaring night;
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 'The burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
 To swell the Brigade's rousing song
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
 Cocked o'er his eye askew—
 'The shrewd, dry smile—the speech so pat,
 So calm, so blunt, so true.
 'The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well—
 Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell—
 Lord save his soul! we'll give him—;" Well,
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Silence! ground arms; kneel all! hats off!
 Old Blue Light's going to pray;
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff;
 Attention! 'tis his way.
 Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God—
 "Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod;
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
 Steady, the whole brigade.
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
 His way out, ball and blade.
 What matter if our shoes are worn?
 What matter if our feet are torn?
 Quickstep—we're with him ere the dawn.
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George,
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees!—whipped before—
"Bayonet and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
In "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah, maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah, widow, see with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand;
Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn—
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

—THE END.—



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 709 956 1